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REMAINS

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VOL. XCI.

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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND VICAR OF
NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

PART V.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN continuing our notices bibliographical and critical of some of our early English Poets, which we do under great disadvantages, not only in labouring under severe bodily and physical infirmities, but having also been compelled as a consequence to part with the working materials in the shape of our books, it becomes necessary to apologize to our readers in again coming forward with a further portion of the *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*. The subject-matter of the poetical notices contained in the present Volume consists in a great degree of articles written for the most part during intervals of leisure and relaxation several years ago. The Council of the CHETHAM SOCIETY having thought it desirable that these articles should be printed as a continuation of the former four Parts, the Editor has accordingly bowed to their decision, and placed them in their hands. The Compiler is willing to hope that under these many defects and short-comings this fifth part, containing notices of Daniel, Davies of Hereford and Sir John Davies, Davison, Day, Dekker, Deloney and Donne, will not prove without attraction, and will afford some interesting particulars and pleasing reminiscences of these celebrated early writers. The reader must not now expect a regular and continuous

series of notices, but will find several gaps and *lacunæ*, which the Editor in his present state of infirmity is unable to fill up.

The study of our poetical Bibliography has made considerable progress of late years both at home and abroad. In our own country the continual succession of publishing Societies, — from the early Shakespeare and Percy to the later Chaucer and Spenser, the private reprints of Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Collier, Mr. Grosart, Mr. Hazlitt and others, the very valuable publications of the Early Text Society, and the assistance afforded by the arts of photography and zincography, — have all contributed largely to our knowledge of Bibliography and its kindred pursuits: and so also abroad, the formation of similar Societies, and the excellent reprints of early Poetry have added considerably to our information on these subjects, and created more diffused and wider interest in these studies.

Such is the nature and object of our present work, which we trust will excite the attention and notice not only of those who have the time at their disposal but also of those who are more fully engaged, the lovers of our early poetical literature, to follow out such pursuits. They will then become more deeply and intimately acquainted with the strong and clear powers of intellect with which our early poets were endued, the pure and simple tone of thought and feeling which often pervaded their effusions, and will learn more and more to value and esteem the rich harvest which their labours have garnered up for posterity.

The Compiler in common with the other Members of the Chetham Society, and more especially of the Editors of its publications, regrets the death of the valued and esteemed Printer of these works, whose loss they cannot easily hope to replace. Of superior attainments and acquirements in scholarship to the general body of printers, Mr. C. Simms was known and esteemed for his skill and strict attention to his duties, and his honorable conduct in business. We have already alluded in a former part of this Volume to his creditable translation into long syllable verse of a portion of Homer's *Iliad;* and he had also printed for private circulation among his friends a small but pleasing collection of Poems. We cannot close these few remarks on this subject more appropriately or truly than in the words of one who knew him intimately, and valued him as he deserved: "With a mind full of thought and information, with great geniality and kindness of disposition, Mr. Simms was a most agreeable companion, and had endeared himself to an extensive circle of friends. His habits were however domestic, and his great pleasure was to occupy himself, amidst his own family, in those intellectual pursuits which year by year brought with them their freightage of accumulated knowledge."

The Editor has again to acknowledge with grateful thanks the superintending care of the President in the revision of the sheets as they passed through the press, — now more than ever needed since the decease of their excellent Printer, who was so careful in this portion of his

duties, and also more especially from the increasing defect in his own weak, failing eyesight.

The Editor has added a few fac-similes of some of the woodcuts in the original volumes here described. Their only merit is their fidelity, and their grotesque simplicity may perhaps amuse his readers.

If his life should be spared, he hopes to be able before long to print off the sixth part of the *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, the articles for which are all written.

The asterisk (*), inserted before some of the later articles in this volume, is placed to signify that the book described in it had been parted with before the article was written; and therefore that the Editor was unable to vouch for its perfect accuracy with the same fidelity which marked the other volumes.

T. C.

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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

VOL. III. PART I.

(A.) — Vpon the life and death of the most worthy, and thrise renowmed Knight, Sir Phillip Sidney:— A commemoration of his worthines, contayning a briefe recapitulation of his valiant vsage and death taken, in her Maiesties seruices of the warres in the Low-countries of Flaunders.

At London, Printed by Robert Walde-graue, dwelling without Temple-bar, n.d. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 12.

Although the gallant sir Philip Sidney died on the 17th October 1586, of the wound that he received on the field at Zutphen, his funeral did not take place in St. Paul's until the 16th February 1586-7. Numerous were the ballads, epitaphs, and other productions on his death and burial, printed about the same time, most of which are now become rare and difficult to be met with. Among others, besides an epitaph by James VI. of Scotland, and collections of verses from both Universities, may be noticed *The Epitaph of Sir Philip Sydney Knight, lately Lord Governour of Flesshing*, by Churchyard, 4to, and George Whetstone's Tribute to the same, both printed about 1587. The present exceedingly rare poem on the death of Sidney was licensed to Robert Walde-graue the printer on the 21st February 1586-7, being only five days after the funeral of the illustrious hero, and one of the earliest productions entered to his memory. It is dedicated in a prose epistle "To the Right honorable, Sir Frauncis Walsingham Knight, princi-

pall Secretary to her Maiestie, and one of her highnes most honorable priuie Counsell," the father-in-law and friend of Sidney, the account of whose deserts and honoured example, had moved the writer "to adorne the funeralls of the most noble and worthye renowmed Knight Sir Phillip Sidney with these slender meters. Whose yong yeares continued with all manner of expectation of such honor as by due desert he long since acquired, hath made the remembraunce of his death, so much the more famous, by how much the more honorablie he hath put forwarde the same, in so laudable an action, as wherein consisteth his loue, seruice, and obedience, to *God*, his *Prince*, and his *Countrie*." This "Epistle dedicatorie" is signed A. D. These initials it is highly probable are those of Angell Day, the author of *The English Secretarie*, 1587, 4to, blk. lett., who was abroad about this period, and was a writer of English verse. At least we know of no other writer at that time whose initials these letters will represent; and the book proceeds also from the press of the same printer, Walde-grave, who printed another acknowledged work of Day's noticed hereafter.

The poem is written in thirty-four seven line stanzas, much resembling the style of Day's verse in his other work. It commences thus:

What meanes this calme? why hang your bended browes?
what sad conceipt? whence sues this sodaine maze
Where are the drops? the sweet distilling dewes
of *Ida* fresh, whereon the *Nimphes* do gaze?
Where woons *Thalia* with her pleasant layes
fine *Erato* in gladsome Ditties drest,
And faire *Caliop'*, statelier than the rest.

Where be the sisters of the destinyes?
where *Fate* her selfe? where fierce uncerteine *Chaunce?*
Where are the bedlem broode of *Casualties*,
that erst (in losse) their standard did aduaunce?
What is become of crooked dire *Mischaunce*?
all maz'd alike confused do ye rome?
Griefs griping t'one, and shame for t'others dome.

What thinge alas that causeth all this grife?
whereon did dare that *Furie* to presume:
Was it on goods? or losse of private life?
or fined course that *Nature* did resume?
Wherein proude *Fate* durst vaunt her highest plume,
no, no, alas, the hazard were but small:
To pinche at such as are at common call.

What was it then? what was? ye heauens do know,
it was the choice of all the powers deuine:
The influence self, where *Virtues* erst did flowe,
the very worke of all the *Muses* nine:
The care of earth and skies, in one selfe twine,
the rarest *Tipe* of courtly gentlenes:
Adorned erst with stem of noblenes.

Muse you that heare this wailefull dittie song?
muse you to see, distressed how men plaine?
Muse you to thinke what hie despite and wrong,
Bellona deemes is tendered to her traine:
In reauing thus her glories chiefest gaine?
her worthy Impe, her stately noble knight,
Whereto it seem'd, that Fate had yet no right.

Then turne your eyes, and view his couered hearse,
in mournefull weedes, see how the *Nimphes* are clad:
Disheueled, how the rocks with cries they pearse,
how *Virtues* selfe, is for her Juell sad.
How *Fortune* bannes, and *Impes* for grief are mad,
and iudge you then, how rightly men may say:
Their somme of Joyes, the *Fates* haue reft away.

The writer then goes on to allude to the *Arcadia*, Sidney's immortal but unfinished work:

**Archadia* now, where is thy soueraigne guide,
who stately *Penbrooke*, erst did to thee knit,
Where be the notes, his skill did erst deuide,
in sondry meeters, wounde from finest wit,
Which he so well in couert shapes could fit.
where be the pipes, the deintiest shephcards sound:
That euer erst, within thy woods were found.

* A book by him penned, called the Countesse of Pēbrookes Archadia.

Sugred *Sidney*, *Sidney* sweete it was,
that to thy soile, did giue the greatest fame:
Whose honny dewes, that from his quil did passe,
with honny sweetes, aduaunct thy glorious name:
Who ere thee knewe, that knewe thy soyle, to blame?
far was it from the skill of any one
To wade in thee, so far as he hath gone.

* * * * *

Iniurious death, yet needes I must appeale,
Cruell to us, to him a cause of blis:

Wrong to our loue, wrong to the hidden zeale,
that in each minde by vertue planted is.
Most hainous wrong performed death in this;
to reaue the world, the loue, the choice of men,
Of such a rare and far surpassing gem.

Be pleased yet, yee sacred sisters here,
on *Sidneis* Tombe your learned tunes to sing:
Of *Lawrell* fresh a wreath, set on his biere,
and let his praise within your ditties ring.
Let *Fame* resound, and whence your woes did spring,
cease not eu'n there, whilest vital aire may stand,
To fill with laude of him the farthest land.

The following description of Sidney's death on the field of Zutphen, may claim our attention for a passing moment as a further quotation from this very rare poem, and with which our extracts shall conclude:

O would his prowesse at that instant howre,
Had not him preast so forward in the throng:
And *Hector* like (of Chiualrie the flowre)
He had not done his dearest soyle such wrong.
As to bereaue it of a force so strong,
who for his Princes cause and common good,
In dreadfull fight consum'd his dearest blood.

Which with what hart and zeale he offered then,
with what undaunted recklesse force of ill:
His stoutest foes approu'd, and eke his men
whose ventured liues with him their blood did spill,
Haue witnes't erst, and yet can witnesse still.
So manlie were his acts at all assaies,
And in his death so mightie was his praise.

At *Zutphen* (thus the place deliuered was,)
In *Gelderland* encountring with his foe:
And of September ere the month did passe,
Full xvii daies, so long it was agoe:
With Horse and Launce, the number I not knoe.
A valiant charge he set upon the traine,
By force whereof his Foes were prest amaine.

And whilst in prease of mightiest Troupes he stood,
This worthie Knight Sir *Phillip Sidney* bold,
His Horse betrampled all in goarie blood:
at length was slaine, and under him lost hold,

Whereby on foote reculing uncontroul'd,
Hee Hors't againe renued a second charge,
And with fresh fight the skarmouch did inlarge.

There long he fought whilst manie a man was slaine
And making way, mongst thickest prease he goes:
And reckles here and there he kils a maine:
Whilst deepe intrenched lay his secret Foes,
From out whereof a Musket shot arose.
And leuelling iust against the worthie knight,
Up to the thigh the Bullet turned quight.

Yet fought he still, and ceast not all for this,
Till he with honour could himselfe retyre:
This skarmouch done, his wound perceiued is,
By search whereof it mortall did appeare:
What vaileth drops to quench the flaming fire!
The fretting poyson as an inward sore,
So pearst his heart, as die he must therefore.

Lowndes, on the authority of Herbert, alludes to a poem *On the Life and Death of Sir Philip Sidney*, 4to, being licensed to Robert Waldegrave (which no doubt is the present work), but was unable to refer to any copy, either in our public or private libraries; nor are we aware of any other than this. It is noticed by Mr. Collier in his *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, vol. ii. p. 224, and seems, from the entry there, to have had "the order of the funeralles of Sir Philip Sidney" attached.

Collation: Sig. A to B 2.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Calf Extra, gilt leaves.

D. (T.) — Canaans Calamitie, Jerusalems miserie, and Englands Mirror. The dolefull Destruction of faire Ierusalem by Tytus, the Sonne of Vaspasian Emperour of Roome, in the yeare of Christes Incarnation 74. Wherein is shewed the wonderful miseries which God brought vpon that Citie for sinne, being vtterly ouer-throwen and destroyed by Sword, Pestilence, and Famine. Briefly gathered into this small volume, for the benefit of all well disposed persons, wherein they shall finde

many strange and notable thinges worthy to be regarded and had in remembrance.

At London, Printed by Thomas Purfoot for Henrie Tomes, and are to be sould at his Shop neere St. Sepulchers Church, at the signe of the white Beare, 1598. 4to.

We believe this to be the first edition of *Canaans Calamitie*, a poetical tract, which was afterwards frequently reprinted, no less than six other impressions of it being recognised; proving the great popularity in which it was once held, although it has since become so scarce. It is dedicated "To the right Worshipfull M. Richard Kingsmill Esquier, Iustice of peace and Quorum in the Countie of Southampton, and Surueyer of her Maiesties Courtes of wardes and Liueries," and is signed at the end by the initials "T. D.," which are also affixed at the close of an address "To the gentlemen Readers," which follows. These initials have usually been attributed to Thomas Dekker, but Mr. Collier, to whose critical judgment and long experience in these matters we defer, is quite positive, from the inferiority of the style and language, that it was not written by this author, and that it would be a libel upon Dekker's genius and judgment to suppose him to be the writer. He also thinks it was not by Thomas Deloney, the only other writer of verse at that period with the same initials. The title is enclosed within a woodcut border, and the work, which is divided into sections, is composed in six-line stanzas, with woodcut borders at the top and bottom of each page. The subject-matter of the poem is derived from the *Wars of the Jews*, by Josephus, which had been translated into English before that time. It is not deserving of much regard as a poem, but is only remarkable for its scenes of bloodshed and commotion, related in coarse and vulgar language. A short quotation from it, descriptive of "the Signes and tokens shewed before the destruction, alluring the Iewes to repentance," but disregarded by them, will therefore suffice for our readers:

Yet marke the mercy of our gracious God,
Before this grieuous scourge to them was sent,
That they might shun his heauy smarting rod,
And hartely their filthie faults repent:
Strange signes and wonders did he shew them still,
Fore-runners of their ruine, woe, and ill.

For one whole yeare as well by day as night,
A blazing starre appeared in the skie,

Whose bushie tayle was so excelling bright,
It dim'd the glorie of the sunns fayre eye,
And euery one that on this obiect gazed
At sight thereof stoode wonderous sore amazed.

In right proportion it resembled well,
A sharp two edged sword of mighty strength,
The percing point a needle did excell,
And sure it seem'd a miracle for length:
So strange a starre before was neuer seene,
And since that time the like hath neuer beene.

But ouer right that goodly famous Citie,
Appeareth still this dreadfull apparition,
Which might haue mou'd had they been gratious witty,
Its outward follies, inward harts contrition:
And neuer did that wonder change his place,
But still *Ierusalem* with woe menace.

The wondering people neuer lookt thereon,
For their mistrusting harts suspected much,
Seeing great Plagues would followe thereupon,
Such priuie motions did their conscience tuch:
But other-some would say it was not so,
But signe that they their foes should ouer-throw.

Thinke not quoth they that *Iacobs* God will leaue
The blessed seede of *Abraham* in distresse
Nor shall his sword the heathens liues bereaue,
As by this token he doth plaine expresse:
His fierie sword shall shield this holy Towne,
And heaw in heapes the proudest *Romaines* downe.

Thus flattered they themselues in sinfull sort,
Their harts were dead, their deepest iudgements blinded,
That godly teachers did to them report,
They soone forgot, such thinges they neuer minded:
Their chiefest study was delight and pleasure,
And how they might by all meanes gather treasure.

Men would haue thought this warning had been faire,
When God his standard gainst them did aduance,
His flagge of Iustice waued in the ayre,
And yet they count it, but a thing of chance:
This bad them yield, and from their sinnes conuart,
But they would not, till sorrow made them smart.

Then in the ayre God shewed another wonder,
When azur'd skies were brightest, faire, and eleere,
An hoast of armed men, like dreadfull thunder,
With hidious elamours, fighting did appeare:
And at eaeh other eagerly they ran,
With burnisht Falchions murdering many a man.

And mareliing fiereely in their proude aray,
Their wrathfull eyes did sparkle like the fier,
Or like inraged Lyons for their pray
So did they striue, in nature and desier:
That all the plaine wherein they, fighting stood,
Seem'd to mens sight all staynd with purple blood.

This dreadfull token many men amazed,
When they beheld the vneouth sight so strange,
On one another doubtfully they gazed,
With fearefull lookes their eolour quite did change:
Yet all, they did interpreat to the best,
Thinking themselues aboue all other blest.

We have already stated the opinion of Mr. Collier that this poem was not written by either Dekker or Deloney; Mr. Heber also entertained a doubt if it were written by the former; but if not by one of these, we are unable to suggest any other person of that period who might have executed this performance. But the reader may form his own judgment after examining the tract and consulting Mr. Collier's *Bibliogr. Catal.*, vol. i. p. 400.

A copy of the edition of 1640 sold in Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 569, for 1*l.* 1*s.*; and another of that of 1697, 4to, in the same sale, No. 570, for 1*l.* 5*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1025, 1*l.* 18*s.* Mr. Heber had also an imperfect one of the impression of 1618, 4to, but he was not aware of the first one of 1598. There is a copy of the edition of 1640 in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*

The present copy, which is a poor one, much cut into, and imperfect, came from Dr. Bliss's collection.

Half-bound in Calf.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — The Worthy tract of Paulus Iovius, conteyning a Discourse of rare inuentions, both Militarie and Amorous, called *Imprese*. Whereunto is added a Preface

conteyning the Arte of composing them, with many other notable deuises. By Samuell Daniell late Student in Oxenforde.

At London Printed for Simon Waterson, 1585. Sm. 8vo, pp. 144.

We commence our account of some of the works of Samuel Daniel, one of the foremost and most pleasing of our second class of poets, and who has been styled the Atticus of his day and the English Lucan, with his earliest known production, when he was only about twenty-two years old. With the exception of a short quotation or two it is entirely in prose, and may be placed among the class of works relating to the subject of Emblems or Impresi. It opens with a dedication "To the Right Worshipfvl Sir Edward Dimmock, Champion to her Maiestie," followed by a long address "To his good frend Samuel Daniel," written from "Oxenford the xx. November, by N. W." in which he encourages his friend to present to the world what he had translated from Jovius. In the course of his remarks he notices Breton's *Flourish upon Fancie*, published in 1577; Tarleton's *Toyes;* and an *Interlude of Diogenes*, not now known to exist; and speaks very learnedly of the antiquity of Emblems and Impresi — of their descent from the ancient Œgiptians and Chaldeans in the school of Memphis, which were called Hieroglyphics — of the intent and import of those devices — of the difference between Emblems and Impreses, *Symbolum est genus, Emblema species*, and gives the derivation of the latter: "Emblema is derived from Εμβαλλεσθαι, *inter ponere, inserere: quicquid interseritur ornatus gratia*, whether the invention be embrodered in garmentes, grauen in stone, enchased in golde, or wrought in Arras. The mot of an Impresa may not exceede three wordes: Emblemes are interpreted by many verses. An Impresa is garnished with few Images: Emblems are not limited." This address of N. W., whoever he might be, is succeeded by a long epistle from Daniel, of fifteen pages, "To the frendly Reader," concerning the Devices or Impresi borne in various countries of Europe. The Discourses of Paulus Jovius, Bishop of Nocera, in the form of a dialogue between him and Ludovicus Dominicus, then follow, treating of the subject of the invention of Impresi borne by great and noble personages on their vestments, shields and ensigns — their origin — and the general properties required in making a perfect Impresa. Various examples of these are given in the

course of the work, which it is not necessary for us to enlarge upon; and the volume is closed with a few more pages "touching certaine notable devises both militarie and amorous, collected by Samuell Daniell," which do not require any further notice.

The treatise of Jovio was first published in Italian, and went through several editions; one at Rome in 1555, from the press of Antonio Barre; another at Venice in the following year, and others in succession; and in 1561 was translated into French by V. Filleul. Daniel's version was published in 1585, and although devoid of any cuts or devices, may be considered as one of our early English Emblem books. This translation is now rare, and is noticed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliog. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 169; and by Mr. Green, in his elaborate work on the *Emblems of Geffrey Whitney*, 1866, p. xviii. and p. 300 n.

Copies of Daniel's work sold in Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 2511, for 1*l.* 18*s.*; and in Bright's ditto, No. 3524, for 1*l.* 15*s.*

Collation: Sig. *viii; A to H viii, in eights.

In Calf Extra, marbled edges.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — Delia. Contayning certayne Sonnets.

Ætas prima canat veneres
postrema tumultus.

At London Printed by J. C. for Simon Waterson, dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Crowne, 1592. 4to, pp. 56.

With the exception of his translation of Paulus Jovius's *Discourse of Rare Inventions*, this is Daniel's earliest printed work. It is the first edition of his Sonnets, and has an arabesque border round the title-page. It is dedicated in prose "To the Right Honourable the Ladie Marie Countesse of Pembroke," the accomplished sister of Sir Philip Sidney, his great patroness and encourager. In this eloquent and pleasing dedication he alludes to the surreptitious manner in which some of his Sonnets had been printed the year before,* and attached to Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and*

* Twenty-eight of these Sonnets (with various readings from this and the subsequent editions) are found at the end of Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 4to, London, 1591, of which there is a copy in Trinity College Library, Cambridge.

Stella, 4to, London, 1591, one of the rarest of books, only one copy, with these Sonnets, and a long address to Tho. Nash, being known. He says:

Although I rather desired to keep in the priuate passions of my youth from the multitude, as things vttered to my selfe, and consecrated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some of my secrets bewraide to the world, uncorrected: doubting the like of the rest, I am forced to publish that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was not onely doone to mee, but to him whose vnmatchable lines haue indured the like misfortune: Ignorance sparing not to commit sacriledge vpon so holy reliques. Yet *Astrophel* flying with the wings of his own fame, a higher pitch then the gross-sighted can discerne, hath registred his own name in the Annals of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoeuer disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that my vnholdned Muse is forced to appeare so rawly in publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happy and iudiciall Patronesse of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserue them from those hidious Beastes, Obliuion and Barbarisme. Wherbey you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euergratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must suruiue your selfe: And if my lines heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world; they must remaine the monuments of your honourable fauour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obseruancy for euer.

The Sonnets to Delia commence after this Dedication, and amount to fifty, the volume closing with an Ode. These sonnets vary in their readings very much from those in the subsequent editions, so much indeed that it is worth whiie quoting some few of these variations, that the reader may notice the great difference between them. Daniel was an exceedingly particular and fastidious writer, and seldom or ever republished any of his works without proofs of his correction and amendment, and frequently of great alterations made in them. And we see in the present instances how "his lines were hereafter better laboured," as he expresses it, and were continually submitted to the care and revision of his polishing hand. The following variations occur in two lines of Sonnet IIII., which read in the present edition:

> My humble accents craue the Olyue bow,
> Of her milde pittie and relenting will.

In a MS. version of these Sonnets in the British Museum, Bibl. Sloan. Plut. xviii. c., which differs much from the edition of 1592, but accords nearly with that of 1594, and the latter edition, they run thus:

> My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
> Of intercession to a Tyrants will.

While in the later editions of 1602 and 1623 they read:

My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
Of intercession but to moue her will.

Sonnet XVI. Edition 1592.

Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish.
Imbracing cloudes by night, in day time morne:
All things I loath saue her and mine owne anguish,
Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.
Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,
Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit;
So many vowes and prayers euer made I,
That now at length t' yeelde, meere pittie were it.
But still the *Hydra* of my cares renuing,
Reuiues new sorrowes of her fresh disdayning;
Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing:
Finding no ende nor period of my payning.
Waile all my life, my griefes do touch so neerely,
And this I liue, because I loue her deerely.

Sonnet XVI. Edition 1594, MS. and later ones.

Happy in sleepe, waking content to languish,
Imbracing cloudes by night, in day time mourne,
My ioyes but shadowes, touch of truth, my anguish,
Griefes euer springing, comforts neuer borne.
And still expecting when she will relent
Growne hoarce with crying mercy, mercy giue;
So many vowes and prayers hauing spent,
That weary of my selfe, I loath to liue.
And yet the Hydra of my cares renewes,
Still new-borne sorrowes of her fresh disdaine:
And still my hope the Sommer windes pursues,
Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my state, my griefes doe touch so neerely,
And thus I liue, because I loue her deerely.

Sonnet XX. Edition 1592.

Come death the Anchor-holde of all my thoughtes,
My last Resort whereto my soule appealeth;*
For all too long on earth my fancy dotes,
Whilst my best blood my younge desires sealeth.†

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* "appeales;" — *MS. and edition* 1594.
† "Whilst age upon my wasted body steales." — *Ibid.*

That hart is now the prospectiue of horror,
That honored hath the cruelst faire that lyueth:
The cruelst faire, that sees I languish for her,
Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.
This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
To tread me downe with foote of her disgrace:
Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,
And laide my liues rest on so faire a face;
That rest I lost, my loue, my life, and all,
So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall.

Sonnet XXII. Editions 1602 and 1623.

Come Time the Anchor-hold of my desire,
My last Resort whereto my hopes appeale,
Cause once the date of her disdaine t'expire;
Make her the sentence of her wrath repeale.
Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beautie, steale
Powre from those eyes, which pittie cannot spare;
Deale with those daintie cheekes as she doth deale
With this poore heart consumed with dispaire:
This heart made now the prospectiue of care,
By louing her, the cruelst Faire that liues
The cruelst Fayre that sees I pine for her,
And neuer mercie to my merit giues.
Let her not still triumph ouer the prize
Of mine affections taken by her eies.

Sonnet XXXI. Edition 1592.

Looke *Delia* how wee steeme the half-blowne Rose,
The image of thy blush and Summers honor:
Whilst in her tender greene she doth inclose
That pure sweete beautie, Time bestowes vppon her.
No sooner spreades her glorie in the ayre,
But straight her ful-blowne pride is in declyning;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fayre,
So clowdes thy beautie, after fayrest shining.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,
Whose blooming grace adornes thy glorie now.
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying howers,
Dissolues the beautie of the fairest brow.
O let not then such riches waste in vaine;
But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe.

Sonnet XXXVI. Edition 1602 and 1623.

Looke *Delia* how w'esteeme the halfe blowne Rose,
The image of thy blush and Summers honor:
Whilst yet her tender bud doth vndisclose
That full of beautie, time bestowes vpon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the aire,
But straight her wide flowne pomp comes to decline:
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the Faire
So fade the Roses on those cheeks of thine.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withered flowres,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying howres,
Dissolues the beautie of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vaine,
But loue now whilst thou maist be lou'd againe.

Sonnet L. and last. Edition 1592.

Loe heere the impost of a faith vnfaining,
That loue hath paide, and her disdaine extorted:
Beholde the message of my iust complayning,
That shewes the world how much my griefe imported,
These tributary plaintes fraught with desire,
I sende those eyes the cabinets of loue:
The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire,
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.
Wherein I thus do liue cast downe from myrth,
Pensiue alone, none but despayre about mee;
My ioyes abortiue, perisht at their byrth,
My carres long liu'de, and will not dye without mee.
This is my state, and *Delias* hart is such;
I say no more, I fear I saide too much.

Sonnet LVII. Edition 1602 and 1623.

Lo here the impost of a faith entire
Which loue doth pay, and her disdaine extorts:
Behold the message of a chast desire
Which tells the world how much my griefe imports.
These tributary passions, beauties due,
I send those eyes the cabinets of loue:
That Crueltie her selfe might grieue to view
Th' affliction her vnkind disdaine doth moue.
And how I liue cast down from off all myrth,

Pensiue alone, onely but with despaire;
My ioyes abortiue, perish in their byrth,
My griefes long liu'd, and care succeeding care.
This is my state, and *Delias* heart is such.
I say no more, I feare I said too much.

These Sonnets by Daniel are thus elegantly mentioned by Spenser in his *Colin Clouts come home againe*, 4to, 1595; but in his last supposition, that Daniel's bent was more suited to Tragedy, he did not prove himself correct; his Tragedies being destitute of the passionate force and spirit which are requisite in works of that character:

And there is a new shepheard late vp sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse,
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung, vnto a scornfull lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowlie flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loue's soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rowze thy feathers quickly *Daniell*,
And to that course thou please thy selfe advance.
But most me seemes, thy accent will excell
In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance.

In the following lines before *Zepheria*, a collection of Sonnets printed in 1594, 4to, Daniel's *Delia* is obviously alluded to:

Ye moderne Laureats famousd for your wit
Who for your pregnance may in *Delos* dwell,
On your sweete lines eternitie doth sit
Their browes enobling with applause and lawrell.

* * * *

Report throughout our westerne Ile doth ring
The sweete tun'd accents of your *Delian* sonnetrie.
&c. &c. &c.

And Meres in his *Palladis Tamia, or Wits Treasury*, 8vo, 1598, says: "As Parthenius Nicæas excellently sung the praises of his Arete, so Daniel hath diuinely sonetted the matchlesse beauty of his *Delia*."

He is frequently coupled with Spenser and Drayton. Lodge speaks of him as "Daniel choice in word and Invention: Camden styles him the English Lucan." Fitzgeffrey praises him as

Daniel who well may *Maros* text controule
With proud *plus ultra*, true note marginall.

And besides the eulogy of Spenser we have already given, and the numerous Epigrams addressed to him by Sir John Harington, Bastard, Freeman, Hayman and others, there is scarcely one of his contemporaries who has not addressed to him some commendatory compliment.

It is not known who was meant by "Delia," but there appears good reason to believe that she was not a mere imaginary person. In the "Complaynt of Rosamond," when speaking of the Metropolis as the great resort of beauty from all parts, "the wondrous concourse of the glittering faire," Daniel says:

Heere is the center of all beauties best,
Excepting *Delia*, left t' adorn the West.

And in one of his Sonnets, XLVIII, he observes:

——— *Avon* rich in fame though poore in waters
Shall haue my song, where *Delia* hath her seate
Avon shall be my Thames, and she my song,
I'le sound her name the River all along.

From these passages we may justly conclude that she was a resident in the West of England, and on the banks of the Avon; not the Warwickshire Avon, as Mr. Collier unwittingly supposes, but the river of that name in Somersetshire and Wiltshire.

This first edition of Daniel's *Delia* is exceedingly rare, and we cannot trace it in any of our great public libraries. There is, however, a fine and beautiful copy of it in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth.

The present copy, which was the one from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 189, and is there priced at 6*l.* 6*s.*, is unfortunately imperfect, having the title and dedication in manuscript. It formerly belonged to Dr. Farmer, and to Mr. T. Park, and is enriched with some notes by them.

Collation: Sig. A, two leaves; B to H 2, in fours.

Bound in Calf, neat.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — Delia. Containing certaine Sonnets: with the complaynt of Rosamond.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

At London, Printed by J. C. for S. Watersonne, 1592. 4to, pp. 96.

This is the second edition of Daniel's *Delia*, published in the same year as the first, but varying from that in having the title within the arch of an architectural design, with two small heads in circles at the top, and the inscription ΔΙΟΣ ΑΙΓΙΟΧΙΟΝ on the architrave. It commences with a prose dedication to the Countess of Pembroke as before, which we have already quoted. This edition contains fifty four Sonnets, being four more than the first, and has the errors of the press in that impression corrected. The new additional Sonnets are the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. At the end of the Sonnets, on folio 55, is the "Ode," on the reverse of which, within the same architectural compartment as before, is the title to "The Complaynt of Rosamond," in one hundred and six seven-line stanzas, which was now printed for the first time.

We have been very particular and exact in describing these early editions of Daniel's *Delia*, as, from their great rarity, they are exceedingly difficult to meet with, and the notices of them in Lowndes, even by his latest Editor, are far from correct.

A copy of this second edition was sold in Mr. Heber's Collection, pt. iv. No. 534, for 3*l.* 4*s.* There is another in Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and Mr. Collier is in possession of a third.

Collation: Sig. A, two leaves; then B to M 4, in fours. Sig. H is repeated — at the commencement of "The Complaynt of Rosamond" — 1 and 2 being blank leaves, which in this copy are preserved. If these are reckoned the number of pages will be 100.

This fine and beautiful copy, pure as when it first came from the printer's hands, is bound by Bedford.

In Calf Extra; gilt leaves.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — Delia and Rosamond augmented. By Samuel Daniel.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

Printed at London for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yarde at the signe of the Crowne, 1594. Sm. 8vo, pp. 196.

In the present beautiful and exceedingly rare edition of Daniel's *Delia*, which is the third, the title is within an architectural compartment, similar to the last. The number of the Sonnets in this impression is increased to fifty-five, and the prose dedication to the Countess of Pembroke in the former is displaced, and turned into a Sonnet, which thus gracefully acknowledges his obligations to that lady:

Wonder of these, glory of other times,
O thou whom Enuy eu'n is forst t' admyre:
Great Patroness of these my humble Rymes,
Which thou from out thy greatness doost inspire:
Sith onely thou hast deign'd to raise them higher,
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine owne,
Begotten by thy hand, and my desire,
Wherein my Zeale, and thy great might is showne.
And seeing this vnto the world is knowne,
O leaue not, still to grace thy worke in mee:
Let not the quickning seede be ouer-throwne
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.
Whereof, the trauaile I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory (Madam) must be thine.

Daniel is a beautiful and elegant writer of Sonnets, and is supposed by Mr. Malone to have afforded a model of imitation to Drayton and other writers, and even to Shakespeare himself. His Sonnets differ in their structure from those of Watson, Spenser, Sidney and others, and are nearly all composed of three elegiac verses in alternate rhyme, with a closing couplet. The quotation of one or two from this edition will not offend the reader, in addition to those before selected for the purpose of exhibiting the variations in the text. The first of these, with the exception of the second line, is tenderly and gracefully expressed, and will afford a pleasing example of the sweetness and purity of his language in this peculiar composition:

Sonnet IX.

If this be loue, to draw a weary breath,
Paint on floods, till the shore cry to th' ayre:
With downward lookes, still reading on the earth,
The sad memorials of my loue's despayre:
If this be loue, to warre against my soule,
Lie downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue,
The neuer-resting stone of care to roule,
Still to complaine my griefes, whilst none relieue.

If this be loue, to eloathe me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile aparte,
My pleasures, horror, Musique, tragiek notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and sorrow at my hart:
If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
O then love I,* and draw this weary breath.

Sonnet XXXVI.

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone,
Receiued hast this message from thy glasse,
That tells the truth, and saies that all is gone.
Fresh shalt thou see in mee the wounds thou madest,
Though spent thy flame in me the heat remaining,
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy waining.
The world shall finde this myracle in mee,
That fire can burne when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath beene thy selfe shalt see,
And that thou wast vnkind, thou maist repent.
Thou maist repent that thou hast scorn'd my teares,
When winter snowes vpon thy golden† haires.

Sonnet XLV.

Beautie (sweet Loue) is like the morning dewe,
Whose short refresh vpon the tender greene,
Cheeres for a time, but till the Sunne doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest florish,
Short is the glory of the blushing Rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
When time hath made a pasport for thy feares,
Dated in age, the Kalends of our death.‡
But ah! no more, this hath beene often tolde,
And women grieue to thinke they must be olde.

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* "Then do I loue." — *Edition* 1602.

† "sable." — *Edition* 1602.

‡ "And that in beauties lease, expir'd appears
The date of Age, the Kalends of our death." — *Edition* 1602.

Two of the Sonnets in this edition, and in this alone, are distinguished by having headings prefixed to them. Sonnets XLVII. and XLVIII. are thus headed: "At the Authors going into Italie;" and, "This Sonnet was made at the Authors beeing in Italie." And Mr. Collier was the first to observe, from this circumstance, that none of Daniel's biographers had noticed the fact that he had travelled into Italy, no doubt in early life, and perhaps in the capacity of tutor to the son of the Countess of Pembroke. The former of these Sonnets, which is given below, is not in the first edition of *Delia:*

Sonnet XLVII.

O whither (poore forsaken) wilt thou goe,
To goe from sorrow, and thine owne distresse,
When euery place presents like face of woe,
And no remoue can make thy sorrowes lesse?
Yet goe (forsaken) leaue these woods, these playnes,
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy loue forlorne, and both disdaines:
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceaues.
Seeke out some place, and see if any place
Can giue the least release vnto thy griefe:
Conuay thee from the thoughts of thy disgrace,
Steale from thy selfe; and be thy cares own thiefe.
But yet what comfort shall I heereby gaine?
Bearing the wouud, I needs must feele the paine.

Mr. Ellis is wrong in stating that "the text of this third edition of *Delia* corresponds exactly with that of edition I.," as there are not only changes in the number of the Sonnets, but considerable variations in the readings also; the text of some of the Sonnets being materially altered, as we have already shown in Sonnet XVI. Sonnet XXIIII. in the first edition is not in the MS., and is omitted in the third and all posterior editions. Sonnets XVII., XXVII., XXVIII., XXX., XLVII. and LI. in the present, are none of them in the first edition. This part concludes with the Ode, as printed before. "The Complaynt of Rosamond," which next occurs, has a separate title within an architectural compartment similar to the first, and is here said to be "Augmented," having been before printed in 1592. This Poem, which in the first edition consisted of one hundred and six seven-line stanzas, and in this is increased to one hundred and twenty-nine, is in imitation of the Legends in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and is related in the first person by the complaining ghost of Rosamond. Allusion is made in the fourth stanza to the *Legend of Shore's Wife*, which had been written by Churchyard,

and published in 1559, and perhaps to the same under the title of *Beawtie Dishonoured*, by Anthony Chute, printed in 1593, 4to:

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,
Each penne doth over-passe my iust complaint,
Whilst others are prefer'd, though farre more base;
Shores wife is grac'd, and passes for a Saint;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.
Her wel-told tale did such compassion finde,
That shee is pass'd and I am left behind.

There is much taste and eloquence in the following description of the great power and soul-subduing influence of female beauty:

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale at suddaine hearing
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it.
So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
T' amaze the world, that holds such sights so deer.
Ah! beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet silent rethorique of perswading eyes:
Dumbe eloquence, whose power doth moue the blood,
More then the words, or wisedome of the wise;
Still harmonie, whose diapason lies
Within a brow, the key which passions moue,
To rauish sence, and play a world in loue.
What might I then not doe whose power was such?
What cannot women doe that know their powre?
What women knowe it not (I feare too much)
How blisse or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilst nature decks her with her proper faire,
Which cheeres the world, ioyes each sight, sweetens th' ayre.

The whole story of Rosamond is gracefully and pathetically told, and both at the beginning and the close, and in other parts of the Poem, the Author pays a passing compliment to the charms of his Delia.

"The Tragedie of Cleopatra" is here first published, with a separate title similar to the others, and is preceded by a most interesting and touching poetical dedication of fourteen octave stanzas to Mary Countess of Pembroke, stating the reasons which had induced him to compose this work, viz. the command of his great Patroness, who, having published her *Tragedy of Antonie* in 1592, required from him this as a companion play.

The Tragedy is founded on the story of Cleopatra in Plutarch's *Lives*, and was much esteemed in its day. It was not intended, apparently, to be performed, and is constructed on the classic models of antiquity, with the ancient chorus. Like most of the other works of Daniel, it received great alterations and corrections in the later editions. It simply refers to the last few hours of Cleopatra's life, and is not remarkable for any force or passion of language, but the annexed simile, near the close of the play, is both tenderly and happily expressed:

> Looke how a Mother at her sonnes departing
> For some far voyage, bent to get him fame,
> Doth intertaine him with an idle parling,
> And still doth speake, and still speakes but the same,
> Now bids farewell, and now recalls him back,
> Tells what was told, and bids again farewell,
> And yet againe recalls; for still doth lack
> Something that loue would faine and cannot tell.
> Pleas'd hee should goe, yet cannot let him goe.
> So shee, although shee knew there was no way
> But this, yet this shee could not handle so
> But shee must shew that life desir'd delay.
> Faine would she entertaine the time as now,
> And now would faine that Death would seaze vpon her:
> Whilst I might see presented in her brow,
> The doubtfull combat tryde 'twixt Life and Honor.

At the end of the book is the colophon: "At London Printed by James Roberts and Edward Allde, for Simon Waterson 1594."

Copies of this edition seldom occur for sale. Reed's, No. 6780, sold for 3*l.* 4*s.*; Midgley's, No. 255, 2*l.* 19*s.*; Heber's, pt. iv. No. 466, 3*l.* 11*s.*; Skegg's, No. 490, 8*l.*; Bright's, No. 1599, 5*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 190, 10*l.* The present is a beautiful copy of this rare edition, and is further illustrated with a portrait of Daniel.

Collation: Sig. A, two leaves; B to N 8, in eights.

Bound by C. Lewis. In Venetian Morocco; gilt leaves.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — The First Fowre Bookes of the civile wars between the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke. By Samuel Daniel.

> Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

At London, Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1595. 4to, pp. 178.

The *Civil Wars*, by Daniel, written in imitation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, were first published in this edition of 1595, containing only four books; a fifth being added in 1599. In some copies of this first edition there is another title with the same date, but varying in the border and printer's ornaments, and having the following transposition: "Printed at London by P. Short for Simon Waterson." From this circumstance it has been said that there were two editions published in 1595, but it is more probably supposed that the work did not sell sufficiently well, and that in consequence a new title-page was prefixed, for we find that when the additional book was printed, in 1599, the old copies of the first four books were made use of again, without any alterations or corrections of the errors of the press. The title-page of this first edition is within a neat woodcut compartment, with four kneeling figures and the royal initials at the sides, the letters "IHS" at the top, and a death's head at the bottom. Without any dedication or introductory matter, the poem commences at once after the title, and is written in eight-line stanzas, or *ottava rima* as it was called, which Daniel probably adopted from having been in Italy, — each book being preceded by a short Argument of a single stanza. Of a Poem so well known, and yet perhaps at the present day, from the dry and confined nature of the Author's subject, so little read, it will be needless here to enter into any long discussion of its merits. Like Drayton, his unfortunate choice of a subject, confining himself to a limited and barren narration of events of individual fortunes, without any agreeable episodes to enliven and diversify the narrative, render his poem rather dull and languid, or as an old writer has expressed it, "somewhat aflat." Yet with all its defects, its flatness and frequent prosaic dulness, and its absence of the higher flights of poetry, Daniel's work contains many sweet and poetical passages. His strict adherence to the truth of history, the purity and elegance of his language, the correctness of his taste, and his occasional touches of the pathetic, all place him among the better writers of his day, and an ornament of his age; and if not among our first great epic composers, certainly one of the chiefest and best of our second class of poets. Daniel lived on terms of friendship and esteem with most of the eminent men of his time, and with the single exception of snarling Ben Jonson, was favoured with the praises of all his contemporaries. Spenser has described his worth and character; and when

we enumerate Drayton, Will. Browne, Edmund Bolton, Gabriel Harvey, Drummond of Hawthornden, Nash, Francis Davison, Sir John Harington, Barnfield, Stradling, Sylvester and others, among the admirers of Daniel, we may be sure that he was well deserving of their praises and commendations. He was born at or near Taunton in Somersetshire in 1562; entered as a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1579, where he remained for three years, but left the University without a degree, and devoted himself to poetry and English history. He appears to have been under some pecuniary obligation to Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards, partly through his own merits, and partly through his brother-in-law John Florio, became in the next reign Gentleman Extraordinary, and Groom of the Privy Chamber to Queen Anne, the consort of James I., for which office he received a salary of 60*l.* per annum. In 1598 he succeeded Spenser as Poet Laureat, and was much in favour with Anne Countess of Pembroke and Dorset in whose family he acted as tutor, and to whose patronage he was much indebted. Daniel appears to have been a careful, prudent and moral man, and to have saved money, with which he purchased or rented some property at Beckington in Somersetshire, whither he retired, and continued to live till his death in October 1619, and was buried in the Church there, where a monument to his memory was erected by the Countess of Pembroke. Dr. Bliss has mentioned that his will is still preserved in the Canterbury Court, made shortly before his death, in which he leaves his brother John Daniel, a musician of some eminence, his sole executor. Daniel published various works, of which a copious list is given in the *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 270.

We must not omit to give an extract or two from this poem, which we do from the part that relates the melancholy journey of Richard II. to the Metropolis, when made prisoner in the Castle of Flint by the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV.:

66.

Straight towards London in this heate of pride
The *Duke* sets forward as they had decreed,
With whom the *Captiues King* constraind must ride,
Most meanely mounted on a simple steed:
Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
Thereby neglect of all respect to breed:
For th' ouer-spreading pompe of prouder might
Must darken weaknes and debase his sight.

67.

Approaching nere the Citty he was met
With all the sumptuous shewes ioy could deuise,
Where new-desire to please did not forget
To passe the vsuall pompe of former guise
Striuing applause as out of prison let,
Runnes on beyond all boundes to nouelties:
And voice and hands and knees and all do now
A straung deformed forme of welcome show.

68.

And manifold confusion running greetes
Shootes, cries, claps hands, thrusts, striues and presses nere:
Houses impou'risht were t' enrich the streetes,
And streetes left naked that vnhappy were,
Plac'd from the sight where ioy with wonder meets,
Where all of all degrees striue to appeare;
Where diuers speaking zeale, one murmure findes
In vndistinguisht voice to tell their mindes.

69.

He that in glorie of his fortune sate,
Admiring what he thought could neuer be,
Did feele his bloud within salute his state,
And lift vp his reioicing soule to see
So manie hands and harts congratulate
Th' aduancement of his long-desir'd degree:
When prodigall of thankes in passing by
He resalutes them all with cheerefull eie.

70.

Behind him all aloofe came pensiue on
The vnregarded King, that drooping went
Alone, and but for spight scarce lookt vpon,
Iudge if he did moue enuy or lament:
O what a wondrous worke this daie is done,
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present,
In th' one to shew the best of glories face,
In th' other worse then worst of all disgrace.

71.

Now *Isabell* the young afflicted Queene
Whose yeares had neuer shew'd her but delights,
Nor louely eies before had euer seene,
Other then smiling ioyes and ioyfull sights:

Borne great, matcht great, liu'd great, and euer beene
Partaker of the worlds best benefits,
Had plac'd her selfe, hearing her Lord should passe
That way where shee unseene in secret was.

72.

Sicke of delay and longing to behold
Her long mist loue in fearefull icopardies,
To whom although it had in sort beene told
Of their proceeding, and of his surprize,
Yet thinking they would neuer be so bold
To lead their Lord in any shamefull wise,
But rather would conduct him as their King,
As seeking but the states reordering.

73.

And forth shee looks: and notes the formost traine
And grieues to view some there she wisht not there,
Seeing the chiefe not come, staies, lookes againe,
And yet she sees not him that should appeare:
Then backe she stands, and then desire was faine
Againe to looke to see if he were nere,
At length a glittring troupe farre off shee spies,
Perceiues the throne, and heares the shouts and cries.

74.

Lo yonder now at length he comes (saith shee)
Looke, my good women, where he is in sight:
Do you not see him? yonder that is hee
Mounted on that white courser all in white,
There where the thronging troupes of people bee,
I know him by his seate, he sits vpright:
Lo, now he bows: deare Lord, with what sweet grace:
How long haue I long'd to behold that face?

75.

O what delight my hart takes by mine eie!
I doubt me when he comes but something neare
I shall set wide the window: what care I
Who doth see me, so him I may see cleare?
Thus doth false ioy delude her wrongfully
Sweet lady, in the thing she held so deare;
For nearer come, shee findes shee had mistooke,
And him shee markt was *Henrie Bullingbrooke.*

As the eulogistic lines on the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth,

Robert Earl of Essex, at the close of the second Book, were omitted in the succeeding editions; and those on Daniel's patron, Lord Mountjoy, were afterwards considerably altered in consequence of his death, and possess much feeling, it may be as well to quote this passage from the poem, which is not met with elsewhere:

126.

Where thou (*O worthy Essex*) whose deare blood
Reseru'd from these sad times to honour ours,
Shouldst haue conducted Armies and now stood
Against the strength of all the *Easterne Powres:*
There should thy valiant hand perform'd that good
Against the barbarisme that all deuoures,
That all the states of the redeemed Earth
Might thee admire, and glorifie thy birth.

127.

Thence might thy valor haue brought in despight
Eternall *Trophies* to *Elizas* name,
And laid downe at her sacred feete the right
Of all thy deedes and glory of the same.
All that which by her powre, and by thy might
Thou hadst attaind to her immortall fame
Had made thee wondred here, admir'd a farre
The *Mercury* of peace, the *Mars* of warre.

128.

And thou my Lord the glorie of my muse
Pure-spirited *Mountioy*, th' ornament of men,
Hadst had a large and mighty field to vse
Thy holie giftes and learned counsels then:
Whole landes and Prouinces should not excuse
Thy trusty faith, nor yet sufficient beene
For those great vertues to haue ordered
And in a calme obedience gouerned.

129.

Nor had I then at solitary brooke
Sate framing bloudy accents of these times,
Nor told of woundes that grieued eies might looke
Vpon the horror of their fathers crimes,
But rather a more glorious subiect tooke
To register in euerlasting rimes
The sacred glories of ELIZABETH,
T' haue kept the wonder of her worth from death.

130.

And likewise builded for your great designes
O you two worthies bewties of our state,
Immortall tombes of vnconsuming lines
To keepe your holie deedes inuiolate:
You in whose actions yet the image shines
Of ancient honor neere worne out of date,
You that haue vertue into fashion brought
In these neglected times respected nought.

131.

But whither am I carried with the thought
Of what might haue beene, had not this beene so?
O sacred *Fury* how was I thus brought
To speake of glory that must tell of wo?
These acted mischiefes cannot be vnwrought
Though men be pleasd to wish it were not so.
And therefore leaue sad *Muse* th' imagin'd good,
For we must now returne againe to bloud.

Perhaps the best critique on the *Civil Wars* of Daniel is by Headley, in his *Introd.*, vol. i. p. xxxviii. See also Hallam's *Introd.*, vol. iii. p. 495; Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii. p. 316; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 268; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 100; Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 78; and an article in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. viii. p. 227.

Copies of this first edition have sold in Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 536, for 17*s.*; Ingliss's ditto, No. 507, *Large Paper*, for 2*l.* 2*s.* There were no copies of any separate edition of the *Civil Wars* in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*; neither do we find this first impression occurring often in Sale Catalogues.

Collation: Title one leaf; the Poem, Sig. B to Z 4, in fours; 88 leaves, exclusive of the title. Fine copy, Large Paper, with the autograph of Lady Lucy Lyttelton. In Brown Calf.

Daniel, (Samuel).—The First Fowre Bookes of the ciuile warres between the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke. By Samvel Daniel.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

Printed at London by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1595. 4to, pp. 218.

This is another copy of the first edition, but varying from the preceding in having a totally different title-page. The words of the present title are much smaller, and are in the centre of a more elaborate woodcut compartment than the former, containing figures of Fame and Victory at the top, with the royal arms between; and the Stationers' arms at the bottom, with the royal supporters, the lion and griffin, in opposite corners. This copy also contains the Fifth Book, which is generally wanting. There is no separate title to this, but the Book is simply headed: "The fift Booke of the Ciuill warres betweene the two Houses of *Lancaster* and *Yorke*," and the paging and signatures are continued. This Book is chiefly occupied with the rebellion of Jack Cade, the siege of Chatillon, and the deaths of the valiant Talbot and his son Viscount Lisle; ending with the first battle of St. Albans and the death of the Duke of Somerset.

We may remark that the present edition of the Fifth Book is not the same as the one in the *Poeticall Essayes* of 1599. It varies in the printing of the letter *w*, in the figures, and in some other particulars; showing that it is a different edition, as any one may see on comparing the two together. Daniel, in his dedication to the Countess Dowager of Pembroke in the impression of 1609, notices the many editions through which his work had passed at that time.

Collation as before. The Fifth Book commences on fol. 89. Sig. Aa to Ee 4. Bound in Calf, neat.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — The Poeticall Essays of Sam. Danyel. Newly corrected and augmented.

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

At London Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1599. 4to, pp. 414.

This copy corresponds exactly with the description of the one of the same impression in the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 537. On the reverse of the title, which is within a woodcut border, are the arms of Lord Mountjoy, enclosed within the garter; and below, a list of the contents of the volume, including, besides the "Civill Wars," "Musophilus," the "Epistle of Octavia," "Cleopatra" and the "Complaint of Rosamond;" and on the following leaf a fine Dedicatory Sonnet "To the Right honorable Sir Charles Blunt, Knight,

Lord Mountioy, and Knight of the most Noble order of the Garter, and his most worthy Lord." Then a fresh title: "The Ciuill Wars of England betweene the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke. Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus. Sam. Daniell. At London Printed by P. S. for Symon Waterson 1599." On the reverse of this the arms of Lord Mountjoy are repeated, in the centre of the page, with a broad woodcut border round. The first four books of the "Civill Wars" are those of the first edition, printed from the same types, without any corrections; to which was now added a fifth book; and at the end is a list of faults escaped in the printing, one leaf. There are fresh titles and dedications to "Musophilus," "Octavia" and "Cleopatra," but not to the "Complaint of Rosamond," which is without either. These Poems had all been printed before: the first in 1599; "Octavia" in the same year; "Cleopatra" in 1594; and "Rosamond" in 1592.

Mr. Rice's copy, No. 766, sold for 1*l.* 7*s.*; Bindley's, pt. ii. No. 565, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Midgley's, No. 202, 2*l.* 5*s.*; Heber's, pt. iv. No. 537, 2*l.* 17*s.*; Jolley's, pt. ii. No. 940, 3*l.*; Gardner's, No. 611, 3*l.* 11*s.*; Bright's, No. 1592, 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, in two volumes; Sir M. M. Sykes's, pt. i. No. 858, 7*l.*; Lloyd's, No. 486, with *Delia*, No. 1592, 8*l.* 15*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to Ee 4; "Musophilus," Sig. A two leaves, B to F 3; "Octavia," A two leaves, B to D 2; "Cleopatra," A to K 4; "Rosamond," Bb to Gg 2, in fours. Bound in Calf extra.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyel. Newly corrected and augmented.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

At London Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1599. 4to, pp. 414.

Another copy of this work, which formerly belonged to Joshua Manwood, and has his autograph: "Liber Josuæ Manwood: March 29. 1600. pret^m. 3/6." This copy resembles the last, except that instead of the reprinted title of 1599 to the "Civill Wars," it has the original one, bearing date 1595, which was subsequently cancelled when the fifth Book was added. It is divided into two volumes, the first containing the five "Bookes of the Civill Wars," and the second, the remaining four Poems. Few of Daniel's

Poems are more worthy of notice than portions of the first of these, "Musophilus, or a general defence of Learning." It is written in a fine strain of philosophy and moral reasoning, and contains some animated passages. Witness the following burst of enthusiasm in favour of our earliest bard:

But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue we see, with her faire grace, stands fast;
For what high races hath there come to fall,
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since *Chaucer* liu'd who yet liues, and yet shall,
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last.
Yet what a time hath he wrested from time
And won vpon the mighty waste of daies,
Vnto th' immortall honor of our clime,
That by his meanes came first adorn'd with Baies,
Vnto the sacred Relicks of whose rime
We yet are bound in zeale to offer praise!
And could our lines begotten in this age
Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeeres,
And scape the fury of that threatning rage,
Which in confused clowdes gastly appeares,
Who would not straine his trauailes to ingage,
When such true glory should succeed his cares?
But whereas he came planted in the spring,
And had the Sun, before him, of respect;
We set in th' Autumne, in the withering,
And sullen season of a cold defect,
Must taste those soure distastes the times do bring,
Vpon the fulnesse of a cloi'd neglect,
Although the stronger constitutions shall
Weare out th' infection of distempred daies,
And come with glory to out-live this fall,
Recou'ring of another spring of praise,
Cleer'd from th' oppressing humors, wherewithall
The idle multitude surcharge their laies.

The succeeding passage, in praise of letters and knowledge, is written in a noble spirit, and merits a place here:

O blessed letters that combine in one
All ages past, and make one liue with all,
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead liuing vnto councell call;
By you th' vnborn shall haue communion
Of what we feele, and what doth vs befall.

Soule of the world, knowledge, without thee,
What hath the earth that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? what good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight?
And let th' vnnaturall and waiward race
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame
That neuer read t' obserue but to disagree,
Raise all the tempest of their powre to blame:
That puffe of follie neuer can deface
The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.

After some fine and spirited lines in praise of Poesy, the Poem concludes with a graceful and feeling tribute to the judgment of Sir Fulke Grevile, by whom his infant muse had been fostered and encouraged, and to whom the Poem was dedicated:

And if herein the curious sort shall deeme
My will was carried far beyond my force,
And that it is a thing doth ill beseeme
The function of a *Poem*, to discourse:
Thy learned iudgement which I most esteeme
(Worthy *Fulke Greuil*) must defend this course.
By whose mild grace, and gentle hand at first
My Infant Muse was brought in open sight
From out the darkenesse wherein it was nurst,
And made to be partaker of the light;
Which peraduenture neuer else had durst
T' appeare in place, but had beene smothered quite.
And now herein incourag'd by thy praise,
Is made so bold and ventrous to attempt
Beyond example, and to trie those waies,
That malice from our forces thinkes exempt:
To see if we our wronged lines could raise
Aboue the reach of lightnesse and contempt.

There is nothing in the "Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius," one of the dullest of Daniel's pieces, which demands any attention; and the "Tragedie of Cleopatra" and the "Complaint of Rosamond" have already been mentioned.

Collation the same as before.

Bound in two volumes. In Brown Speckled Calf, extra.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — Musophilus: Containing a generall defence of learning. Samvel Daniel.

At London Printed by P. S. for Simon Waterson, 1599. 4to, pp. 42.

This Poem forms part of the *Poetical Essayes*, but some copies are found separate. It has been already described in the preceding article, including several extracts from it, and therefore requires no further notice.

(2.) — A letter from Octavia to Marcvs Antonivs. Samvel Daniel.

At London Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1599. 4to, pp. 24.

Like the last, this also is another of the pieces from the *Poetical Essayes*. It has the poetical dedication to Margaret Countess of Cumberland, and the Argument, and has been already noticed.

Both these Poems are first editions, and are neither of them to be found in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* The first sold at Reed's sale, No. 6731, for 13*s.*; and at Sir Mark M. Sykes's, pt. iii. No. 79, for 10*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: *Musophilus*, Sig. A two leaves, B to F 3 in fours; *Octavia*, Sig. A two leaves, B to D 2 in fours.

Bound in Brown Calf.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

Sam: Danyell.

At London Printed by P. S. for Symon Waterson, 1599. 4to, pp. 80.

The *Tragedy of Cleopatra* was first printed, as we have seen, in 1594, 8vo, along with *Delia* and *Rosamond*. The present is the second edition, and appeared along with the other Poems of Daniel under the title of *Poetical Essayes*, but some copies were struck off separately, of which this was one, and the work is complete in itself. The title is within a richly ornamented border, noticed before, with figures of Fame and Victory at the top, on each side of the royal arms; and those of the Stationers' Company at the bottom. It commences with the beautiful poetical address

to the Countess of Pembroke, already mentioned, after which is "The Argument" or account of the plot, and the names of the Actors. In our description of the first edition of *Cleopatra*, we have already shown that Tragedy was never the bent of the genius of Daniel, nor of his inclination; and that probably but for the solicitations of his friends and the command of her who was his great patroness — though against his own taste, which would have much preferred his usual "humble song that pleased him best" and was "more fitting to the nature of his veine" — he would never have sought the acquaintance of the Tragic Muse. But when the excellent and noble patroness of his Muse, the warm encourager of his literary labours, enjoined the task, how could he resist so powerful and touching a command?

The scene of this play is laid in Alexandria, and it relates only to the last and closing scene of the life of Cleopatra, whose death and its attendant circumstances are related by a Nuntius, who describes at some length how

> In he went, where brighter then the Sunne,
> Glittering in all her pompous rich aray,
> Great *Cleopatra* sate, as if sh' had wonne
> *Cæsar*, and all the world beside this day:
> Euen as she was when on thy cristall streames
> O *Cydnos*, she did shew what earth could shew.
> When *Asia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
> *Venus* from heauen was come on earth below.
> Euen as she went at first to meete her Loue,
> So goes she now at last againe to find him.
> But that first, did her greatnes onely proue,
> This last her loue, that could not liue behind him.

And in the course of his narrative he introduces the apposite simile of the mother parting with her son, which we have already quoted. Several important alterations and corrections were made in this play in the later collected edition of Daniel's *Works* of 1623, 4to. It is composed after the ancient and classic models, in alternate rhyme, with a Chorus at the close of each Act; the story being chiefly taken from Plutarch. It was not written with a view to performance, and was never brought upon the Stage.

See further, Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p, 101, who is in error in stating that this play was first printed in 1611, 8vo; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii. p. 252; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. ii. p. 108; and *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. viii. pp. 229 and 240.

Jolley's sale, pt. v. No. 1006, *6s.*; Ditto, pt. vii. No. 355, *7s.*; Rhodes's ditto, No. 875, *1l. 2s.*

Collation: Sig. A to K 4, in fours.

Half-bound in Brown Morocco. 1390803

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — A Panegyrike Congratulatorie deliuered to the Kings Most Excellent Maiestie at Burleigh Harrington in Rutlandshire. By Samuel Daniel. Also Certaine Epistles with a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the Author.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

At London Imprinted for Edward Blount. 1603. 8vo.

The title sufficiently proclaims the nature of the first Poem in this volume, which consists of an adulatory address of congratulation to James I. on his accession to the throne of England, delivered to him when on his way to London at Burleigh Harington in Rutlandshire, the seat of Sir John Harington, where he stopped. This place was so named to distinguish it from the other Burleigh near Stamford, and was also called Burleigh on the Hill, from its high and commanding position, and is near to Oakham in Rutlandshire. It was purchased by the Harington family in the reign of Elizabeth, and remained with them till it was bought by Sir George Villiers, who was afterwards made Duke of Buckingham by James I., and had the honour of entertaining his royal master there in 1621. The house was burned down by the Parliamentary party during the Civil Wars, and was afterwards sold by the Duke of Buckingham to Daniel Earl of Nottingham, by whom it was rebuilt, and this family still make it their principal residence.

Sir John Harington, who here received the King on his way from Scotland, was afterwards created a Baron by James I. at his Coronation in July 1603, by the title of Lord Harington of Exton, from another seat of his, called Exton Hall, now the residence of the Noels, Earls of Gainsborough.

The *Panegyrike* extends to seventy-three stanzas of eight lines each, and opens with some well timed reflections on the union of the two Kingdoms, by the accession of James after the death of Elizabeth.

1.

Lo here the glory of a greater day
Then England euer heretofore could see
In all her dayes. When she did most display
The Ensignes of her powre, or when as she
Did spred herselfe the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad, yet could she neuer be
Thus blesst at home, nor euer come to grow
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2.

And now she is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with Vnion, ô thou mightie State,
Now thou art all great Brittaine, and no more,
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
No Borders but the Ocean, and the Shore,
No wall of Adrian serues to separate
Our mutuall loue, nor our obedience
Being subiects all to one imperiall Prince.

3.

What heretofore could neuer yet be wrought
By all the swords of powre, by blood, by fire,
By ruine, and destruction, here is brought
To passe, with peace, with loue, with ioy, desire:
Our former blessed vnion hath begot
A greater vnion that is more intire,
And makes vs more our selues, sets vs at one
With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

4.

Glory of men, this hast thou brought to vs,
And yet hast brought vs more than this by farre:
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousnes,
Iudgement and Iustice, which more glorious are
Then all thy Kingdomes, and arte more by this
Then Lord and Sou'raigne, more than Emperor
Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in
To more, than all the powres on Earth can win.

The 10th stanza thus alludes to Elizabeth, then lately dead, and deprecates any injurious reflections on her memory on the old plea of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum:*

And let my humble Muse whom she did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead,

That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured:
O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace,
Let not her honor be disquieted
Now after death: but let her Graue inclose
All but her good, and that it cannot close.

The success and advantages which would attend the union are again brought forward in some stanzas referring to the closer union of the two Crowns by the marriage of James the Fourth of Scotland with Margaret the daughter of Henry the Seventh, and granddaughter of Margaret Countess of Richmond, Henry's mother, which important event brought about in its issue the happy union of the two Kingdoms under one crown:

48.

It is jvst a hundred yeares since the Lady Margaret married to Iames the fourth King of Scotland.

Thus hath the hundreth yeare brought backe againe
The sacred blood lent to adorne the *North*,
And here return'd it with a greater gaine,
And greater glory than we sent it forth:
Thus doth th' all working Prouidence retaine,
And keepe for great effects the seede of worth,
And so doth point the stops of time thereby
In periods of vncertaine certainty.

49.

Margaret of *Richmond* (glorious grandmother
Vnto that other precious *Margaret*
From whence th' Almighty worker did transfer
This branch of peace, as from a roote well set)
Thou mother, author, plotter, Councellor
Of vnion, that didst both conceiue, beget,
And bring forth happinesse to this great state,
To make it thus intirely fortunate,

50.

O could'st thou now but view this faire successe,
This great effect of thy religious worke,
And see therein how God hath pleas'd to blesse
Thy charitable Councels, and to worke
Still greater good out of the blessednesse
Of this conioyned *Lancaster* and *Yorke*:
Which all conioyned within and those shut out
Whom nature and their birth had set without.

51.

How much hast thou bound all posterities
In this great worke, to reuerence thy name?
And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wise,
Mourton B. of Ely first mooued the vnion to the Lady Margaret Countesse of Richmond.
And learned *Mourton*, who contriu'd the same,
And first aduis'd, and did so well aduise,
As that the good successe that thereof came
Shew'd well, that holy hands, clean thoughts, cleare harts,
Are only fit to act such glorious part.

At the end of the *Panegyrike Congratulatorie* is a blank leaf, followed by "Poetical Epistles" to Sir Tho. Egerton, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England, the Lord Henry Howard, The Lady Margaret Countesse of Cumberland, The Lady Lucie Countesse of Bedford, The Lady Anne Clifford, and to Henry Wriothesly Erle of Southampton. After these are some lines on "The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the Sea, and having in his boate two women, of whome he loued the one that disdained him, and scorned the other who affected him, was, by commandement of *Neptune*, to cast out one of them to appease the rage of the tempest, but which, was referred to his own choice." Then another blank leaf and a fresh title-page occurs: "A Defence of Ryme. Against a Pamphlet entituled Observations in the Art of English Poesie. Wherein is demonstratiuely prooued, that Ryme is the fittest Harmonie of wordes that comports with our Language. By Sa: D. At London Printed for Edward Blount. 1603." This "Defence of Ryme" was written by Daniel in answer to "Obseruations in the Art of English Poesie," a tract published in 1602 by Dr. Thomas Campion, a physician and a poet, who wrote several masques or musical entertainments, and endeavoured in this pamphlet to introduce the classical metres of Rome into English verse, and to abolish the use of rhyme, as "having deterred many excellent wits from the exercise of English Poetry." The answer by Daniel is considered to be a complete triumph over his opponent, and is written in a manly, sensible, and unaffected style. It was never replied to by his adversary, and while Campion's pamphlet is now exceedingly rare, the answer by Daniel has been frequently reprinted, and has usually accompanied the Poems of the author. In the Dedication of this tract, "To all the Worthie Louers and Learned Professors of Ryme within his Maiesties Dominions," Daniel states that "about a yeare since, vpon the great reproach giuen to the Professors of Ryme, and the vse thereof," by Campion's attack, he "wrote a priuate

letter in its defence to a learned Gentleman and great friend of his, then in Court. But now, seeing the times were more favourable and encouraging, he determined to publish it, under the patronage of a noble Earle, who in bloud and nature was interested to take his part in this cause." This was William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, who had been his pupil, and to whom the *Defence of Ryme* is addressed. "Hauing beene first incourag'd and fram'd to poetry," he remarks, "by his most worthy and honorable mother, and receiued the first notion for the formall ordering of those compositions at *Wilton*, which," says he, "I must euer acknowledge to haue beene my best Schoole, and thereof alwayes am to hold a feeling and gratefull memory." After many excellent and judicious remarks, and while giving all due honour to the learning and talents of his opponent, he argues: "Had our Aduersarie taught vs by his owne proceedings this way of perfection, and therein fram'd vs a Poeme of that excellence as should haue put downe all, and beene the maister-peece of these times, we should all haue admired him. But to depraue the present forme of writing, and to bring vs nothing but a few loose and vncharitable Epigrammes, and yet would make vs beleeue those numbers were come to raise the glory of our language, giveth us cause to suspect the performance, and to examine whether this new Arte *constat sibi.* or, *aliquid sit dictum, quod non sit dictum prius.*" He acknowledges there are many things he could desire were more certaine and better ordered: wishes that there were not that multiplicity of Rymes as is vsed by many in Sonnets: thinks a Tragedie would best comporte with blanke verse, and dispense with Ryme, sauing in the Chorus or where a sentence shall require a couplet: and confesses that Ryme has been sometimes too frequently used, when blank verse might haue been adopted with better effect. And then in conclusion, filled with esteem and admiration for the labours of others, he nobly and manfully declares: "Therefore heere I stand foorth onelie to make good the place wee haue thus taken vp, and to defend the sacred monuments erected therein, which containe the honour of the dead, the fame of the liuing, the glory of peace, and the best power of our speach, and wherein so many honorable spirits haue sacrificed to Memorie their dearest passions, shewing by what diuine influence they haue beene mooued, and vnder what starres they liued."

Mr. Collier in his *Bibliogr. Cat.* of the Bridgewater Library, p. 80, has noticed an edition of this work in folio, from the only known complete copy in that Collection, and which he supposes to have been printed on this size for presents, and given to the noble persons whom Daniel addresses in his

Epistles. Mr. Collier has pointed out some variations in the text between that edition and the present. It appears also to have an additional title-page before the Epistles, not inserted in the present, and some ornamental borders around them, not in this edition. The introductory dedication to the Earl of Hertford, and the Epistles to this nobleman, contained in the folio, are also wanting in the present edition.

Both Campion's pamphlet and Daniel's *Defence of Ryme* have been reprinted by Mr. Haslewood in 1814, 4to, with some critical remarks in the Introduction; and the reader will find these works further noticed in Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. pp. 468-9; in Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. i. p. 367, vol. iii. p. 254; and *Bridgewater Catal.*, p. 82; *Bibl. Angl. Poet.*, p. 192; and in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. col. 270.

From the *Bibl. Heber.*

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — A Panegyrike Congratulatory deliuered to the King's most excellent maiesty at Burleigh Harrington in Rutlandshire. By Samuel Daniel. Also certaine Epistles. With a Defence of Ryme, heeretofore written, and now published by the Author.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

At London Printed by V. S. for Edward Blount. n.d. Folio, pp. 80.

Since the preceding article was written, a copy of the folio edition of this work has come into the Editor's possession, which, having been printed, as is supposed, only for presents to the noble Patrons to whom the Epistles are addressed, is of such extreme rarity, that the account of the volume by Mr. Collier in the *Bridg. Cat.* p. 80, was written, as was then conjectured, "from the only known complete copy of this edition." The volume has been so fully and particularly described by Mr. Collier in that catalogue that it will be sufficient here merely to note the variations between the present and the 8vo edition. These are the beautiful woodcut ornamental borders round the first and third title pages omitted in the latter edition — the alteration of the 30th stanza of the Panegyrike, not the 40th as Mr. Collier has stated — the omission of the marginal note to stanza 51, referring

to Morton, Bishop of Ely, in the folio — in the 55th stanza, line 5, the word "unmanly" in the 8vo for "unruly" in the folio — the entire want in the 8vo edition of the title-page to the Epistles, with the date of 1603, in which the author states that they are "after the manner of Horace" — and the dedicatory address "to Edward Seymour Earle of Hertford: concerning his question of a distressed man in a Boate upon the Seas," and the Epistle to this Nobleman, omitted in the 8vo edition.

The present is a beautiful and complete copy of the folio edition of this interesting volume, and is bound by Bedford,

In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — The Works of Samuel Daniel. Newly augmented.

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

London. Printed for Simon Waterson. 1602. Folio.

This is the first collected edition of the complete works of Daniel, of which it appears that copies on large paper with the date of 1601 had been sent as presents to his patrons in that year. Mr. Collier has described one of these presented by Daniel to his patron Sir Thomas Egerton, the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, now in the Bridgewater collection, and accompanied by a highly interesting letter from Daniel, reprinted in the *New Facts regarding the Life of Shakespeare*, p. 52. From this letter it appears that the Lord Keeper had conferred upon his brother John Daniel some Patent office; and we know from another still more interesting letter also reprinted by Mr. Collier, p. 48, that he had procured for Daniel the office of Master of the Queen's Revels and Inspector of Plays. And it was to express his gratitude to his Patron for these kind offices that these letters were written. The title is within a large ornamental compartment, with the royal arms at the top, with the motto "Semper eadem" below them, which are repeated on the next page before the dedicatory Epistle "To her sacred Maiestie," four eight-line stanzas. This was Anne of Denmark, consort of James I., his patron, to whom he was afterwards appointed Gentleman Extraordinary, and one of the Grooms of the Privy Chamber.

The contents of the volume are "The Civill Warres," in six books; the

folios, which are numbered, extending to sig. T iii. in sixes. Then "Musophilus. Containing, A generall Defence of Learning," with a dedicatory sonnet "To the right worthy and iudicious fauourer of Virtue, Master Fulke Greuill." Fresh signatures commence with this part, which run in sixes to the end of the "Complaint of Rosamond," viz: to N vi. "Musophilus" is succeeded by "A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius," "The Tragedie of Cleopatra," and "The Complaint of Rosamond." The volume closes with "Delia," comprising in this edition fifty-seven Sonnets, to which are added "An Ode," and "A Pastorall," the latter here published for the first time. The signatures in "Delia" begin afresh, and this part is also paged. It contains two new Sonnets, xx. and xxiii., which had not appeared in the previous editions, and the Poems generally in this impression received the revising touches and emendations of Daniel, many of them being much altered and improved, as we have already shown in some of the Sonnets in "Delia." Daniel's *Defence of Rhyme* was first published in some few of the copies of this edition of 1602, but is rarely found, and is not in the present copy. It is probable that a few only were struck off in folio as presents to his friends and patrons, but Mr. Haslewood, who reprinted it, was not aware that it had appeared before 1603. The "Pastorall" at the end has been reprinted at length by Mr. Ellis in his specimens of the *Early English Poets*, vol. ii. p. 322.

Bound in Calf, extra.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — The Works of Samuel Daniel. Newly augmented.

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

London. Printed for Simon Waterson. 1601. Large Paper. Folio.

Until Mr. Collier drew attention to the circumstance in his *Bridg. Cat.* p. 80, it had escaped the notice of bibliographers, that the folio edition of the works of Daniel had appeared as early as the year 1601, the only folio edition previously known being the very common one of 1602; and although the contents of each are materially the same, yet any discovery unfolding a fragment of curious bibliographical history respecting a poet so eminent as Daniel, cannot but be regarded with interest. The edition of 1601, pre-

served in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, is on large paper, and as the only other two similar copies known, the present being one of those two, are also on large paper, it may be concluded that only a very few copies were so printed in 1601, exclusively for presents; a fact which accounts for the great rarity of the work in its present form. Having, however, already described the impression of 1602, from which this does not materially differ, it is unnecessary to add any further notice of its contents. A portrait of Daniel has been inserted in the volume.

Fine copy. Bound by Bedford.
In Crimson Morocco, elegantly tooled, gilt leaves.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — Certaine Small Poems lately printed: with the Tragedie of Philotas. Written by Samuel Daniel.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

At London Printed by G. Eld for Simon Waterson. 1605. 8vo, pp. 220.

The Poems in this volume had all been printed before, with the exception of a short Dialogue between "Vlisses and the Syren," and the "Tragedy of Philotas," which appeared here for the first time. But why the Poem of "Musophilus" was omitted we are at a loss to know, except it was supposed that "Philotas" being introduced, the volume would have been too thick with both. It commences with the "Letter of Octavia, with the original Dedication to the Lady Margaret Countess of Cumberland." This is followed by the "Tragedie of Cleopatra," but without the beautiful dedication to the Countess of Pembroke; "The Complaint of Rosamond"; "An Ode"; "A Pastorall"; and "Vlisses and the Syren." The "Tragedie of Philotas" was first printed in this volume, and is preceded by a poetical address to "Prince Henry" (not Charles I. as Jacob imagined), which, together with the Tragedy itself, will be noticed in our account of the separate edition of "Philotas" hereafter. See Collier's *Bridg. Cat.*, p. 83; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 191. This little work sold at Bright's sale, No. 1594, for 1*l.* 2*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 470, 1*l.* 6*s.*; Ditto, pt. viii. No. 609, 1*l.* 4*s*; Reed's ditto, No. 6781, 1*l.* 4*s.*; Utterson's ditto, pt. i. No. 406, 1*l.* 8*s.*; Strettell's ditto, No. 449, 2*l.* 2*s.*; North's ditto, pt. i. No. 849, with the "Panegyricke Congratulatorie," 3*l.* 5*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 191, with the same, 15*l.*

Collation: Sig. A to H 8, the last leaf blank, in eights. "Philotas," Title A 3. Sig. A to F 6, in eights. Sig. A 1 and 2, blank leaves before Philotas, so frequently destroyed through the carelessness of the binders or others, are preserved intact in this copy.

The Heber copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Purple Morocco, gilt leaves.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — The Tragedie of Philotas. By Sam: Daniel. At London Printed by G. E. for Simon Waterson and Edward Blount. 1605. 8vo, pp. 92.

Some copies of the "Tragedie of Philotas" of the date of 1605 were struck off separately from the *Small Poems*, of which this is one. It is preceded by the poetical Epistle "To the Prince," which, as it contains some interesting lines relating to Daniel's own personal history, it may be proper to quote a portion of here. It is well known that Daniel did not follow his own inclination or genius in writing for the stage, but was led to undertake this labour at the request of Mary Countess of Pembroke, who had previously published her Tragedy of "Antony" in 1595, and who

> Called vp his spirits from out their low repose
> To sing of State, and tragicke notes to frame.

Daniel would have preferred to continue writing sonnets, and in humble song to have

> Made musique to himselfe that pleas'd him best,
> And onely told of DELIA, and her wrong.

He was a disappointed man, and states in his "Apology" that he had been "driven by necessity to make vse of his pen, and the Stage to bee the mouth of his lines," and complains of the state of things at that time, "seeing with what idle fictions, and grosse follies, the Stage at that day abused men's recreations." And he here again alludes to the same subject in his address "To the Prince," and to the glories of Queen Elizabeth's reign in the number of poets and versifiers who had appeared in her time.

> Though I the remnant of another time
> Am neuer like to see that happinesse,
> Yet for the zeale that I haue borne to rime
> And to the Muses, wish that good successe

To others trauaile, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheer'd
Who shall deserue, and who shall haue the grace
To haue a Muse held worthy to be heard.
And know, sweete Prince, when you shall come to know,
That 'tis not in the pow'r of Kings to raise
A spirit for Verse that is not born thereto.
Nor are they borne in euery Princes dayes:
For late *Eliza's* raigne gaue birth to more
Then all the Kings of *England* did before.
And it may be, the genius of that time
Would leaue to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost powers of English Rime
Should be within her peacefull raigne confin'd;
For since that time our Songs could neuer thriue,
But laine as if forlorne; — though in the prime
Of this new rising season, we did striue
To bring the best we could unto the time.
And I, although among the latter traine,
And least of those that sung vnto this land,
Haue borne my part, though in an humble straine,
And pleas'd the gentler that did vnderstand:
And neuer had my harmelesse pen at all
Distain'd with any loose immodestie,
Nor euer noted to be toucht with gall,
To aggrauate the worst mans infamie.
But still haue done the fairest offices
To vertue and the time, yet nought preuailes
And all our labours are without successe,
For either fauour or our vertue failes.
And therefore since I haue out-liu'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,
I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate
Of her spent line, had neuer come to light
So had I not beene tax'd for wishing well,
Nor now mistaking by the censuring stage
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I esteeme more than what all the age
Or th' earth can giue.—But yeeres hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and liue too long.

The Epistle is followed by "The Argument" and "The Names of the Actors." Daniel's genius certainly did not lie in Tragedy, and of this he

was himself fully sensible, and spoke of his failure with great modesty and diffidence. Being composed in alternate rhymes, and destitute of much spirit or interest, it is no wonder that they should have failed, and have added nothing to his poetical reputation. Although this play of "Philotas" had been acted, it was not attended with success, having met with some opposition from a supposition that the character of Philotas was intended to represent the Earl of Essex, the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth. So powerful was this opposition, that when the play was reprinted in 1607, Daniel was compelled to publish an apology at the end of it, denying the imputation and misconception in the choice of his subject. "Liuing in the country," says he, "about foure yeares since, and neere halfe a yeare before the late Tragedy of ours (whereunto this is now most ignorantly resembled) vnfortunately fell out heere in England, I began the same, and wrote three Acts thereof, as many to whom I then shewed it can witnesse, purposing to haue it presented in Bath by certaine Gentlemens sonnes, as a priuate recreation for the Christmas, before the Shrouetide of that vnhappy disorder. But by reason of some occasion then falling out, and being called upon by my Printer for a new impression of my workes, with some additions to the Ciuill Warres, I intermitted this other subiect. — — — And withall taking a subiect that lay (as I thought) so farre from the time, and so remote a stranger from the climate of our present courses, I could not imagine that enuy or ignorance could possibly haue made it, to take any particular acquaintance with vs, but as it hath a generall alliance to the frailty of greatnesse, and the vsuall workings of ambition, the perpetuall subiects of bookes and Tragedies. — — — And for any resemblance, that through the ignorance of the History may be applied to the late Earle of Essex, it can hold in no proportion, but only in his weaknesses, which I would wish all that loue his memory not to reuiue. And for mine own part hauing beene particularly beholding to his bounty, I would to God his errors and disobedience to his Soueraigne, might lye so deepe buried vnderneath the earth, and in so low a tomb from his other parts, that hee might neuer be remembred among the examples of disloyalty in this Kingdome, or paraleld with Forreine Conspirators."

Philotas is formed on the model of the Greek play, with chorusses introduced between the acts, and although written chiefly in alternate rhyme, the author has occasionally brought in passages in blank verse. And as the death of Cleopatra in his former Tragedy was related by a Nuncius, so here the tortures and death of Philotas, are stated by a Nuncius to the

Chorus. The scene is laid in Persia, and the story is taken from Quintus Curtius, lib. 6, Justin, and from the life of Alexander in Plutarch.

The following speech of Philotas in defence of his honour, is taken from Act iv, Sc. 2.

Phi. My lord, you far mistake mee if you deeme
I plead for life, that poore weake blast of breath,
From which so oft I ran with light esteeme
And so well haue acquainted mee with death,
No, no, my Lords, it is not that I feare,
It is mine honor that I seeke to cleare.
And which if my disgraced cause would let
The language of my hart be vnderstood,
Is all which I haue euer sought to get
And which (o leaue mee now) and take my bloud.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you seeke:—my life stands in your way
That is your ayme, take it, and do not wounde
My reputation with that wrong I pray.
If I must needes be made the sacrifice
Of enuy, and that no oblation will,
The wrath of Kings but onely bloud suffice
Yet let me haue something left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues
But first to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas! though grace of Kings all greatnesse giues
It cannot giue us vertue that's our owne
Though all be theirs our harts and hands can do
Yet that by which we doe is onely ours:
The trophies that our blood erects vnto
Their memory to glorifie their powres
Let them inioy:—yet onely to haue done
Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone.
Let that high swelling riuer of their fame
Leaue humble streames that feed them yet their name.
O my deare father, didst thou bring that spirit
Those hands of vallour that so much haue done
In this great worke of Asia, this to merit
By dooing worthily to be vndone?
And hast thou made this purchase of thy sword
To get so great an Empire for thy Lord
And so disgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
T'extinguish by thy seruice all thy line.

One of thy sonnes by being too valourous
But fiue daies since, yet o well, lost his breath
Thy deare *Nicanor* th' halfe arch of thy house,
And here now the other at the barr of death
Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in far worse case
And is to be confounded with disgrace.
Thy selfe must give th' acquitance of thy blood
For others debts to whom thou hast done goed.
Which if they would a little time afford
Death would haue taken it without a sword.
Such the rewards of great imployments are
Hate kills in peace, whom fortune spares in war.
And this is that high grace of Kings we seeke,
Whose fauour, and whose wrath consumes alike.

Philotas was reprinted in 1607, again in 1611, and in 1623, 4to. See Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 102; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii. p. 253; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. iii, p. 146; and *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. viii. p. 229. It sold in Reed's sale, No. 6781, for 1*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. viii. No. 608, 1*l.* 4*s.*; Strettell's ditto, with the Small Poems, No. 449, 2*l.* 2*s.*; and Sir F. Freeling's ditto, No. 358, 1*l.* 11*s.*

Collation: Title A 3. Sig. A to F 6, in eights. A 1 and 2 are blank leaves.

The Freeling copy. Bound in Yellow Morocco, gilt leaves.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — Certaine small Workes heretofore divulged by Samuel Daniel one of the Groomes of the Queenes Maiesties priuie Chamber, and now againe by him corrected and augmented.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

At London Printed by I. W. for Simon Waterson. 1607. Sm. 8vo, pp. 320.

On the reverse of the title is a list of the Poems contained in this edition, viz: "The tragedy of Cleopatra, newly altered;" "Philotas;" "The Queenes Arcadia;" "Octavia;" "Rosamond;" "Musophilus;" and "A Funerall Poeme vpon the Death of the late Earle of Devonshire." All these have separate title-pages excepting the last. This edition is exceedingly rare and difficult to meet with in a complete state. It is much

smaller in size, and varies considerably in its contents and matter from that of 1605. Daniel was an exceedingly sensitive person, and diffident of his own powers. He was ambitious of fame, and painfully alive to his reputation in the world, but saw that reputation gradually declining, and as we have before shown, confessed himself in his disappointed feelings, that he had outlived his hopes and expectations.

> But yeeres hath done this wrong,
> To make me write too much, and liue too long.

Yet still he had a constant belief that his fame would ultimately triumph, and his works be valued by posterity. And what renders this impression highly valuable is an interesting poetical address "To the Reader," prefixed to the work, which is not inserted in the later editions, and from which, relating as it does, to Daniel's own sentiments respecting the disappointments he had met with, and his ultimate conviction that his works would live, and "be read, so long as men speake English, and verse and vertue shall be in request," we are induced to transcribe a portion:

> Behold once more with serious labor here
> Haue I refurnisht out this little frame,
> Repair'd some parts defectiue here and there,
> And passages new added to the same,
> Some rooms inlarg'd, made some less than they were
> Like to the curious builder who this yeare
> Puls downe, and alters what he did the last,
> As if the thing in doing were more deere
> Then being done;—and nothing like thats past.
> For that we euer make the latter day
> The scholler of the former, and we find
> Something is still amisse that must delay
> Our busines, and leaue work for vs behinde.
> As if there were no saboath of the minde
> And howsoeuer be it well or ill
> What I haue done, it is mine owne:—I may
> Do whatsoeuer there withall I will.
> I may pull downe, raise, and re-edifie,
> It is the building of my life, the fee
> Of Nature, all th' inheritance that I
> Shall leaue to those which must come after me.
> And all the care I haue is but to see
> These lodgings of m' affections neatly drest
> Wherein so many noble friends there be
> Whose memories with mine must therin rest.

And glad I am, that I haue liu'd to see
This edifice renew'd, who doo but long
To liue t' amend. For man is a tree
That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long
Before he come t' his taste; there doth belong
So much t' experience, and so infinite
The faces of things are, as hardly we
Discerne, which lookes the likest vnto right.

* * * *

And howsoeuer here detraction may
Disvalew this my labour, yet I know
There wil be foūd therin, that which wil pay
The reckoning for the errors which I owe;
And likewise will sufficiently allow
T' an vndistasted iudgement fit delight.
And let presumptuous selfe-opinion say
The worst it can, I know I shall haue right.

I know I shal be read, among the rest
So long as men speake English, and so long
As verse and vertue shal be in request,
Or grace to honest industry belong:
And England, since I vse thy present tongue,
Thy forme of speech, thou must be my defēce
If to new eares, it seemes not well exprest,
For though I hold not accent, I hold sence.

* * * *

And would to God that nothing faulty were
But only that poore accent in my verse,
Or that I could all other reck'nings cleere
Wherwith my heart stands charg'd; or might reuerse
The errors of my iudgment passed here,
Or else where, in my bookes, and vnrehearse
What I haue vainely said, or haue addrest
Vnto neglect mistaken in the rest.
Which I do hope to liue yet to retract,
And craue that England neuer wil take note
That it was mine. I'le disavow mine act,
And wish it may for euer be forgot:
I trust the world will not of me exact
Against my will, that hath all els I wrote,
I will aske nothing therein for my paine,
But onely to haue in, mine owne againe.

The Poems are not placed in the order in which they are enumerated on the back of the title, but "The Tragedie of Philotas" occurs first; then "Octavia;" "Cleopatra;" "Rosamond;" "Musophilus;" "The Queenes Arcadia;" and "The Funerall Poeme." The signatures run throughout, but the paging only commences with the Epistle of "Octavia." The whole edition is in smaller type than the impression of 1605, and contains three Poems not in that. Mr. Heber says, his "copy (now complete) was made up of two volumes, bound separately, and picked up at different times. In fact it is very difficult to meet with entire." See *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 471, 1*l.* 5*s.* But his copy as there described was not complete, as it appears to have wanted "Musophilus," "The Queenes Arcadia," and "The Funerall Poeme." There was another edition of "The Tragedie of Philotas," published in the same year, printed by Melah. Bradwood, for Edw. Blount. 1607. There was a later edition of the "Certaine Small Workes," published in 1611, 12mo. Printed by I. L. for Simon Waterson, which we have not seen, but which is mentioned by Mr. Heber, *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 474, as being also extremely rare. A copy of this impression is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 193, at 5*l.* 5*s.* The present copy of the edition of 1607 is supposed to be unique.

Collation: Sig. ¶, eight leaves. B to V 8 in eights. pp. 320.

In Brown Calf, marbled edges.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — A Funerall Poeme vppon the Death of the late noble Earle of Deuonshyre. No printer's name, place, or date. 4to, pp. 24.

We are not aware that any other edition than the present of this Poem by Daniel, was published separately from the rest of his works. It was probably printed about 1606 or 1607, as the death of the nobleman commemorated in it occurred in 1606. This was Charles Blount, son of James, the sixth Lord Mountjoy, who was created by James I. in 1603, Earl of Devonshire, and made a Knight of the Garter. This brave and accomplished nobleman, an ornament of the courts of Elizabeth and James, and the restorer of the fortunes of his impoverished house, was chiefly known for his romantic and unfortunate connection with Penelope, the wife of Robert, Lord Rich, and sister to the Earl of Essex, his first and earliest affection, whom he afterwards married, but he did not long survive his un-

fortunate union, for the severity and bitterness of the remarks it occasioned so preyed upon his spirits, that he sunk into the grave at the premature age of 43.

The title is printed in white cursive letters upon a mourning leaf of black and is without any printer's name, place, or date, and the Poem commences without any prefix. At the end is another similar leaf in black. Like most of the other poems of Daniel, this funeral elegy is much altered in the collected edition of all his Poetical Works in 1623, 4to; and is another proof how desirable it is to the poetical collector, to endeavour to possess the different editions of Daniel's Poems, in order to mark the various alterations and corrections made in each successive impression.

There is a noble and independent spirit running through this Poem in commemoration of the author's former accomplished patron, which is highly honourable to his feelings, and induces us to give the opening lines:

Now that the hand of death hath layd thee there
Where all must lie, and leuel'd thee with th' earth,
Where men are all of them alike, and where
There are no seu'rall roomes for state or birth:
Now thou hast nothing left thee but a name
(O noble *Deuonshire*) and all is gone
With thee, except the memorie, and fame
Of what thy vertue, and thy worth hath done:
Now shall my verse which thou in life didst grace
(And which was no disgrace for thee to doe)
Not leaue thee in the graue, that darkesome place
That few regard, or haue respect vnto.
Where all attendance, and obseruance ends,
Where all the Sun-shine of our fauour sets;
Where what was ill, no countenance defends,
And what was good, th' vnthankfull world forgets.
Now shalt thou haue the seruice of my pen,
(The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case,
I cannot be suppos'd to flatter, when
I speake behinde thy backe, not to thy face.
And am unti'de from any other chaine
Than of my loue, which free-borne draws free breath.
The benefite thou gau'st me to sustaine
My humble life, I lose it by thy death.
Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of respect, so stronge,
As to enforce my obseruance beyond thee,
Or make my conscience differ from my tongue.

Let those be vassals to such seruices
Who haue their hopes, or whose desires are hye
For me, I haue my ends, and know it is
For Free-men to speake truth, for slaues to lye.
* * * *
But *Deuonshire* I here stand cleere with thee
I haue a manumission to be free,
I owe thee nothing, and I may be bold
To speake the certaine truth of what I know
There is no power remaines in thee, to hold
The tongues of men, that will be talking now.
And now being dead, I may anatomise
And open here all that thou wert within,
Shew how thy minde was built, and in what wise
All the contexture of thy heart hath been
Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd,
As virtue neuer had a fairer seat.
Nor could be better lodg'd, nor more repos'd,
Than in that goodly frame, where all things sweet,
And all things quiet, held a peacefull rest.

Mountjoy was not only brave and active in war, but an elegant and accomplished scholar, and while living at Wanstead, devoted his leisure hours to the pursuit and acquirement of knowledge.

Though thou hadst made a general surview
Of all the best of mens best knowledges,
And knew as much as euer learning knew,
Yet did it make thee trust thyself the lesse,
And lesse presume; and yet when being mou'd
In priuate talke to speake, thou didst bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd
That thou didst know what euer wit could say.
Which shew'd thou had'st not bookes as many haue
For ostentation, but for vse, and that
Thy bountious memorie was such, as gaue
A large reuenu of the good it gat.
Witnesse so many volumes whereto thou
Hast set thy notes vnder thy learned hand,
And markt them with that print as will shew how
The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did stand.
That none would thinke if all thy life had been
Turn'd into leasure, thou couldst haue attain'd
So much of time, to haue perus'd and seen
So many volumes that so much contain'd.

Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare
Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight
Thy solitarie *Wanstead*, where thy care
Had gathered all what hart, or eyes delight.
And whereas many others haue, we see,
All things within their houses worth the sight
Except themselues, that furniture of thee
And of thy presence, gaue the best delight.

He joined the war then raging in the United Provinces, where he had the command of a company, and served under Sir John Norris in the expedition to Bretagne in 1591. It would seem also from the following lines that he was present in that fatal encounter which deprived his country of Sir Philip Sidney.

The *Belgique* war first tri'de thy martiall spirit
And what thou wert, and what thou wouldst be found
And markt thee there according to thy merit
With honors stampe, a deepe and noble wound.
And that same place that rent from mortall men
Immortall *Sydney*, glorie of the field
And glorie of the Muses, and their pen,
(Who equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)
Had likewise been thy last, had not the fate
Of *England* then reseru'd thy worthy blood
Vnto the preseruation of a State
That much concern'd her honour and her good.
And thence return'd thee to enioy the blis
Of grace and fauour in *Elizaes* eyes,
(That miracle of women) who by this
Made thee behold, and made thee to arise
Vnto a note more hye, which thou might'st well
Haue farre more rays'd, had not thine enemie,
Retired priuacie, made thee to sell
Thy greatnesse for thy quiet, and denie
To meete faire Fortune, when she came to thee.

There is a sketch of Lord Mountjoy in Sir Robert Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*, 8vo, 1624, p. 131. And Mr. Lodge has given a Portrait and interesting Memoir of him in his *Illustrious Personages of British History*. A copy of this scarce edition of Daniel's Poem sold in Heber's sale, pt. 4, No. 540, for 3*l*. The present one was obtained at Sir Francis Freeling's sale.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — The Civile Wares betweene the Howses of Lancaster and Yorke corrected and continued by Samuel Daniel, one of the Groomes of hir Maiesties most honorable Priuie Chamber.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

Printed at London by Simon Watersonne. 1609. 4to, pp. 240.

The above title is within an oval at the top of an elaborately engraved frontispiece by F. Cookson, containing in the centre a portrait of Daniel. This is followed by a dedication in prose "To the Right Noble Lady, the Lady Marie, Countesse Dowager of Pembrooke," from which it appears that the work had already passed through several editions, and that the author had now sent it forth with two additional Books; "the one, continuing the course of the Historie; the other, making up a part, which (for haste) was left unfurnisht in the former Impressions." The present therefore contains eight Books, and continues the History down to the marriage of Edward IV. to Elizabeth Woodville, Lady Grey; but Daniel states in this Dedication, that he intended "to continue the same, unto the glorious Vnion of Hen. 7," which was never accomplished, and in the end he mentions his purpose of writing the History of England from the Conquest, "being incouraged thereunto by many noble and worthy spirits." The alterations made in this edition of those parts which had been previously published are very considerable. We have taken some pains in ascertaining these alterations, and we find that the following, amongst other changes, may be enumerated.

1*st Book.*—Since the publication of the first Edition, Charles Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire, to whom the work had been originally consecrated, had been cut off at the early age of 43, and the 5th Stanza is thus altered accordingly:

And thou *Charles Mountioy* (who didst once afford
Rest for my fortunes, on thy quiet shore;
And cheer'dst mee on, these measures to record
In grauer tones, then I had vs'd before)
Beholde: my gratitude makes good my word
Ingag'd to thee (although thou be no more)
That I, who heretofore haue liued by thee,
Doo giue thee now a roome to liue with me.

The 9th Stanza in the first Edition is omitted in this. Five Stanzas devoted to Henry II. in the first Edition, are compressed into one in this of 1609. The murder of the Duke of Glocester, which in the first Edition occupies only one Stanza, is here extended to four. An additional Stanza, 61, is inserted in the Edition of 1609, and Stanzas 119 and 120 in the first Edition are omitted in 1609.

2nd Book. — Stanzas 21, 58, 59, 60, 61, 100, 109, and 110 in the first Edition are omitted in this of 1609. The speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Edition of 1609, on proclaiming Henry IV. King, 3 Stanzas, not in the first Edition. This 2nd Book in Edition 1609, consists of only 117 Stanzas, while in the first Edition there are 131. All after the 122nd Stanza are omitted in this of 1609. A portion of these omitted Stanzas are filled with the eulogium on Robert, Earl of Essex, and Lord Mountjoy, which we have already quoted, and which for some reason or other were here left out.

3rd Book.—The 5th Stanza in the first Edition is omitted in this of 1609. Stanzas 10 and 11 in this are not in the first Edition. Stanzas 67, 68, 70, and 82 in the first Edition, are omitted in those of 1602 and 1609. The remaining Stanzas, from the 83 to the end of this 3rd Book, in the Edition of 1609, are entirely new. The 3rd Book, which in the first Edition contains 132 Stanzas, has in the Edition of 1609 only 91, the reason being that it is divided into two Books and considerably enlarged.

4th Book. — The opening of this Book is all new up to the end of the 14th Stanza. The continuation of the story is then taken up with the rebellion of the Percies, from the 86th Stanza of the 3rd Book of the first Edition. Stanzas 17, 18, 19, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 41, 42, 50, 51, 52, and from the 54th to the end of the 82nd, are all new in the present Edition. Stanzas 106, 120, 122, 123, and 132 in the first Edition are omitted in this of 1609.

5th Book. — Book 5 in this Edition commences with the 1st Stanza of Book 4 of the first Edition. Stanzas 2, 36, 107, 108, 109, and 110, in the first Edition are omitted in the present one. This 5th Book, which is the 4th in the first Edition, is less altered in diction than the others, and has only a difference of five Stanzas in number, 116 as compared with 121 in the first Edition.

6th Book.—Stanzas 8, 9, 15 and 49 in the first Edition are omitted in this of 1609. 118 Stanzas in first Edition, and 114 in 1609.

7th and 8th Books.—These last two Books are now added for the first time.

We may add that some few of these variations were adopted in the Folio Edition of 1602, but only very few, and the chief portion of them were here introduced for the first time, a circumstance which renders this Impression valuable. It was the last of the separate Editions of the Civil Wars.

Daniel pays several compliments in this work to his early Patroness, Mary, Countess Dowager of Pembroke. There is a beautiful Stanza of invocation to her in Book 8, S. 1, in which allusion is also made to his former Patrons, Essex and Mountjoy, "those bright starres now set for euermore." See also Stanza 75, where she is again addressed.

This Edition is unnoticed by Ritson, and was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* See Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 79; Rice's sale, No. 765, 19*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 565, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Marquis Townshend's ditto, No. 817, 1*l.* 14*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 539, 2*l.* 15*s.*; and pt. viii. No. 690, 3*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1598, 8*l.*

Collation: Sig. A B and C four leaves each; D to R 4 in eights; A 4 is a blank leaf.

From the Libraries of Morgan Graves, Esq.; Mr. W. Combes; and F. Urry, Ch. Ch., with his autograph.

Bound in Calf, with sprinkled edges.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — The Civile Wares betweene the Howses of Lancaster and Yorke, corrected and continued by Samuel Daniel, one of the Groomes of hir Maiesties most honorable Priuie Chamber.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

Printed at London by Simon Watersonne. 1609. 4to, pp. 240.

Another copy of this Edition of the "Civile Wars," with the engraved Frontispiece by Cockson, containing the portrait of Daniel. Although Daniel lived till 1619, ten years longer, this was the last Edition of the "Civile Wars" published by himself, and containing his latest corrections and improvements.

A copy sold at Sotheby's in 1824 for 5*l.* 18*s.*

Collation as before.

The Heber copy, pt. viii. Bound by Herring.

In Red Morocco, with joints, gilt leaves.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — Hymens Trivmph. A Pastorall Tragi-comædie. Presented at the Queenes Court in the Strand at her Maiesties magnificent intertainement of the Kings most excellent Maiestie, being at the Nuptials of the Lord Roxborough. By Samvel Daniel.

London, Imprinted for Francis Constable, and are to bee sold at his shop in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the white Lyon. 1615. 8vo, pp. 80.

This was one of Daniel's latest productions, he having died four years after, in 1619. It was produced on the occasion of the marriage of Sir Robert Ker, Lord Roxborough or Roxburgh, with Jane, third daughter of Patrick, Lord Drummond, and was played at Somerset House on the 3rd of February, 1613-14. Mr. Collier has noticed that in reference to this performance "John Chamberlain thus speaks in a letter to Sir Dudley Carlton: 'The entertainment was great, and cost the Queen, they say, above 3000*l.*; the Pastoral by Samuel Daniel was solemn and dull, but perhaps better to be read than represented.'"

Daniel calls both this and the "Queens Arcadia" a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy. On the title-page is the device of the University of Cambridge, with the motto, "Hinc lucem et pocula sacra." It is dedicated to Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I., to whom the entertainment was given by his Queen at her Court in the Strand. The piece is preceded by a Prologue, in which "Hymen opposed by Auarice, Enuie, and Iealousie, the disturbers of quiet marriage, first enters," and by a list of "The Speakers." The following is a pleasing and tender description by Thyrsis, of his early affection for his lost Sylvia:

Ah! I remember well (and how can I
But euermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt, when as we sate and sigh'd
And look'd vpon each other, and conceiu'd
Not what we ayl'd, yet something we did ayl.
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kisse, then sigh, then looke: and thus
In that first garden of our simplenesse
Wee spent our childhood:—but when yeeres began
To reape the fruite of knowledge;—ah! how then

Wold she with grauer looks, with sweet stern brow
Check my presumption and my forwardnes
Yet still would giue me flowers, still would me shew
What she would haue me, yet not haue me know.
And when in sports with other company
Of Nimphes and Shepherds we haue met abroade
How would she steale a looke:—and watch mine eye
Which way it went:—and when at Barley breake
It came vnto my turne to rescue her
With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace
Would her affection make her feet to run
And farther run then to my hand?—her race
Had no stop but my bosome where to end.
And when we were to breake againe, how late
And loth her trēbling hand wold part with mine,
And with how slow a pace would shee set forth
To meet th' encountring party, who contends
T' attaine her, scarce affording him her fingers ends.

And few passages can exceed the force and passion of the reply of the same, when told by Palæmon not to waste his youth in vain, or feed on shadows when he might find other nymphs

As louely, and as faire, and sweete as she.
Thi. As faire and sweete as she?—*Palæmon*, peace.
Ah! what can pictures be vnto the life,
What sweetnes can be found in Images?
Which all Nimphes els besides her seemes to me.
She onely was a reall creature,—shee,
Whose memory must take vp all of mee.
Should I another loue, then must I haue
Another heart, for this is full of her,
And euermore shall be:—here is shee drawne
At length, and whole, and more, this table is
A storie, and is all of her:—and all
Wrought in the liueliest colours of my bloud;
And can there be a roome for others heere?
Should I disfigure such a peece, and blot
The perfect'st workmanship loue euer wrought?
Palæmon, no, ah no! it cost too deere,
It must remaine intire whilst life remaines,
The monument of her, and of my paines.

The Pastoral is interspersed with some short songs, with one of which our extracts shall close:

Loue is a sicknesse full of woes,
All remedies refusing
A plant that with most cutting growes,
Most barren with best vsing.
Why so?
More we enioy it, more it dyes,
If not enioy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Loue is a torment of the minde,
A tempest euerlasting;
And Ioue hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enioy it, more it dies,
If not enioy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Hymens Triumph was licensed for publication January 13, 1614, but was not printed till the following year. This is the first Edition. It is of extreme rarity, and is unknown to bibliographers. It was afterwards incorporated along with his other works, and is included in the Edition of 1623, 4to. See Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 102; Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. i. p. 382; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. ii. p. 316.

Collation: Sig. ¶ four leaves; then A to E 4 in eights.

The present copy, which sold in Dr. Bandinel's sale, No. 301, for 18*l.* 10*s.*, is believed to be unique.

In Maroon coloured Morocco.

Daniel, (Samuel.) — The Order and Solemnitie of the Creation of the High and mightie Prince Henrie, Eldest Sonne to our sacred Soueraigne, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewall, Earle of Chester, &c.—As it was celebrated in the Parliament House, on Munday the fourth of Iunne last past.—Together with the Ceremonies of the Knights of the Bath, and other matters of speciall regard, incident to the same.—Whereunto is annexed the Royall Maske, presented by the Queene and her Ladies, on Wednesday at night following.

Printed at Britaines Bursse for Iohn Budge, and are there to be sold. 1610. 4to, pp. 48.

King James's eldest son Henry being at that time about seventeen years old, was on the 4th of June, 1610, created Prince of Wales with great ceremony, on which occasion also there was a very large creation of Knights of the Bath: and on the following day the "Mask of Tethys Festival or the Queenes Wake," composed by Daniel, was represented at Whitehall, under the superintendence of Sir George Buck, then acting for Edmund Tylney as Master of the Revels. The first portion of the present work recites the journey of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Companies of the City in procession by water to meet the Prince, who came up from Richmond to Whitehall. It then gives an account of the Investiture of the Prince on the 4th of June with much ceremony in the House of Parliament, when he was created Prince of Wales, and invested in his Principality, and afterwards dined publicly in great state and magnificence in Westminster Hall. A list is given of "The Names of such Noblemen as were imployed in severall places of office or attendance at the creation of the Prince," and of other Noblemen who were present on that occasion; and is followed by a curious account of "The manner of the Creation of the Knights of the Bath, and the ceremonies observed in solemnizing the same;" together with "The Names of such Lordes and Gentlemen as were made Knights of the Bath, in honour of his Highnesse Creation, in order as they were Knighted on Sonday the third of June, 1610." This closes the first part; there is then a new title:

"Tethys Festival: or, The Queenes Wake. Celebrated at Whitehall, the fifth day of June 1610. Deuised by Samvel Daniel, one of the Groomes of her Maiesties most Honourable priuie Chamber.
London Printed for Iohn Budge. 1610."

Daniel seems not to have undertaken this labour willingly; but being a member of the Queen's household he could not easily decline the task; and in his modest "Preface to the Reader," which precedes the Mask, he says that he does not publish his description of the Mask "out of a desire to be seene in pamphlets, or of forwardnes to shew my invention therin: for I thank God, I labour not with that disease of ostentation, nor affect to be known to be the man *digitoq: monstrarier, hic est*, having my name already wider in this kind then I desire, and more in the winde then I would. Neither doe I seeke in the divulging hereof, to giue it other colours then those it wore, or to make an Apologie of what I haue done: knowing, howsoeuer, it must passe the way of censure wherevnto I see all publications (of what nature soeuer) are liable." And in alluding to his own share of the performance he

remarks: "But in these things wherein the onely life consists in shew: the arte and inuention of the Architect giues the greatest grace, and is of most importance: ours, the least part and of least note in the time of the performance thereof, and therefore haue I interserted the discription of the artificiall part which only speakes *M. Inago Iones.*" The latter on this occasion devised all the machinery, and the whole representation was considered to have been highly successful. The expence of producing it was considerable, amounting to 1636*l.* "Tethys (Mater Nympharum et fluviorum) Queene of the Ocean, and wife of Neptune, attended with thirteene Nymphs of seuerall Riuers, was represented by Queene Anne, and the Ladies of her Court thus personified the seueral riuers according to their dignitie, Signiories, or places of birth:

1. Whereof the first was the Ladie Elizabeths grace representing the Nymph of Thames.
2. The Ladie Arbella the Nymph of Trent.
3. The Countesse of Arundell the Nymph of Arun.
4. The Countesse of Darbie the Nymph of Darwent.
5. The Countesse of Essex the Nymph of Lee.
6. The Countesse of Dorset the Nymph of Ayr.
7. The Countesse of Mongommerie the Nymph of Seuern.
8. The Vicountesse Haddington the Nymph of Rother.
9. The Ladie Elizabeth Gray the Nymph of Medway.
10. The Ladie Elizabeth Guilford the N. of Dulesse.
11. The Ladie Katherine Peeter, the N. of Olwy.
12. The Ladie Winter, the Nymph of Wye.
13. The Ladie Winsor, the Nymph of Vske.

} These foure Riuers are in Monmouthshire.

From the first Scene issued *Zephirus* with eight Naydes, Nymphs of fountaines, and two Tritons sent from Tethys to giue notice of her intendement, which was the Ante-maske or first shew. — The Duke of Yorke represented *Zephirus* in a short robe of greene satin imbrodered with golden flowers &c. — Behind his shoulders two siluer wings. — On his head a Garland of flowers consisting of all colours, and on one arme which was out bare, he wore a bracelet of gold set with rich stones. — Eight little Ladies neere of his stature represented the Naydes, and were attired in light robes adorned with flowers, their haire hanging downe, and wauing with Garlands of water ornaments on their heads.

"The Tritons wore skin-coates of watchet Taffata (lightned with siluer) to shew the muscles of their bodies. — From the waste almost to the knee

were finnes of siluer in the manner of bases, a mantle of sea-greene laced, and fringed with golde, tyed with a knot vpon one shoulder, and falling down in foldes behinde, was fastened to the contrary side: on their heads garlands of sedge, with trumpets of writhen shels in their hands:—Buskins of Sea-greene laid with siluer lace."

The Mask is interspersed with songs, of which the following may perhaps be considered two of the best:

1.

Youth of the spring, milde *Zephirus*, blow faire,
And breath the ioyfull ayre,
Which *Tethys* wishes may attend this day
Who comes her selfe to pay
The vowes her heart presents,
To these faire complements.

Breath out new flowers, which yet were neuer knowne
Vnto the Spring, nor blowne.
Before this time, to bewtifie the earth
And as this day giues birth
Vnto new types of State
So let it blisse create.

Beare *Tethys* message to the Ocean King,
Say how she loues to bring
Delight vnto his Ilands and his Seas,
And tell *Meliades*
The of-spring of his blood,
How she applaudes his good.

2.

Are they shadowes that we see?
And can shadowes pleasure giue?
Pleasures onely shadowes bee
Cast by bodies we conceiue,
And are made the thinges we deeme,
In those figures which they seeme.

But these pleasures vanish fast,
Which by shadowes are exprest.
Pleasures are not, if they last,
In their passing, is their best.
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace then; greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold;
Take it sodaine as it flies
Though you take it not to hold:
When your eyes haue done their part,
Thought must length it in the hart.

This work was unknown to Langbaine, Jacob, and other early writers on our English Dramatic Poets, and also to Ant. Wood. It is not inserted in any edition of Daniel's collected works, and is consequently one of the scarcest of his publications. We do not find any copy in the Roxburghe, Perry, Rice, Rhodes, Sykes, Heber, or Jolley collections; nor in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* It sold in Sir Francis Freeling's sale, No. 1469, for 1*l.* 17*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1600, 2*l.* 9*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 496, 3*l.* 4*s.* There is a copy among Garrick's books in the British Museum, and another in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. i. p. 375; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol ii. p. 273; and *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 238.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to F 4 in fours.

The Freeling copy. In Calf extra, gilt leaves.

DANIEL, (SAMUEL.) — The Whole Workes of Samvel Daniel Esquire in Poetrie.

London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold at his shoppe, in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Crowne. 1623. 4to, pp. 740.

This is the latest and most complete of the early Editions of Daniel's works in 4to, and was published after his death by his brother John Daniel, who has prefixed to the volume a dedication, "To the High and most Illustrious Prince Charles His Excellence," subscribed by himself. The Poem of the "Civill Wars" with which the Works commence, is dedicated to "the Lady Marie, Countesse Dowager of Pembrooke," and is the identical Edition of 1609, containing the eight Books, of which probably many copies had remained on hand unsold. Then follow, "The Letter of Octavia;" "The Funerall Poem on the Death of the Earle of Devonshire;" "A Panegyrike Congratulatorie;" "Certaine Epistles to diuers Noble Personages;" and "The Passion of a distressed man;" "Musophilus;" "The Complaint of Rosamond;" "Delia" (containing 57 Sonnets); "An Ode;"

"A Pastorall;" "A Description of Beauty, translated out of Marino;" "To the Angell Spirit of S^r Phillip Sidney;" "A Letter written to a worthy Countesse" (in prose); "An Epistle to James Montague, Bp. of Winchester;" "The Tragedy of Philotas," with the Apology in prose at the end; "Hymens Trivmph;" "Vlysses and the Syren;" "The Queenes Arcadia;" "The Vision of the Twelue Goddesses presented in a Maske the eight of January, at Hampton Court;" and "The Tragedie of Cleopatra." Of these, "Octavia," "The Panegyrike," "Musophilus," "Rosamond," "Philotas," "Hymens Trivmph," "The Queenes Arcadia," "The Vision of the Twelue Goddesses," and "Cleopatra," have each separate titles, and (excepting the "Panegyrike" and "Rosamond") separate dedications. See Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 179; Phillips's *Theat. Poet.*, ed. 1800, p. 258; *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. viii. p. 227; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, pp. 194 and 195; and Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 315, whose account of this writer's works is very meagre and unsatisfactory.

Copies of this Edition have sold in Hanrott's sale, pt. i. No. 1846, for 1*l.* 1*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 1069, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Lloyd's ditto, No. 487, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2454, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Roxburghe ditto, No. 3345, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1596, 2*l.* 13*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1491, in 2 vols, 2*l.* 15*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 532, 3*l.*; Gutch's ditto, 4*l.* 14*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 195, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 497, 5*l.* 18*s.*

Collation: "The Civill Wars," Sig. A B and C, four leaves each; D to R 4 in eights; then "Octavia," Sig. A to N 4, the last leaf blank; "Philotas," Sig. A a to T t 6, in eights; 740 pages in all. The number of pages both in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* and in Lowndes is incorrect.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Venetian Morocco, gilt leaves.

DAVIES, (JOHN.) — Mirum in Modum. A Glimpse of Gods Glorie and the Soules Shape.

{ Eyes must be bright, or else no eyes at all
Can see this sight, much more then mysticall. }

London Printed for William Apsley. 1602. 4to.

The present is the first edition of this ethical and mystical Poem on the glory of God in the formation of the human soul and its various powers and faculties. It is addressed in a dedicatory Sonnet by Davies to his "best beloued Lorde, William Earle of Pembrooke; the most honorable Sir Robert

Sidney Knight, Lord Gouernour of Vlishing; and the right worshipful Edward Herbert of Montgomery Esquire, his most honored and respected Friendes," and is written in verse of a varied and uneven character, the first division of the Poem being composed in stanzas of ten lines each, the second in those of eight, and the third in those of nine lines each. The Poem, after an introductory stanza, opens thus:

O thou maine *Ocean* of celestiall light
(From whom all *Lights* deriue their influence)
The light of *Truth* infuse into my sprite
And cleere the eyes of my Intelligence
That they may see my Soules circumference.
Wherein the *Minde* as Center placed is.
Wherein thou restest Center of true *Rest*,
Compass'd with glory, and vncompass'd blisse,
Which do thy *Lodge* with glorious light inuest,
Then lighten thy darke *Inne*, O glorious Ghest.

The *Soule* of *Man* immortall and diuine,
By *Natures* light beholds the light of *Nature*,
Like as the *Bodies* eyes whose *Sunne* doth shine,
Doe by the *Sunne* behold the *Sunnes* fair feature:
So by that light shee sees shee is a *Creature*;
Created to her faire *Creators* forme,
In *Wisdome*, *Knowledge*, and such goodly graces
Which doe the *Understanding* right informe,
To guide the *Will* aright in sundry cases,
When as the *Sense* deluded, *Reason* out-faces.

For as the *Vaynes* the body ouer-spred
And to its utmost bounds themselues extend:
So *Science* in the *Soule* from certaine heads
In great varietie her veines doth send,
To whatsoe're the soule may comprehend.
This is her *Birth-right*, with the body borne,
Kinde *Natures* largess giu'n with hand displai'd,
Which doth the minde illustrate and adorne:
To, and from whom, all knowledge is conuai'd,
That tends vnto the soule or bodies aide.

The author then proceeds to recount the various faculties of "the Soule, the Animall, Vitall, and Naturall; the Animall again being divided in three, Motive, Sensitive, and Principall;" of which again the latter "hath three parts speciall, Imagination, Reason, and Memory;" and gives a dissection of the various parts of the Brain in its Caves or Cells, Membranes, Dura Mater,

Pia Mater, and power of mind, including Imagination, Fancy, and Common Sense. The second division continues the discourse on the faculties of the soul, and the reasoning powers of the mind, and shows how these powers may become clouded and destroyed, and be lost by self-indulgence and excess, and by letting the body rule over the soul, contrary to the golden rule, "Feare God, fare well, but feede without offence":

For though the *Soule* the Body should o're rule
By law of *Nature*, and in *Reason's* right,
Yet oft we see the *Body* rule the *Soule*,
When meates excesse augments the *Bodies* might:
The *Flesh* exalted, wil the *Spirit* controule,
And make the *Bodies* manners brutish quite:
But if thy *Flesh* be ill compos'd by kinde,
Mend it with holsome meate, and mod'rate minde.

For what a monstrous vice is this in *Man*
To quench his *Spirit* with wine and belly-cheare,
When *Beasts* will take no more then well they can,
Although (by force) they should aby it deare:
For neuer *Man* a *Beast* by rigor wan
To eate, or drinke, more then hee well could beare.
Then if thou wouldst not haue a *Beast* excell thee,
Take thou no more then *Nature* doth compell thee.

O that these *Healthes* that make so many sicke
Were buried in the lake of *Leathe* quicke:
For since our English (ah) were *Flusheniz'd*,
Against good manners, and good men they kicke,
As Beasts they were, and wondrous ill-aduiz'd:
Ban'd be these *Bacchus* feasts which oft they make,
Which make *Reason* sleepe, and *Riot* keepe awake.

Can *Meate* and *Drinke* which pleaseth but the *Taste*,
(A *Sence* from th' *Understanding* most remote)
Which pleasure for so small a while doth last,
As passing but (two inches of the throte)
Make men their fames and *Soules* away to cast,
GOD shield that famous *Men* so much should dote.
Let neuer *Men* of *Minde* their *Mindes* defile,
With such a vice more vile, then Vice most vile.

O what a hell of *Minde* good *Mindes* endure,
When they in minde behold such *Men* of *Minde*,
Whose *Soules* are deckt with intellectiue pow're,
Imploy the same (repugnant to their kinde,)

To find out lothsome leakage which procures
Them witts to lose, where they such Leakage finde :
Can any griefe be greater then to see,
A man that men commands, a beast to be?

The third division is occupied with reflections on the delights and ecstasies of Contemplation, and with warnings against the dangers of Pride and Presumption. After this there occur additional thoughts and reflections on the Goodness of the Almighty and his infinite perfections, succeeded by the following humble prayer from the author to God for his inspiration :

O great and dreadfull Sire of *Gods* and *Men !*
O all-wise *Word*, that no word can expresse !
O *Unction Spirituall* that bright dost bren !
O three-fold, yet all one *Almightinesse !*
Inspire my wit (compris'd in mortall presse)
With that pure *Influence* thy Throne attending ;
That notwithstanding my unworthinesse
I may, in part, vnfold (without offending)
That which doth farre surmount all comprehending.

Mount *Muse*, but rise with reuerence and feare,
With *Icarus* soare not too neere the *Sunne*,
Lest that thereby thy waxen wings do meare,
And in this *Sea* thou fall, and be o're-runne.
Where thou shalt lose thy selfe, and be vndone :
Couer thy face with thy celestiall wings,
As *Cherubins* now do, and still haue done ;
Yet through thy plumes glaunce at this *Thing* of Things,
Beeing the cause intire of all *Beeings.*

For he is *Good*, without all *Quallity*,
Then, O how good is hee, that knowes the same !
And he is great, beyond all *Quantity*,
Then, O how great is he that can him name !
Eternall, without time, from whome *Time* came
Being present euery where, yet without place
For euery place he fram'd, and keeps in frame :
Beholding all, yet none beholds his face,
He giuing all, none giuing to him grace.

The rest of the Poem is filled with a mystical account of the Trinity, and the various attributes of the Deity, his Infinity, Understanding, Wisdom, Knowledge, Will, Prescience, Unity, &c., and the Poem concludes with arguments advanced by the author against the Atheist and the Freethinkers.

The whole is written in a dull metaphysical style, perhaps in some degree composed in imitation of the philosophical Poem of his namesake on *The immortality of the Soul*, which had not long before been given to the world. But following his steps *longo intervallo*, we may rather apply to our author what he has himself said:

> . . . . . that like many *Rimers* of our time
> Thou blot'st much Paper, without meane or measure
> In Verse, whose reason runneth al to Rime.

A later edition of this work appeared in another volume by Davies, entitled *A Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overburies Wife; now a matchlesse Widow.* 8vo. Lond. 1616. But this has various alterations, so as to render it almost a different work. A continuation also or "addition" to this Poem was made in his *Summa Totalis, or All in All*, published in 1607, 4to, and noticed hereafter. The present piece was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* among the other productions by Davies. A copy of it was sold at Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 1076, for 4*l.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1678 (with *Nosce te ipsum*), 2*l.* 13*s.*; and the same at the White Knights ditto, No. 1602, 3*l.* 10*s.*; Lloyd's ditto, No. 490, 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; and Sir M. M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 863, 3*l.* 19*s.*

Fine copy. Bound by Lewis. Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

Davies, (John.) — Microcosmos. The Discovery of the Little World, with the government thereof.

Manilius.

An Mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro?
Exemplumq; Dei quisq; est sub imagine parvâ.

By Iohn Davies.

At Oxford, Printed by Ioseph Barnes, and are to bee solde in Fleetestreete at the signe of the Turkes head by Iohn Barnes. 1603. 4to, pp. 300.

Another of the poetical works of this voluminous and dull writer. It is dedicated in two introductory Sonnets to King James the First and his Queen, "Deere Daughter, Sister, Wife unto a King." Then follow some verses on the Union of the three Kingdoms, signed "John Davies": Lines entitled "Ænigma," "Sphinx," "To the iudicious Reader," and "A Request to the Cittie of Hereford," commencing:

Deere Mother, in whose Wombe *my vitall flame*
Was kindled first by the Almightie breath,
Lend me thy *name*, to add unto my *name*,
That one, with other, may keepe *both* from death, &c.

signed "John Davies of Hereford." Next succeed various commendatory verses in Latin and English by Jo. Sanford; Robert Burrell, Coll. C. C. Soc.; N. Deeble; John James; T. R.; Douglas Castilion; Anonymous; Charles Fitz-Ieffry; Nicholas Deeble again; Nathanael Tomkins; and his brother Richard Davies. These are followed by a long poetical Preface of twenty-eight pages in honour of King James, in which the only portion of any interest consists of several stanzas in praise of Henry Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare and other Poets, and of several other illustrious characters of that period; but as these have been already quoted by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 409, it is unnecessary to repeat them here. Other verses, occupying ten pages more, precede the principal Poem, entitled "Cambria, To the high and mighty, Henry by the grace of God Prince of Wales."

Microcosmos, or the Little World, meaning the World of the Human Mind, is a long, discursive and very uninteresting Poem on the nature, properties and government of the mind of man, which few persons would care now to read, and from which it is difficult to make any extracts. It is written in stanzas of nine lines each, with side notes or explanation of the contents. On page 131 the author makes a digression to review the lives of the princes of this land since the Norman conquest as a guide for the future, that the vices and evils of others may teach us to shun and avoid the same:

For by the event of actions past, we shall
The present, and future, the better sway:
Which is the vse of storie, for they fal
Seldom or nere, that have light to see all.

At the end of *Microcosmos* is a long and rambling Poem of twenty-two pages, entitled "An Extasie," or sort of dream; after which are numerous Sonnets addressed by Davies to many of the principal nobility and courtiers of his time; and the volume concludes with some verses by Nicholas Deeble "In loue and affection of Master Iohn Davies, mine approued good friend, and admiration of his excellence in the Arte of Writing," and some Latin verses in praise of the work by E. Lapworth.

Among the Sonnets is one to Henry Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare; two to William Earl of Pembroke; another to the Countess

of Pembroke, her son and daughter; and others to Lord Mountjoy, Lady Rich, to the University of Oxford, to Magdalen College in ditto, and to his namesake, Sir John Davies, the Poet, author of *Nosce teipsum* and *The Immortality of the Soul*, then a Barrister of the Middle Temple. We prefer transcribing these last lines to giving any quotation from the principal Poem:

Why should it not content me, sith thy praise
Pertaines to *me*, to whom thy *name* pertaines?
If thou by *Art* to *heau'n* thy *fame* can'st raise?
Al's but *Iohn Davies* that such *glory* gaines;
Admit it liues enrol'd in lasting *lines*
In the *Exchequer* of the sacred *Muse*,
Thy *name*, thy *fame*, vnto my *name* combines
In future times, nor *Thou* nor *I* can choose.
For if *Iohn Davies* such, such *times* brought forth,
To wit, these *times* in which we *both* doe liue,
Then must *Iohn Davies*, share *Iohn Davies* worth,
For *times* to come can no *distinction* giue.
Then what neede I to beate my tired *braines*
To make *Iohn Davies* liue to after *Ages*,
When thou hast don't by thy praise-worthy *paines*,
For, were I idle, I haue thy *Workes* wages.
Or, what if like an intellectual *Sprite*,
I able were *Artes Spirits* to purifie,
To rauish *Worlds* to come, with rare delight
They would with my *fame* thy *name* glorifie.
Then may I *play*, sith thou doth *worke* for me;
And sith thy works do so in beauty shine,
What neede I then for *fame* thus busie be,
Sith *thine* is *mine*, and *mine* is likewise *thine*?
It is because my *Minde* that's aie in motion
Hath to the *Muses Measures* most devotion.

The author was a native of the city of Hereford, and brought up at the Grammar School there, and was afterwards celebrated as a Writing Master, and the most skilful penman of his age; in which capacity he was honoured with the tuition of Prince Henry the son of King James I., of the Ladies Dorothy and Lucy Percy, Sir Philip Carey, and many others of the nobility and gentry of that period. He is noticed by Ant. Wood as if belonging to the University of Oxford, but this is a mistake, as he was never entered at any College, but only went there in the exercise of his professional talents as a Writing Master, and was much patronized by the members of the University,

and especially by those of Magdalen College, to whom he addressed two complimentary Sonnets. The ensuing lines record his grateful feelings for the warm and flattering patronage he received while residing in that University:

To my much honored, and intirely beloued Patronesse, the most famous Vniversitie of Oxford.

To mount aboue Ingratitude (base crime)
With double lines of single-twisted *Rime;*
I will (though needlesse) blaze the *Sun*-bright praise
Of *Oxford,* where I spend some *gaining* daies:
Who entertaines me with that kinde regard
That my best words, her worst deedes should reward:
For like a *Lady* full of roialtie,
Shee giues me *Crownes* for my *Charactery:*
Her *Pupils crowne* me for directing *them,*
Where like a *King* I liue, without a *Realme:*
They praise my *precepts,* and my *Lessons* learne,
So doth the *worse* the *better* wel gouerne.
But *Oxford,* ô I praise thy situation
Passing *Pernassus, Muses* habitation!
Thy Bough-deckt-dainty *Walkes,* with *Brooks* beset
Fretty, like *Christall* Knotts, in moulds of *Iet.*
Thy sable *Soile's* like *Guians* golden *Ore,*
And *gold* it yeelds, manur'd: no *mould* can more.
The pleasant *Plot* where thou hast *footing* found,
For all it yeelds, is *yelke* of *English* ground.
Thy stately *Colledges* like *Princes* courtes,
Whose gold-embossed, high-embattl'd *Ports*
With all the glorious workmanshippe within
Make *Strangers* deeme they haue in *Heauen* bin,
When out they come from those *celestial places,*
Amazing them with *glorie* and with *graces.*
But, in a word, to say how I *like* thee
For *place,* for *grace,* and for sweete companee,
Oxford is Heau'n, if Heau'n on Earth there be.

JOHN DAVIES.

Davies wrote numerous poems, some of them noticed hereafter, serving rather as proofs of his labour than of his genius, and also prefixed copies of verses to several works of other writers, in accordance with the custom of that period; but falling into great poverty and suffering, he died in London in 1618, and was buried at St. Giles's in the Fields. He had two brothers,

James and Richard, almost equally celebrated with himself for the same skill in penmanship, and a pupil of the name of Gething, who is said to have been his superior in the same art. There is a portrait of Davies in an oval prefixed to his *Anatomy of faire Writing*, 4to, 1631, which has been copied by Richardson. See some account of him, with a list of his numerous works, in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 260; in Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 310; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. ii. p. 98; Grainger's *Biogr. Hist.*, vol. ii. p. 132 and 165; and Lowndes' *Bibliog. Manual*, p. 598.

For a description of this rare volume consult the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 216; and an article in *Restituta* by Mr. Park, vol. iii. p. 409, where several stanzas from the Preface are quoted in celebration of some of the persons of much note at that period. See also the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 211, respecting an allusion to Shakespeare and Richard Burbage the actor and painter, in a note on the 215th page. There was a second edition of the work published in 1611, a copy of which sold in Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. i. No. 842, for 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* The edition of 1603 is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 211, at 12*l.* 12*s.* It sold in Sir Francis Freeling's sale, No. 1037, for 1*l.* 19*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1628, 3*l.* 11*s.*; Utterson's ditto, No. 670, 4*l.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 547, 5*l.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 207, 5*l.* 5*s.*; and Gardner's ditto, No. 619, 6*l.* 6*s.* The present is a beautiful clean copy of this work, and was procured in 1833 at a sale in Manchester. It has bound up along with it N. Breton's *Cornucopiæ*, *Pasquils Night-cap*. Lond. 1612. 4to.

Collation: Sig. A to Z 4, and Aa to Pp 2, in fours.
In Brown Calf, gilt leaves.

Davies, (John.) — Bien Venu. Greate Britaines Welcome to hir Greate Friendes, and Deere Brethren the Danes.

When Love is well exprest in Worde, and Deede,
T'wixt Friendes, it showes they are right well agreed.

Imprinted at London for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be solde at his shoppe neere Saint Austens gate. 1606. 4to, pp. 24.

On July 11th, in the year 1606, Christian IV. King of Denmark, brother to Queen Anne, came into England, attended by his suite, on a visit to his sister, and his brother-in-law, James I. During his sojourn in this country

he was received with all possible magnificence, and every species of diversion and entertainment was provided for his amusement. The arrival of the Royal visitor gave occasion to this poetical welcome from the Writing Master of Hereford, for the presentation copy of which he doubtless trusted to receive a handsome largess from our own learned Monarch. It is dedicated in a commendatory Sonnet "To the right noble Lord Philip Herbert Earle of Mountgomerie, Baron of Shurland: and the right worshipful Sir James Haies Knight," and consists of sixty octave stanzas, composed suddenly for the occasion, and possessing no peculiar claim to our notice in thought or versification. Dávies had great fluency and industry in composition, but was utterly destitute of the fire and vigour of a genuine poet. A short extract from the Poem will suffice as a specimen, in which, whilst lamenting his own cares and obscurity, he yet acknowledges the delight which he feels in the charms of poesy, and ventures to express a hope for the immortality of his rhymes:

O! that my Muse were wing'd with Angels Plumes
That she might mount aboue the roofe of Heauen,
To viewe that glorie which no time consumes,
It to relate, in sacred numbers euen,
For thine example: that, as now, assumes
But glories shape, by Arte, and Nature geu'n,
I blessed were, and thou wert blest in mee,
By whom thou should'st beheauen all that see.

But ah! (alas) my short-wing'd Muse doth haut
None but the obscure corners of the Earth,
Where she with naught but care is conuersant:
Which makes her curse her case, and ban her birth:
Where she (except she would turne ignorant)
Must liue, till die she must, in mournfull mirth.
Which is the cherishing the World doth giue
To those that muse to die, not muse to liue.

* * * *

Well, be it so, (though well it cannot be
That is so ill with those that meane but well)
A weake Pen holds the heauiest part of me
(Which is my heart) from death; and doth expell
The cares that kill it, by sweet Poesie,
Whereby in griefe, it seemes in heau'n to dwell:
Then, though it be a Portion for the poore:
Let me be rich in that, I seeke no more.

* * * *

While Seas on either side, this Land shall bound
Your coming thus, and welcome shall appeare:
In faire eternall Lines which shall be found
In our best Histories, and Poems cleare,
The fame whereof through all worlds so shall sound
That it shall ring in Time's eternall eare:
Dido's deer welcome to the *Troian* Knight
Shall, through this welcom's lustre, lose their light.

For what made that in glory shine so long,
But Poets Pens pluckt from Archangel's wings:
And some we haue can sing as sweet a Song
As any Tuskane, though with him he brings
The Queen of Art, to right him, being wrong;
For, some can say their Muse was made for Kings:
But, be it made for Kings, or Gods, or men,
Soule-pleasing *Helicon* flowes from their pen.

And let none tax them for this selfe conceite
Sith such conceite to euery Maker is
Their shade, which on their Substance still doth waite:
Most Makers marre, yet make they none amisse:
Because their words haue measure (though not weight)
Which makes them meet, howeuer meane, by this:
Though some will say, there's more hope of a foole,
Then of the self-conceited in each Schoole.

This is one of the rarest of the productions from the pen of John Davies, and is found in few collections of our early Poetry. It is not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*; nor, with the single exception of a short article upon it by Mr. Collier in his P. P. *Catal. of the Bridgewater Library*, p. 87, do we find it noticed by any of our poetical bibliographers. Lowndes also seems to have been unable to refer to the sale of a single copy.

Collation: Sig. A to C 4, in fours.

Beautiful copy of this extremely rare work.

Bound by Lewis. Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

Davies, (John.) חעה — Summa Totalis, or All in All, and the same for euer: Or, an Addition to *Mirum in Modum*. By the first Author, Iohn Davies.

Those Lines which *all*, or *none* perceiue aright
Haue neither Iudgement, Art, Wit, Life, or Spright.

London Printed by William Iaggard dwelling in Barbican. 1607. 4to, pp. 76.

The present work forms an addition to, or continuation of, Davies's first Poem of *Mirum in Modum*, which, as we have seen, was published in 1602. It is inscribed in a dedicatory Sonnet "To the right Honourable mine approved good Lord and Master, Thomas Lord Elsmere, Lord Chancellor of England: and to his Right Noble Lady and Wife Alice, Countesse of Derby, my good Lady and Mistresse." The Poem is composed in the same stanza of nine lines each as the former portion, and is written in the same mystical and metaphysical character, claiming little merit as a poetical publication, but entitled to some favour for its moral and religious sentiments. Davies seems to have delighted in this ethical style of writing, and believed that he was doing good service to the cause of religion and piety by his poems on these abstruse subjects, not sufficiently consulting his own fame and reputation as a worshipper of the Muses. His works are very frequently dull and tedious, and have in consequence, perhaps justly, sunk into obscurity and neglect, which not even their rarity can resuscitate. Davies is not noticed by Phillips in his *Theatr. Poet.*, nor by Ellis nor Campbell. Winstanley's account of him is taken from Fuller's *Worthies of England.* Some of the single descriptive verses, placed at the commencement of each change of subject, as in the *Mirum in Modum*, prove that Davies could have written in a pleasing and poetical manner, had he not unfortunately chosen such dull and abstract subjects. Take for example a couple of these verses:

Now *Heauens* bright Eye (awake by *Vespers* sheene)
Peepes through the purple windowes of the East,
While *Night* doth sinke beneath the Earth vnseene;
Fearing with lightnes to be sore opprest;
Then vp my wakefull *Muse* to worke for rest.
Thou shalt not soundly sleepe till thou hast view'd
Thy iournies end: wherein who ends are blest:
Then, let thy course be zealously pursu'd
To find the rest of true *Beatitude.*

Now o're the *Eastern* Mountaines headles height
We see that *Eye* (by which our Eies do see)
To peepe, as it would steale on theeuish Night,
Which from that *Eyes*-sight, like a Theefe, doth flee,
Least by the same it should surprized be:
Then is it time (my Muse) thy wings to stretch
(Sith they are short, too short, the worse for thee)
For this daies Iournie hath a mightie reach,
And manie a compasse thou therein must fetch.

The subjoined two stanzas on the word *ever* are powerfully written, and will merit quotation:

O how it ought to make flesh freeze with feare,
Or flame in all deuotion of the sp'rite,
Sith the word EVER euer doth appeare
So bottomlesse! in length so infinite!
Euer in vtter darkenesse! neuer light!
Ah! this is it, that's able to dissolue
Both Soule and Body with eternall fright!
And yet to sinne some euer do resolue;
And, EVER, neuer in their thoughts reuolue.

Euer to die, and neuer to be dead;
Euer to bee, and neuer be at rest;
Euer in fire; yet neuer minished
Which, (EVER) Patience neuer can digest:
Sith its most bad when it is at the best!
If euer we did thinke aright of this,
This Fire would neuer cease to moue, at least,
And if we be not mou'd with endlesse Blisse:
Such paines will moue aright; or most amisse.

A notice of the dreadful Plague of 1603 which so devastated London, about four years before the publication of this work, will form a short and suitable extract from the Poem, and will close our quotations from it.

When I behold a *Towne* (erst fairely built)
Which Time (dismantling) doth in heapes confuse
Thus say I to myself; *Here, Men haue dwelt;*
And, where Men dwell, there Syn to raigne doth vse:
And where Syn raignes Confusion still ensues!
Thus, from beginning to the end, I fall
Of this rude CHAOS, (whereon moues my *Muse*)
And all the way I see *Sinne* ruin'd all;
So *Synn's* the Soule of Ills in generall.

The *Plague* (which late our Mother *Citty* scour'd
And erst the *Kingdome* made halfe desolate!)
The Heauens (through aire contagious) on it pour'd
For odious Syns which them exasperate,
For which they oft dissolue the *Crownes* of *State*,
Likewise the *Deluge* (that did rince this Round)
Came (sith foule *Synne* did it contaminate)
To make it cleane and so to keepe it sound,
Else filthy Synne that *Ball* would cleane confound.

Then, ô how blest are they that dye to Sinne,
And liue to neuer dying *Righteousnesse!*
They, in this Sea of Misery, begin
To enter in the Hau'n of happinesse
Though ouerwhelm'd the while with all distresse.
For in a Calme we fall to frolike it;
Or sleepe secure in Pleasures idlenesse;
Which doth peruert the Wil, corrupt the Wit
Vntill our Stearne be torne, and Keele be split.

At the end of the Poem of *Summa Totalis*, on a separate leaf, Sig. K 2, with which the volume closes, are two Sonnets, the first on the text, "He that loueth purenesse of hart for the grace of his lippes, the King shall be his Friend."—Prov. xiii. 11. And the second, which we quote, on

Blessed be the mercifull: for they shall obtaine mercy.—Matt. v. 7.

What wit hath Man to leaue that Wealth behind
Which he might carry hence when hence he goes?
What Almes he giues aliue, he, dead, doth find:
But what he leaues behind him, he doth lose.
To giue away then, is to beare away:
They most do hold, who haue the openest hands:
To hold too hard makes much the lesse to stay:
Though stay there may more than the hand commands.
The Beggers Belly is the hatful'st Ground
That we can sow in: For it multiplies
Our *Faith* and *Hope*, and makes our *Love* abound:
And what else *Grace*, and *Nature* deerely prize:
So thus, may Kings be richer in their Graue
Then in their Thrones; though all the world they haue.

See a notice of this work in Collier's *Bridg. Cat.* p. 88, in which, however, it is wrongly stated that the book contains forty-two leaves, the real number being thirty-eight; the copy in Lord Ellesmere's library having, as the Editor himself remarks, a duplicate sheet G. It sold in Sir F. Freeling's sale, No. 1036, for 1*l.* 5*s.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 757, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Perry's ditto, pt .i. No. 1691, 2*l.* 19*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1629, 3*l.* 15*s.*; Chalmers's ditto, pt. i. No. 1241, 16*l.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 212, 7*l.* 7*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to K 2, in fours.

Beautiful copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Purple Morocco, gilt leaves.

DAVIES, (JOHN.) — Humours Heau'n on Earth; With the Ciuile Warres of Death and Fortune. As also the Triumph of Death: or, The Picture of the Plague, according to the Life; as it was in Anno Domini 1603. By Iohn Davies of Hereford.

O! 'tis a sacred kinde of Excellence,
That hides a rich truth in a Tales pretence!

Printed at London by A. I. 1609. 8vo, pp. 160.

Another, and perhaps with the single exception of *Wittes Pilyrimage*, one of the rarest of the publications of this writer. It is inscribed in a metrical address "To the right Noble, Algernon, Lord Percy, sonne and heire apparent to the right Honorable Henry Earle of Northumberland," who was one of the many among the Nobility who were pupils of Davies in the art of writing, and who afterwards became the tenth earl of Northumberland. This is followed by another of the same kind from "their unworthie Tutor," "To the no lesse high in Birth, then honorable in Disposition (right noble in either) the Ladie Dorothie, and Ladie Lucy Percies." To these succeed complimentary verses by Edw: Sharphell, Ro: Cox, and Anth: Greys. The first Poem of *Humours Heaven on Earth* is written in 246 octave Stanzas, and is of an allegorical nature, describing, under names derived from the Greek, Poliphagus the Glutton, Epithymus the Lecher, and Hyselophronus the vain and ambitious, aided by Phusis Nature and Praxis Custom, as being opposed in argument by Logus Reason, chief guide of Psyche the Soul, assisted by Aletheia Truth; and although of a somewhat more descriptive kind in its personification of the various passions and affections in comparison with some of his other metaphysical poems, the whole is written in a desultory and confused manner, and with a want of clearness, which is the usual fault of this author's works.

We now present our readers with a description of the proud ambitious man's apparel, as a short specimen of the poem:

But *Hyselophronus* vnlike to him
Was richly clad, but much more graue it was;
For he could not endure such colours trim,
Yet vs'd trimme colours to bring drifts to passe:
A Backe too bright, doth argue Braines too dim:
For, no such Asse as is the golden Asse:
But he that state to catch, doth know the knacke,
Hides all his haughtie thoughts in humble blacke.

His Hat was Beauer of a middle size,
The Band, silke-sipers foure-fold wreath'd about:
A shallow Cambricke Ruffe, with Sets precise,
Clos'd with a button'd string, that still hung out;
Wherewith he plai'd, while he did Plottes deuise
To gull the Multitude, and rule the Rout:
His Sute was Satten, pinckt, and laced thicke,
As fit, as faire, without each peeuish tricke.

His Cloke cloth-rash with veluet throughly lin'd,
(As plain as Plainenesse) without welt, or garde,
To seeme thereby, to be as plaine in mind;
For, he to seeme good, still had good regarde:
His rapier hilts were blackt, which brightly shin'd,
A veluet Scabbard did that weapon warde:
The Hangers and the Girdle richly wrought,
With Silke of *poorest colour, deerely bought.

* Blacke.

His Stockings (sutable vnto the same)
Were of blacke silke, and crosse-wise gartered:
The Knot whereof a Rose's forme did frame,
Which neare the ham the sable leaues did spred.
His Shooes were veluet, which his foote became,
Thus was he clad, from foote vnto the head:
Who still was still, as one of iudgement staid,
Before he heard, and poiz'd, what others saide.

The following description of Psyche on the Soul may also be selected for quotation:

But *Psyche* (whom she guided) like a Queene
Was richly deckt, with ornaments divine:
Who liu'd so closely that she scarce was seene,
Yet through her Pallace did her glory shine,
As if at least she had a Goddesse beene
Whose virtues were apparant to the eine:
Her Ornaments were Wit, Will, Memory,
Which richly roab'd her with Regality.

Vpon her sacred Head she ware a Crowne
(Like that of Ariadnes) all of Starres
To light her feete in darke waies, and vnknowne,
And keepe the safest way in Passions warres;
Those Starres were royall vertues of her owne
(Which some call Cardinall) her gard in Iarres:
Who was deckt inly with Pow'r, Grace, and Arte,
Being wholy in the whole, and in each Part.

Her Vnderstandings Pow'r that Pow'r did line,
Which Heau'n and Earth religiously adore;
And in her Will she ware Grace most diuine,
But in her Memory she Artes did store;
That made the whole most gloriously to shine,
But most diuinely did those three decore:
Affects and Fantasies her Seruants were,
Which were all cloakt with Good, how ill so ere.

Hir pricely train, which was of works wel wrought,
Was borne by Iudgement her chiefe Officer:
Then Contemplation held her, as she ought,
By the right Arme, so that she could not steere
Frō those right waies, whereon before she thoght:
And double-Diligence before did cleere:
The outward Senses her Purueiours were,
To whom the Common-sense was Treasurer.

There are other descriptions of Father Chronus (Time) and of his man Thanatus (Death)

who riddes away
That which his Master bringeth to decay —

of Nosus (Sickness) and of the houses of Chronus and Thanatus. There is also a long and painful account of Hell, and of the torments of the damned, who still are dying, and yet never dead: but these are much too long and too horrible for quotation.

The second tale, which contains 109 octave stanzas, is a contention between Death and Fortune, who meet at a marriage feast, as to their respective powers, Jupiter being appointed the Arbiter between them. In this contest Death first travels through the world among all classes, searching to find one person that would willingly go with him, but in vain and to no purpose.

But by this Time, the Time prefixt by *Ioue*
Expired was: and Fortune with her brought
A world of people following her in loue,
Who, willingly, for Fortune long had sought:
These, as she moued, with hir still did moue,
Because she rais'd them higher then she ought
In which respect she had more followers
Then *Sol* (that lights Heau'ns lamps) had waiting Stars.

Among these followers of Fortune who are described are Usurers, Soldiers, Knights, Scholars, Mathematicians, Magicians and Conjurors, Sophis-

ters, Orators, Astronomers and Prognosticators, Musicians, Linguists, Writing Masters, Fencers and Stage Players, Knights-errant, Panders, Drovers, Lawyers, Misers, and last of all as being the furthest from Fortune, Philosophers and Poets.

> Mongst whom Philosophers and Poets came,
> (Last of the Crowde) and could not well appeare;
> To whō blind Fortune gaue noght else but fame,
> Wherof they fed; but lookt lean with their cheere:
> So they in Heau'n deifi'd this Dame,
> Sith they, (poor souls) could not come at her here:
> And euer since a Goddesse call'd she is,
> Poets thanke her for That, Shee you for This.
>
> Who, though they be (perhaps) but passing poore,
> Yet can they deifie whom ere they will;
> Then Demy-gods should cherish them therefore,
> That they may make them whol gods by their skil:
> Twixt whom there shuld be interchange of store;
> And make of Wit and Wealth a mixture still,
> That may each others woefull wants supply;
> For men, by one another liue, or die.

Death then again makes his appearance with the Emperor, whom he had threatened with immediate death if he did not come willingly with him, and who on being questioned by Jove if he came of his own accord, replied that he would not have come with Death if he had not threatened to bring him low. On which the Judge, just Jove, gives sentence on Fortune's side, which made Death rage so sore, that he deprives the Emperor of life, and ever since Death is so furious

> That now all men false Fortune doe preferre,
> Before iust Death; nay iuster *Iupiter*.

The Poem then concludes with the following curious quibbling Stanza:

> And thus with Death (that all in fine doth end)
> We end our Tale; and if a lie it be,
> Yet naked Truth dares such a lie defend;
> Because such lies do lie in veritie:
> But though loude lies doe lie, they will not bend
> So lowe as most profound Moralitie:
> Then, be it lie, or be it what it will,
> It lies too high and lowe for Death to kill.

It has been remarked before by one or two writers that in the 76th stanza referring to Stage Players, the initials W. S. and R. B. in the margin, prob-

ably allude to Shakespeare and Burbage, who are here mentioned as not having been sufficiently rewarded according to their merits. The same initials, with an allusion of a similar kind, had been inserted in Davies's *Microcosmos*, 1603, 4to, p. 215, which Steevens had pointed out as being intended for those persons, the latter of whom is supposed to have painted the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare: and it is remarkable, says another writer, that Steevens after this application of the passage, should deny the authenticity of this Portrait.

The third Poem, *The Triumph of Death, or, The Picture of the Plague*, is written in alternate rhymes of ten feet verse, with marginal notes and explanations like the others, and contains a description of the memorable plague that prevailed in London in the year 1603. It draws some powerful pictures of this dreadful pestilence, which the Author says, were taken "according to the Life," and the following passages are given as descriptive of some of the more painful and prominent scenes:

Th'Almighties hand that long had, to his paine,
Offer'd to let his Plagues fall, by degrees,
And with the offer pull'd it backe againe,
Now breakes his Viall, and a Plague out-flees,
That glutts the Aire with Vapors venemous,
That puttrifie, infect, and flesh confound,
And makes the Earthes breath most contagious,
That in the Earth and Aire but Death is found!
A deadlie Murraine, with resistlesse force,
Runnes through the Land, and leuells all with it!
The Coast it scoured, in vncleanlie course,
And thousands fled before it to the Pitte!
For, ere the breath of this Contagion,
Could fully touch the flesh of Man, or Beast,
They on the sodaine sink, and strait are gone,
So, instantlie, by thousands, are decreast!

* * * * * *

London now smokes with vapors that arise
From his foule sweat, himselfe he so bestirres:
'Cast out your Dead,' the Carcasse-carrier cries,
Which he, by heaps, in groundlesse graues interres!
Now like to Bees, in Summers heate, from Hiues
Out flie the Citizens, some here, some there;
Some all alone, and others with their wiues:
With wiues and children some flie, all for feare!

Here stands a Watch with guard of Partezans
To stoppe their passages, or too or fro;
As if they were nor Men, nor Christians,
But Fiends, or Monsters, murdring as they go!
Like as an Hart, death-wounded, held at bay
Doth flie, if so he can, from Hunters chase,
That so he may recouer (if he may)
Or else to die in some more easie place.
So might ye see (deere heart) some lustie Lad
Strooke with the Plague, to hie him to the field,
Where in some Brake, or Ditch (of either glad)
With plesure, in great paine, the ghost doth yield:
Each Village, free, now stands vpon her guard;
None must haue harbour in them but their owne;
And as for life and death all watch, and ward,
And flie for life (as Death) the man vnknowne!
For now, men are become so monsterous
And mighty in their powre, that with their breath
They leaue no ils, saue goods, from house to house,
But blow away each other from the Earth!

* * * * * *

For now the dead had wasted so the liue,
(Or wearied so) that some vnburied lie:
For, all obseru'd the Pestilence was such
As laught to scorne the help of Phisickes art;
So that to death all yeelded with a touch,
And sought no help, but help with ease to part.
An hell of heate doth scorch their seething veines,
The blood doth boile, and all the body burnes,
Which raging heate ascending to the Braines,
The powres of Reason there quite ouerturnes!
Then, 'tis no sinne to say a Plague it is
From whence immortall miseries do flow;
That makes men reason with their rest to misse,
And Soules and Bodies do endanger so.
Here crie the parents for their children's death;
There howle the children for their parents losse;
And often die as they are drawing breath
To crie for their but now inflicted crosse.
Here goes an husband heauily to seeke
A graue for his dead wife (now hard to haue)
A wife there meets him that had done the like,
All which (perhaps) are buried in one Graue.

The last suruiuor of a Familie
Which yesterday (perhaps) were all in health,
Now dies to beare his fellowes company,
And for a Graue for all, giues all their wealth.
There wends the fainting Son with his dead Sire
On his sole shoulders borne, him to interre;
Here goes a father with the like desire,
And to the Graue alone, his Sonne doth beare.
The needie, greedie of a wealthie pray
Runne into houses cleans'd of Families,
From whence they bring, with goodes, their bane away,
So end in wealth, their liues and miseries.

* * * * * *

The King himselfe (O wretched times the while!)
From place to place, to saue himselfe did flie,
Which from himselfe, himselfe did seeke t'exile,
Who (as amaz'd) not safe, knew where to lie.
It's hard with Subiects when the Soueraigne
Hath no place free from plagues his head to hide;
And hardly can we say the King doth raigne,
That no where for iust feare, can well abide.
For no where comes He but Death follows him
Hard at the heeles, and reacheth at his head;
So sincks all Sports that wold like triumphs swim,
For what life haue we, when we all are dead;
Dead in our spirits, to see our Neighbours die;
To see our King so shift his life to saue;
And with his Councell all conclusions trie
To keepe themselues from th' insatiate Graue.
For hardly could one man another meete,
That in his bosome brought not odious Death:
It was confusion but a friend to greet,
For like a Fiend, he baned with his breath.

* * * * * *

The Pastors now, steep all their words in brine,
With 'woe, woe, woe,' and nought is heard but woe;
Woe and alas! they say, the powres diuine
Are bent Mankind, for sinne, to ouerthrow.
'Repent, repent,' (like *Ionas*) now they crie,
'Ye men of *England*, O repent, repent;
To see if so wee maie moue Pitties eye,
To looke vpon you, ere you quite be spent.'

And oft whilst he breathes out these bitter words,
He, drawing breath, drawes in more bitter bane:
For now the Aire, no Aire but death affords;
And lights of Art (for helpe) were in the wane.

In one of the marginal notes, the author remarks, "This is no fiction, nor inserted by poetical licence; But this verily was performed in the borough of Leominster in the county of Hereford: the one at the commandement of Sir Herbert Croft Knight, one of the Councell of the Marches of Wales: the other by the instigation of Sathan, and provocation of the disease."

At the end of *The Triumph of Death*, is a Sonnet "To the good Knight, and my much honored Scholler, Sir Philip Carey," another "To the right worshipfull my deere Scholler Sir Humfrey Baskeruille of Earsley, Knight; and the no lesse louely than vertuous Lady his Wife," some lines "To my deere, meeke, modest, and intirely beloued Mistris Elizabeth Dutton, Mistris Mary, and Mistris Vere Egerton, three Sisters of hopefull destinies," and a closing Sonnet "To my worthy, and worthily beloued Scholer, Thomas Bodenham Esquier, sonne and heire apparant of Sir Roger Bodenham of Rotherwas, Knight of the Bathe."

There is an account of this little volume, with some extracts from it, by Mr. Park, in the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 194, and the Sonnets at the end of the work are quoted also in vol. iv. p. 210, of the same. Mr. Beloe has likewise given a brief notice of the work in his *Anecdotes of Literature*, vol. ii. p. 98. See also *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 213.

Not more than two or three copies of it have occurred for public sale: one in the Roxburghe collection, which sold for 3*l.* 16*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 484, 3*l.* 11*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 831, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 213, 25*l.*

Collation: Sig. A four leaves, B to L four in eights. The paging is incorrect, the figure 1 being added by mistake, thus advancing from p. 45 to 146. The true number of the whole is 160.

The Roxburghe copy, with the crest on the sides.
In Maroon coloured Morocco, gilt leaves.

DAVIES, (JOHN.)—The Holy Roode, or Christs Crosse:—Containing Christ Crucified, described in Speaking-picture. By Iohn Davies.

And who in Passion sweetly sing the same,
Doe glorifie their owne in Jesus NAME.
Crux Christi clavis Cœli.

London, Printed for N. Butter. 4to, pp. 80.

The title is within an oval in the centre of an elaborate woodcut compartment with figures of Minerva and Diana on each side, and of Diana bathing at the bottom. The work is dedicated in alternate verse "To the Right Honourable, well accomplished Lady, Alice Countesse of Derby, my good Lady and Mistresse: and to her three right Noble Daughters by Birth, Nature, and Education, the Lady Elizabeth, Countesse of Huntington, the Lady Francis Egerton, and the Lady Anne, Wife to the truely Noble Lord Gray, Lord Chandos that now is." The Countess of Derby was at this time married to Lord Ellesmere. The Poem is preceded by commendatory verses by Edw. Herbert, Knight, Michael Drayton and N. Deeble; and by a Sonnet "To all passionate Poets," by the Author. The Poem to which is prefixed "a Sonet," is written in six-line stanzas, and is of a serious and religious nature, descriptive of the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. It commences from His being brought bound before Annas and Caiaphas; denied by Peter; dismissed by Pilate; taken before Herod; scourged and crowned with thorns; and led forth to be crucified. The description of the crucifixion is painfully minute and tedious, and Mr. Park has well remarked concerning the author, that "the ardour of the poet indeed failed, but that of the Christian triumphed." The Poem further relates the taking down from the cross; the anointing of the body; and the burial. The following stanzas containing the Author's remarks on Peter's denial of his Master, may serve as an example of his style, which is harsh and unmusical:

Wert thou so hardie *Peter* in thy word
What time, in peace, thou vowd'st with him to die?
And wert thou no less hardie with thy sword
In the first fight? and, from him now wilt flie?
That Man that ouercomes must weare the Crowne;
Thou art no Man, a Wo-man put thee down.

Though all forsake Him, thou wilt neuer faile Him:
These be thy vaunts, and (vaunting) this didst vow;
Yet thou, with griefe, dost with his Foes assaile him,
And to a Maid, more than a Maid, dost show

Thy woman-weaknesse, weaker than a woman,
For, better is a woman farre, than no man.

Saw'st thou that Man was God?—yea God and Man,
In all his workes?—and did He by his pow'r,
Strengthen thee weakling, (for He all things can)
To march vpon the Seas foot-failing floore?
Saw'st thou by Reuelation, He was *Christ?*
And yet, for feare of his Crosse, him deni'st?

Fear'st thou that Crosse that is the Tree of Life?
What? loath'st thou Death? and yet do'st feare to liue?
Do'st strife eschew, that is the end of strife?
Wilt thou not take, because thou will not giue?
Is thy Soule rationall? and yet thy Soule
Doth Reasons reason brutishly controule?

Did He in loue (O 'twas a matchlesse fauor!)
Take thee with him (more firme to make thy faith)
To see God, this God glorifie on Thabor?
And, heard'st his voyce, whom Heau'n and Earth obai'th,
Say, 'twas his Sonne, more bright than Sunne thou saw'st
Yet from God, and his Sonne thy selfe with draw'st?

Did'st thou desire (with glorie rauished)
To Tabernacle Tabor there to dwell?
Would'st thou in Heau'n with *Christ* be glorified?
And not consociate him in his woes hell?
Art thou austere in life? yet sensuall, Thou
Eschew'st the Gall, and wilt but Honie chew?

Could they acknowledge him that were his foes,
When thou deniedst him that wert his friend?
By thy deniall they might well suppose
That he was such as (falsly) they pretend:
Weepe *Peter* weepe, for fowle is thine offence,
Wash it with Teares springing from Penitence.

At the end of the Poem of the "Holy Roode" are eight Sonnets, which are not remarkable for any beauty or merit, but of which the following one may be taken as a specimen:

Come, follow me, as I doe follow Christ,
Is the persuasiu'st speech the Priest can vse;
This coniuration Fiends can scarce resist:
For, shame will quite confound them that refuse.

When Pastors shew what should be done in deed,
Their flocke will follow them though nought they say;
Sith they the hungry soules and bodies feed,
And teach the rightest Truth, the readiest way.

Thus, worthy Priests get Reuerence, Loue, and Feare,
While wordy ones scorne, hate, and shame doe finde:
For Winds of Spight their highest sailes doe teare,
Who make themselues nought else but subtill Winde:
For, though a Foote-ball mounts oft by the same,
Yet is it spurn'd and made the Peoples game.

On the last page is the subjoined colophon, containing the printer's name and the date, which are not on the title-page:

"London. Printed by John Windet for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, by Saint Austins Gate. 1609."

Mr. Park has given a description of this volume in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 260, and has quoted four of the eight Sonnets at the end. See also an account by Mr. Collier of a presentation copy of it from Davies to his patron, Lord Ellesmere, with an original MS. letter by Davies to the same nobleman, written on the fly leaf, in the *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 89; Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 183; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 214, where a copy of this work is priced at 15*l.* 15*s.* It sold in Bright's sale, No. 1631, for 1*l.* 19*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 548 (damaged), for 2*l.* 2*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 1075, 3*l.*; Freeling's ditto, No. 1038, 3*l.* 8*s.*; Midgeley's ditto, No. 208, 4*l.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 765, 7*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; and Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1690, 7*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to K 4 in fours.

The Freeling copy. In Calf extra, gilt leaves.

Davies, (John.) — Wittes Pilgrimage, (by Poeticall Essaies) Through a World of amorous Sonnets, Soule-passions, and other Passages, Diuine, Philosophicall, Morall, Poeticall, and Politicall. By Iohn Davies.

Incunda vicissitudo rerum.

At London, Printed for John Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstones Churchyard in Fleete-streete. n.d. 4to.

"Wittes Pilgrimage" is first dedicated in verse "To the Right noble, and Highly honored Lord Phillip Herbert, Earle of Mountgomery, and Baron of Shurland," &c., by "The most free bounden and vnalterable humble louer of your Honor, Name, and Family, John Davies of Hereford;" concluding with two lines, "The Booke to his Patron:"

If I thy Bloud do kindly warme, and moue,
Warme my *Sires* Bloud with comfort of thy loue.

And again in rhyme "To the same truelie-noble Earle, and his most honorable other halfe, Sir James Haies Knight," &c. Then follow three sets of verses, each in alternate rhyme, entitled, "The Book to Grauitie;" "The Author to his Muse;" and "Of my selfe;" the first of which is given at length in the *Brit. Bibliog.*, vol. ii. p. 253. The amorous Sonnets then succeed, 101 in number, exclusive of two short Poems and a Sonnet on the author's coming to London, apparently during the time of the plague, which would thus fix the date of the volume about 1603. The reader will probably be content with the quotation of three of these as examples of this portion of the volume, the first of them being perhaps one of the most happily expressed of the whole series:

73.

Thy Beauties blush, like fairest Morne in Maie,
(Faire-Honied Sweet) doth so intrance mine Eies,
That while thou dost those Roses rich display
They see Heau'ns hue through thy skins Christal skies,
And did my fault nor thine enforce the same
I stil could wish to see that Heau'nly Blush:
Yea, I would see that glory to my shame,
So that my faces shame would cause that flush.
Then blame me not if (when thy Cheeks I see
Died in a Tincture that is so diuine)
My Cheeks in self same Colour dyed be,
To make thine spread their Dy, by dying mine:
Then, blush thou not, for blushing in this wise,
Sith that Hue from, and for thy grace doth rise.

101.

Thus far may Speculation help a Wit
Vnapt for loue, to write of Loues estate:
Thus far can Art extend hir Benefit
Past Natures Bounds, in shew of Loue, or Hate.
These Loue-tricks are not myne, though mine they be
As they are thus drawne out in louing Lines:

These Passions are too weak to passion me,
Although my strength from ought to nought declines.
But whist, my Muse, Hypocrisie is sin;
Make me not seem more holy than I am;
My Marrow-bones lie Flesh and Bloud within,
All which, by nature, burnes in Beauties Flame;
But, say I am, sith Grace to me is good,
Free from vnkind desires of Flesh and Bloud.

104.

Now, to this Sea of Cittie-Common-wealth
(Lymittlesse *London*) am I come obscur'd:
Where two-fold *Plagues* endanger may the health
Of Soule, and Bodie of the most secur'd:
The Bodies Plagues an *Ill* which *God* can do
For, is *Ill* in the Cittie hee doth not?
But *Synne* (the Plague which doth the Soule vndo)
He cannot do, though how he well doth wott.
Then, now my Soule stand stiffly on thy guard
Sith many mortall Dangers thee surround
Let Grace, thy *guide*, thy House still watch, and warde
To Keepe thy Habitation cleane, as sound:
And, if thou canst, with *Lott*, liue chastlie here,
Angels will fetche thee hence when Plagues are neere.

It appears from the second of these Sonnets, that Davies, like Watson and others, was merely addressing an imaginary mistress, so that we must regard these Sonnets merely in a literary point of view, and not, as might otherwise have been supposed, as expressive of his own passions. It is probable that they were designed in some sort as an imitation of Watson's *Ekatompathia or Passionate Centurie of Love*, which had appeared about 1581. "Other Sonnets upon other Subiects" follow, chiefly of a graver kind, and extending to 48. The remainder of the volume is occupied with a collection of short poems, all printed in a smaller type, of a very miscellaneous kind, and some of them not of the most delicate character, especially the first two entitled "An Amorous Colloqui twixt Dorus and Pamela," in fifty-two verses, and "The picture of Formositie;" a curious poem giving a most minute and disgusting description of the body and limbs of his mistress, succeeded by another showing that "In Love is no Lothsomnes." The remainder consist of "Essaies upon certaine Sentences," and "Other Essayes upon more serious and sacred Subiects;" two of them addressed to Mary, the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, another to William, Earl of

Pembroke, and a singular elegiac poem entitled "A Dump upon the death of the most noble Henrie, late Earle of Pembrooke," written in verse of a peculiar construction, in which the last words of the preceding line form the beginning of that following. It is styled by Puttenham in his *Art of Poesie*, 4to, 1519, the heel-treading kind of verse; but as it has already been quoted both in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* and in *Restituta*, it will be needless to repeat it here. We rather prefer quoting a portion of those addressed to William, Earl of Pembroke, written in the Alexandrine measure, and which will strongly remind the reader of the poem of *The Lie*, or *the Soules Errand*, usually assigned to Sir W. Raleigh:

Tell mounting Wittes thats too too light that Wisedome makes not weightie
Tell Motion it is worse then madd whose Motors not Almightie.
Tel World its but the wayward Maze where Man is maz'd and lost;
Tel State it stands on Airy Propps, by Stormes still turn'd and tost.
Tel Wisedome shee is base if shee mounts not aboue the Moone,
Tel Humors, and tell Humoristes, their Humors change too soone.
Tel Learning it is darke as Hell not mixt with light of Grace,
Tel Councell, and tell Councellors they oft mistake the Case.
Tel Bookes, though euer blest some bee, yet they are but Informers,
Tel them they should more blessed bee, if they were still Reformers.
Tel Artes they aske too much for Arte, in asking all our time,
Tel Armes they do but worke their Harmes, by Armes, and Harmes that climbe.
Tel Earthlie Hopes they make vs seeke for that wee cannot finde,
Tel, tell worlds-Blisse it wanteth force to breede true Blisse in Mynd.
Tel Sport it spoileth precious Time, tell Time hees falslie true,
True in his Course, in's Custome false, away steales, yet pursues!
Tel Keasars (though they Cæsars are) their Nostrils bound their breath;
Tel Life (though during like the Sunne) it subiect is to death.
Tel Wealth it wasts with earthlie Pompe, tell Pompe its but a Puffe,
Tel Glory shee must bide the girde of Enuies Counterbuff.
Tel, tel Fair-wordes, from fowle Mouthes sent, they feede, but fatten Fooles
Tel Friends true Friendshipps no where learn'd but in true Vertues Schooles.
Tel Loue that hee an Idoll is; found, forg'd ador'd by Fancie,
Tel Flesh-enraging Lust shee is a Soule-confounding Frenzie:
Tel Fauours they are Copper-gilt, vncertaine true, if true.
Tel Fooles when Shadowes come before, their Substance will insue.
Tel Lookes, where Loue in Triumph tilts against vnfenced Eyes,
They Lookes allure, by Lookes like Lures, which seeme true, yet are lies.
Tel All that al is (al in all) beneath the heau'nly Coape,
A Dreame, a Shade, a toile of Spirite, a base betraying hope.

There are notices of this work in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 219; in the

Brit. Bibliogr., vol. ii. p. 247, by Mr. Haslewood; and in *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 258, by Mr. Park. Although the whole of the numerous publications by Davies are considered scarce, this and the *Wits Bedlam* are the two rarest of all his pieces, and have always brought large prices when offered for sale, as the following of the present work will sufficiently testify: Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 1688, 28*l.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 549, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Evans's in 1818, 23*l.* 10*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 219, 25*l.*

Fine copy. Bound by Lewis.
Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

DAVIES, (JOHN.)—The Scourge of Folly.—Consisting of satyricall Epigramms, and others in honor of many noble and worthy Persons of our Land.—Together, With a pleasant (though discordant) Descant vpon most English Prouerbes and others.

[Engraved cut of Wit scourging Folly.]

At London, printed by E. A. for Richard Redmer, sould at his shop at y^e^ west gate of Paules. 8vo. n.d. (1611). pp. 278.

The title to this work is an engraved one, and contains a neat cut representing Wit scourging Folly, who is mounted upon the back of Time with the hoofs of a Satyr, whose scythe and hour-glass lie on the ground; with a label from the mouth of Wit, "Nay vp with him if he were my brother." The dedication is in the form of a Sonnet inscribed "To the most Noble Theophilus Lord Walden;" after which are several short pieces addressed to various persons entitled "Passages before the Booke." The Epigrams number 293, and are followed by 419 Proverbs chiefly in couplets, many of them selected from Heywood's *Prouerbes*. To these succeed numerous Sonnets and other short Poems addressed "To worthy Persons;" after which is

Papers Complaint, compild in ruthfull Rimes
Against the Paper-Spoylers of these Times.

And the volume concludes with some additional Poems inscribed to various "worthy Persons," the last being entitled "A Conclusion."

This work is supposed to have been published about 1611, and its chief interest consists in the celebrity of the names of the eminent public characters, poets, and literary men to whom the pieces are addressed. As many of them however, have already been quoted in the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 11,

and in the *Brit. Bibliog.*, vol. ii. p. 256, we shall content ourselves with a very few extracts from each as sufficient specimens of this curious work. And first from the Epigrams :

Against proud poore Phrina.

Epig. 18.

Sith *Venus* had hir Mole : *Helen* hir Staine :
Cynthia, hir Spotts : the *Swan* hath sable feet :
The clearest day some *Cloude :* the smoothest *Plaine*
Some *Hole* or *Hillock :* why should *Phryna* frett ?
When she is saied to haue a Ruby Nose,
Sith that is riche, and all hir rarenesse showes.

Of bad Debtors.

Epig. 69.

Bad debtors are good lyers : for they say
I'le pay you, without faile, on such a day :
Come is the day, to come the due is still :
So, still they lye, sith stand in debt they will.
But *Fucus* hath so oft li'de in this wise,
That now he lyes in *Ludgate* for his lies.

Against subtill Philargus.

Epig. 91.

Philargus is a subtill Disputant,
Passing well seene in Logicall conclusions,
But yet he is a Monstrous Miscreant,
And in the State, the seeker of confusions :
So fares it with each Knaue, if learn'd he bee,
The better learnd, the verier villaine hee.

Among these Epigrams are verses in praise of Thomas Coriate, Sir Henry and Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, Thomas Bastard the Poet, Henry Earl of Northumberland in the Tower, Sir John Harrington, translator of *Ariosto*, Sir William Browne, Knight of the Bathe, Samuel Daniel, Ben Johnson, Inigo Jones, Will: Shakespeare, Sir Hugh Smith, Sir William Alexander, John Fletcher, John Marston, Joseph Hall, Sir Edward Herbert of Montgomery, Sir Francis Smith, William Seager, Esq., Garter, principal King of Arms, Sir Basil Brooke, Knight, Dudley Norton, Esquire, John Heywood the Epigrammatist, and others. We give the Epigrams on Ben Jonson, Shakespeare and Fletcher, and also one or two of the Proverbs :

To my well accomplished friend Mr. Ben Iohnson.

Epig. 156.

I loue thy *Parts;* so, must I loue thy *Whole:*
Then still be whole in thy beloued *Parts:*
Th'art sound in *Body:* but some say thy *Soule*
Enuy doth vlcer: yet corrupted hearts
Such censurers may haue: But if thou bee
An enuious *Soule,* would thou couldst enuy mee:
But (ah!) I feare my Vertues are too darke
For *Enuies* shadow, from so bright a *Sparke.*

To our English Terrence, Mr. Will. Shake-speare.

Epig. 159.

Some say (good *Will*) which I in sport do sing,
Had'st thou not plai'd some Kingly parts in sport,
Thou had'st bin a companion for a *King;*
And beene a King among the meaner sort.
Some others raile; but raile as they thinke fit,
Thou hast no rayling, but a raigning Wit:
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reape;
So to increase their *Stocke* which they doe keepe.

To the well deseruing Mr. Iohn Fletcher.

Epig. 206.

Loue lies a bleeding, if it should not proue
Her vtmost art to shew why it doth loue.
Thou being the *Subiect* (now) it raignes vpon;
Raign'st in Arte, Iudgement, and Inuention:
For this I loue thee: and can do no lesse
For thine as faire, as faithfull *Shepheardesse.*

Vpon English Prouerbes.

5.

Little or nothing said, soone mended is.
But they that nothing do, do most amisse.

19.

Fast binde, fast finde: But *Rufus* bound as fast
As Bonds could do, to pay a debt he ought,
Stole quite away; ere quite the day was past,
And no where can be found though he be sought.

54.

None plaies the foole well without wit (they say)
Then our Court-fooles are fooles in *earnest,* not *play.*

168.
Who is worse shood than the Shoomaker's wife?
Faith, Geese, that neuer ware Shoes in their life.

319.
Poore Poets heads are euer full of Bees.
But I ne're heard that *hony* came from these.

331.
Three may keepe counsell if two be away:
And so may all three if nothing they say.

348.
That which is sent by Iohn Long the Carrier.
Makes him that lookes for't a passing long tarrier.

385.
Be it better, be it worse,
Doe after him that beares the Purse.
Were this good aduice, then (as Iudas did)
Wee all should hang our selues: which God forbid.

395.
Some Bargaine's deare bought, and cheape should be sold,
So many would sell their Wiues if they could.

The passing extraordinary occurrences of the day were made the subjects of the poet's verse in those times as much as they are at present, and among other singular events of the time, the following are recorded by Davies in verse, which however, is not worth quoting: "On the Tragical and most vntimely deaths of Sir George Wharton Knight, and Iames Steward, Esquire, who slew each other in priuate single fight on Thursday being the ninth of November 1609," Epig. 125; "A Tragicall Epitaphe on the Death of Mr. Williams and Mr. Gwinne, who (like two vndaunted Cæsars, or vnyeelding Cockes of the game) slue each other with many grizly wounds, in single fight in the Hey-wood, neare the Citty of Hereford; and lye buryed close together in the Minster Church there," Epig. 127.

The latter portion of the volume, with the exception of the Poem on "Papers Complaint," which is noticed in a succeeding article, is occupied with a series of short epigrammatic pieces, addressed to various persons of eminence or literary character. They are generally dull and heavy, and a couple of specimens will be amply sufficient for our readers. The first is on his namesake Sir John Davies:

To my right worthily-beloued Sir Iohn Dauis Knight, Atturney general of Ireland.

Good Sir, your nature so affects my Name,
That both your *Name* and *Nature* are mine owne:
And in their loue to both, affect your fame;
Yet hauing not like fortunes, liue vnknowne.
And (Load-stone like) did not your nature draw
Mine to the Point which yours did once proiect,
These hard *Rimes* to digest (as rude as raw)
No cause should ere haue brought to this effect.
But yet to imitate our Friends in ill
Is much more ill; and too vnkinde accorde;
Of *ill* you writ too well, and so I will
(If so I can) to make ill more abhor'd:
Then if you like these Purgings of my Braine,
I'le nere belieue that ought it yeelds is vaine.

To myne honest as louing friend Mr. Michaell Drayton.

Michaell where art thou? what's become of thee?
Haue the nyne Wenches stolne thee from thy selfe?
Or from their conuersation dost thou flee
Sith they are rich in Science not in Pelfe?
Bee not vnconstant (*Michaell*) in thy loue
To Girles so gracefull in the Hart, and Face,
Although thereby thou maist a Poet proue,
(That's poore as *Iob*) yet euer those embrace
By whome thou dost enioy a Heau'n on Earth;
And in this vale of Teares, a mount of mirth.

This volume has been noticed by Mr. Haslewood in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii. p. 256, and copious extracts given from the Epigrams, and twenty-nine of these addressed to Contemporary Poets are also quoted in the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 11. See also *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 210, and Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 265. The volume is rare, and Dr. Bliss had never then seen a copy of it. It sold in Gardiner's sale, No. 693, for 3*l.* 16*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. iv. No. 467, 4*l.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2167, 5*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1630, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Utterson's ditto, No. 414, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Daniel's ditto, No. 493, 8*l.* 10*s.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 259, 8*l.* 13*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 216, 10*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to S 4 in eights.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Olive Morocco, gilt leaves.

DAVIES, (JOHN.)—The Muses-Teares for the Losse of their Hope; Heroick and Ne're-too-much praised, Henry, Prince of Wales &c. Together with Times Sobs for the untimely death of his Glory in that his Darling: and lastly, his Epitaphs. Conserated to the high and mighty Prince, Frederick the fift, Count-palatine of Rheyn &c.—Where-unto is added Consolatory Straines to wrest Nature from her bent in immoderate mourning; most loyally and humbly wisht to the King and Queenes most excellent Maiesties. By Iohn Davies of Hereford, their Maiesties poore Beadsman and Vassall.

At London, Printed by G. Eld, for John Wright; and are to be sold at his shop neere Christ-Church Dore. 1613. 4to. pp. 38.

Independently of the general interest which was felt and expressed on the sad and untimely death of the noble and accomplished Prince Henry, son of James I., the circumstance of his having been ranked amongst the pupils of Davies who was the greatest master of his age in the art of penmanship, would of itself naturally call forth a tribute of affection from him to the memory of his former illustrious scholar. Accordingly we have here another among the numerous poems which were called forth by that melancholy and unlooked-for event, a list of which may be seen in *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 172, and in Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Man.*, p. 908-9. The present is neither the best nor the worst of those effusions. The following short extract will show that it contains some good lines:

Nature in *Him*, admir'd what she had wrought,
At least she might, if she, (most wonderfull
Of things created) could admire at ought
That's made good, great, stout, wise, and beautiful.
He was the richest Trophey *Fortunes* Pow'r
Could reare in Honors Theater; for stil
Nature did doate on *Him* (her *Bellamoure*,
Or *Master-peece*) the Wonder of her skil!
Beauty, Times flowre, though delicate it be
Yet soone it dies: so holds comparison
With Phydias collours; which (though faire to see)
Were blemisht with each Breath that breath'd thereon

But that immortall beauty of the *Minde*
Wherewith he was endow'd, was so ingrain'd
In his *Soules* Faculties, that by no Winde
Or blast of *Envy*, it can e're be stain'd!
No! He most strictly ey'de his better *Part;*
And in the Glasse of Heau'ns eternall *Law*
Righted th' *Apparell* of his royall Heart,
As best became his *Forme*, which there he saw:
For, no *Man's* Fortunes, nor his high renowne
Can possibly be worthy for his *End;*
Which hath made *Kings* of *Yore* to quit their *Crowne*
That they to better *Ends* might wholly tend.

The Poem of the "Muses-Teares" is succeeded by "Sobs for the Losse of the most heroick Prince Henry," with the motto "Non frustra nascitur qui bene moritur;" then "An Epitaph on the Death of the immortal Henry Prince of Wales;" followed by "Another," which closes thus:

Fare well (rare *Prince!*) nor *Time*, nor *Death*
Shall stint thy glory with thy breath:
For when, with them, lowd *fame* decaies,
Silence shall whisper out thy praise!

Next occur some verses entitled "Consolations for, and to the King," and the last Poem is thus addressed, "To the sacred Queene of England her most excellent Maiesty bee all comfort after the Crosse."

The volume is not of common occurrence and produced at Mr. Strettell's sale, No. 815, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; and at Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1692, 7*l.* A copy was marked in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 910, at 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* There is a notice of it by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 442.

Collation: Sig. A to E 4 in fours, the last leaf blank.

The present fine copy has the original engraved full length Portrait of Prince Henry in armour, exercising with a lance, by Pass added, and is bound by Charles Lewis in Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

Davies, (John.)—A Scourge for Paper Persecutors, or Papers Complaint, compil'd in ruthfull Rimes, against the Paper-spoylers of these Times. By J. D. With

A continu'd iust Inquisition
Of the same subiect, fit for this season.

Against Paper-Persecutors. By A. H.

Printed at London for H. H. and G. G. and are to be sold at the Golden Flower Deluce in Popes-head alley. 1625. 4to, pp. 36.

On the title-page of this work is repeated the same cut before described in the "Scourge of Folly," representing Folly horsed upon the back of Time, and scourged by Wit, with a label inscribed "Nay vp with him if he were my brother, if he will needs be a paper-spoyler;" and underneath these two lines:

O couldst thou whip these Bedlams till they bleed.
Thou whippst in vaine: we'ele whip anon in deed.

There is a second title-page slightly varied from the first, without the cut and with the date 1624. The first portion of the volume was originally printed in the "Scourge of Folly" about 1610 or 1611; a Collection of Epigrams by John Davies, and therefore to him, and not to John Donne, as Wood and Warton had supposed, must the authorship of this piece be assigned. It is a humorous and lively Satire on many of the popular writers or Paper-Persecutors of that day, and is perhaps full as entertaining as any of the works of Davies. The dedication to his friend M. Thomas Rant, Councellor at Law, prefixed in the "Scourge of Folly," is omitted in this edition. It contains notices of Churchyard's *Chips* and *Worthiness of Wales*; Sir John Harrington's *Ajax*; Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*; his own *Witts Pilgrimage*; Nash's *Pierce Penilesse* and his *Contest with Gabriel Hervey*; Greene's *Coney-Catcher*; the early Romances of *The Four Sonnes of Aymon*, *Bevis*, *Gawen*, *Guy of Warwick*, *and King Arthur;* Stubbe's *Anatomy of Abuses*; Jonson's *Every man in his Humour*; Dekker's *Satiro-Mastix*; and of other poetasters of his day. He also ridicules our early chroniclers for their minute and trifling details of unimportant events; the huge size of books on Cookery; and the reams of Paper which had been consumed on Religious and other subjects.

I could here speake what hauock still is made
Of my faire Reams which quarrells ouer-lade
In right *Religions* cause, as all pretend,
Though nere so wrongly some her right defend.
What neuer ending Strife they make me stirre;
For I am made the Trumpet of their warre.
I pell-mell put together by the eares
All *Nations* that the Earth turmoiled beares;

While wounded Consciences in such conflicts
Damnations terror euermore afflicts
In desperate doubts; with Winds of Doctrine tost
Still likely in *Faiths* Shipwracke to be lost:
While learned *Pilots* striue which course is best,
Gods temptest-beaten *Arke* can take no rest,
But vp and downe on *Discords* Billowes borne
In dismall plight, and fares as quite forlorne.
But thou sweet *Concords* cause, who with thy hand
Dost tune the Deepes, and highest winds command,
Looke downe from thine eternall Seat (secure)
Vpon thy *Church* Storme-tossed euery houre:
And factious men inspire with better grace
Than with defence of Sects to *staine* my face.

In our next quotation the author ridicules the old chroniclers for their petty details of trifling and insignificant events. It should be remembered that Paper speaks:

But that which most my soule excruciates,
Some *Chroniclers* that write of Kingdomes States,
Doe so absurdly sableize my white
With *Maskes* and *Enterludes* by day and night;
Bald *Maygames, Beare-baytings*, and poore *Orations*
Made to some *Prince* by some poore *Corporations*:
And if a *Brick-bat* from a Chimney falls
When puffing *Boreas* nere so little bralls:
Or else a Knaue be hang'd by iustice doome
For cutting of a Purse in selfe-same roome:
Or wanton Rig, or letcher dissolute
Doe stand at Pauls-Crosse in a Sheeten Sute:
All these, and thousand such like toyes as these
They clap in *Chronicles* like *Butterflees*,
Of which there is no vse; but spotteth me
With medley of their Motley Liuery:
And so confound graue matters of estate
With plaies of *Poppets*, and I wot not what:
Which make the Volume of her Greatnesse bost
To put the Buyer to a needlesse Cost.
Ah! good Sir *Thomas Moore*, (Fame be with thee)
Thy Hand did blesse the *English* Historie,
Or else (God knowes) it had beene as a Pray
To brutish Barbarisme vntill this Day.
Yet makes the Readers which the same peruse
At her vnruly Matters much to muse:

For (ah!) that euer any should record
And chronicle the Sedges of a Lord:
As also when the Weather-cock of *Poules*
Amended was, this *Chronicler* enroles.
And O (alas!) that e're I was created
Of Raggs, to be thus rudely lacerated:
With such most ragged, wilde, and childish stuffe
As might put plainest Patience in a Ruffe:
For, this saies one: There was on such a day,
A disputation (that's a Grammar fray)
Betweene *Pauls* Schollers, and Saint *Anthonies*,
Saint *Bartholmewes* among; and the best *Prize*
A *Pen* was of fiue shillings price; Alas!
That ere this Doteherd made me such an Asse
To beare such Trash; and that in such a thing
Which we call *Chronicle*: so, on me bring
A world of shame: a shame vpon them all
That make mine iniuries Historicall
To weare out Time, that euer (without end)
My shame may last, without some one it mend.
And then, like an *Historian* for the nonce,
He tells how two Knights here were feasted once,
At *Mounsier Doysels* lodging (mong the rest)
With a whole powdred *Palfray* (at the least)
That rosted was: so hee (without remorse)
Tels vs a Tale but of a rosted Horse.
Good God! who can endure, but silly I,
To beare the burden of such Trumpery,
As, could I blush, my face no inke would beare,
For blushing Flames would burne it comming there.

Ant. Wood in his *Fasti. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 245, attributes the "Continued Inquisition against Paper-Persecutors. By A. H.," to Abraham Hartwell, M.A., a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterwards incorporated of Oxford, and Rector of Toddington in Bedfordshire, who wrote one or two other things. He continues in the same taunting and sarcastic style as Davies, and in the following passage alludes to the custom of advertizing new publications by affixing their titles on the posts round old St. Paul's:

It is no wonder
That *Pauls* so often hath beene strucke with Thunder;
'Twas aimed at these shops, in which there lie
Such a confused World of Trumpery,

Whose Titles each Terme on the Posts are rear'd,
In such abundance, it is to be fear'd
That they in time if thus they goe on will
Not only *Little* but *Great Britaine* fill
With their infectious Swarmes; whose guilty sheetes
I haue obserued walking in the streets:
Still lurking neere some Church, as if hereby
They had retired to a Sanctuarie,
For murdring Paper so: as in old time
Persons that had committed some foule crime
Thus sau'd their liues.

The succeeding lines on those who turn the Bible into rhyme, may probably refer to such works as Henoch Clapham's *Briefe of the Bible*, Wastell's *Microbiblion*, and the like; but he particularly exempts the divine Du Bartas and his translators from this imputation:

Others dare venter a diuiner straine,
And *Rime* the *Bible*, whose foule feet profane
That holy ground, that wise-men may decide
The *Bible* ne're was more *Apochryphide*,
Than by their bold Excursions (*Bartas*, thee,
And thy Translatours, I absolue thee free
From this my imputation: who in lines,
(Deseruing to be studied by Diuines,)
Didst make thy *Sacred Furie*, whose rare wit,
Did make the same another Holy Writ,
Who, be it spoken to thy lasting praise,
Gau'st *Sunday* rayment to the *Working Dayes*.

There are severe allusions to Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes*, Lond. 1606, 4to; to John Taylor's *Wery Merry Wherry Ferrey Voyage*, Lond. 1623, 4to, and other Ballad makers of the time; and also to such as Abraham D'Arcy and others who made Elegies on the deaths of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond.

Mr. Park has given a short account of this lively and humorous work, with some extracts in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 220. See also Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 26; Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 91; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, p. 218, where it is priced at 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* It sold in the *Bibl.* Heber, pt. iv. No. 531, for 1*l.* 6*s.*; Lloyd's ditto, No. 484, 1*l.* 16*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1693, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 977, 6*l.* (the same copy.)

Collation: "Paper's Complaint," Sig. A to D 2 in fours; "Continued Inquisition," Sig. A again, four leaves.

The Perry and Jolley copy. Bound by C. Smith.
In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

DAVIES, (SIR JOHN.) — Nosce teipsum. This Oracle expounded in two Elegies.

1. Of Humane Knowledge.
2. Of the Soule of Man, and the Immortalitie thereof.

London, Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Standish. 1599. 4to, pp. 86.

Very different in learning and talent from the Writing Master of Hereford was his contemporary and namesake, though no relation, Sir John Davies the Attorney General of Ireland — a writer of very superior eminence to the other, and of whose Poetical Works an excellent and very carefully edited impression has recently appeared in the Fuller Worthies Series, edited by the Rev. A. Grosart. He was born at Chisgrove, near Tisbury in Wiltshire, about the year 1570. After gaining the rudiments of his education, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, and taking his degree of B.A. removed from thence to the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1595. But upon some provocation having beaten Richard Martin, afterwards Recorder of London, an intimate friend of his in the Temple Hall, while at dinner, he was expelled from the Society in February 1597–8, and returning to Oxford, he devoted himself to study in private, and to the cultivation of his Muse. And it was during this time probably that he wrote or finished his Philosophical Poem of *Nosce teipsum*. In 1601 through the favour of the Lord Keeper, Lord Ellesmere, his patron, he was restored to his Inn, and chosen Member of Parliament for Corfe Castle. On the accession of James I. whose notice he had gained by this Poem, he was taken into favour by him, and sent into Ireland, and made Solicitor General, and then Attorney General, and one of the Judges of Assize. In 1601 he was knighted by James, and returning to England, was made an English Judge, and sat in Parliament as Member for Newcastle in Staffordshire. In 1626 he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, but died shortly after in December of that year of apoplexy, before he could enter upon the duties of his office. He commenced his literary career by the composition of

twenty-six Acrostics in honour of Queen Elizabeth, under the title of Hymns of Astræa, first published in 1599, 4to, which are considered to be "the best acrostics ever written, and all equally good." In 1596, while at the Middle Temple, he published the first edition of his poem upon Dancing called *Orchestra*, London 1596, 8vo, written in fifteen days, of which only one copy is known, now in the Ellesmere Library. Singularly enough, as noticed by Mr. Collier in his *Bridgewater Catalogue*, p. 92, the Poem is dedicated in a Sonnet to his friend Richard Martin, his quarrel with whom afterwards was the cause of his expulsion from the Middle Temple. In the second edition of the Poem in 1622, this Sonnet was removed, and another addressed to Prince Charles was substituted. The Poem of *Orchestra* was included in his works in the later impressions, but this of 1596 is the only separate edition of it. In 1599 he published his present and principal work, which appears to have been written in his younger days, or some portion of it, and which completely established his literary fame. He wrote also a valuable book on the state of Ireland and several other political works, with which we are not here concerned. This justly celebrated Poem on the Immortality of the Soul is written in the Elegiac Stanza, and merits a conspicuous place among the poetry of the age of Elizabeth. It combines great skill and closeness in the argumentation with considerable smoothness and elegance of versification, and although from the abstruse and philosophical nature of the subject, the Author labours under great disadvantage, yet it is considerably adorned with novel illustrations and poetical ingenuity. It was one of the earliest philosophical Poems in our language, and must have been written when he was still very young, probably not more than 23 or 24 years of age. It has been much and deservedly praised by several of our eminent critical writers. Mr. Ellis observes, that "his poem on the Immortality of the Soul is a noble monument of his learning, acuteness, command of language, and facility of versification. His similies are singularly happy; always enlivening, and often illustrating his abstruse and difficult subjects." And in reference to this latter point, Mrs. Cooper in the *Muses Library* remarks "There is a peculiar happiness in his similies, being introduced to illustrate more than to adorn, which renders them as useful as entertaining, and distinguishes his from those of every other author." And Mr. Hallam remarks, that "perhaps no language can produce a poem, extending to so great a length, of more condensation of thought, or in which fewer languid verses will be found."

The Poem commences with a poetical dedication "of great spirit and beauty" — "To my most gracious dread Soueraigne." This was Queen Elizabeth, who if she had had one spark of poetic spirit, must have been proud of such a dedication. We quote the opening and one or two of the concluding verses of it:

To that *cleare Maiestie*, which in the North
Doth like another Sunne in glorie rise,
Which standeth fixt, yet spreads her heauenly worth;
Loadstone to Hearts, and Loadstarre to all Eyes;

Like Heau'n in all; — like th' Earth in this alone,
That though great States by her support do stand,
Yet she her selfe supported is of none,
But by the Finger of th' Almighties hand.

* * * * *

Faire *Soule*, since to the fairest bodie knit,
You giue such liuely life, such quickning power,
Such sweete celestiall influence to it,
As keepes it still in youths immortall flower,

(As where the Sunne is present all the yeare,
And neuer doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the Spring be euerlasting there,
And euery season like the Month of May.)

O many, many yeares may you remaine,
A happie Angell to this happie Land:
Long, long may you on earth our Empresse raigne,
Ere you in Heauen a glorious Angell stand;

Stay long (sweet Spirit) ere thou to Heauen depart,
Which mak'st each place a Heauen wherein thou art.

An introduction to the main Poem follows, containing forty-five verses on "humane knowledge," shewing the extreme difficulty of acquiring self-knowledge, and the great use and importance of affliction in teaching us this virtue. It commences thus:

Why did my parents send me to the schooles
That I with knowledg might enrich my mind?
Since the *desire to know* first made men fooles,
And did corrupt the roote of all mankind.

For when Gods hand had written in the harts
Of the first Parents all the rules of good,
So that their skill enfusde did passe all Arts
That euer were, before, or since the Flood;

And when their reasons eye was sharpe and cleere,
And (as an Eagle can behold the Sunne)
Could haue approch't th' eternall light as neere,
As th' intellectuall Angels could haue done;

Euen then, to them the *Spirit of lies* suggests
That they were blind, because they saw not Ill:
And breathes into their incorrupted breasts
A curious *wish*, which did corrupt their *will*.

For that same Ill they straight desir'd to know
Which Ill being nought but a defect of good,
In all Gods workes the Divell could not show
While Man their Lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselues were first to do the Ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attaine,
Like him, that knew not poisons power to kill
Vntill (by tasting it) himselfe was slaine.

Euen so by tasting of that Fruite forbid,
Where they sought *knowledge*, they did *error* find,
Ill they desir'd to know, and Ill they did;
And to giue *Passion* eyes, made *Reason* blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see,
Those wretched shapes of *Miserie* and *Woe*,
Of *Nakednesse*, of *Shame*, of *Pouertie*,
Which then their owne experience made them know.

In shewing us how affliction teaches us to know ourselves, he speaks of the good effect which it had wrought upon himself, alluding probably to his expulsion from the Middle Temple consequent upon his violent attack upon Martin, and his return again to Oxford, where he lived for a time in private, pursuing his studies, and making serious reflections on his own condition, and where it is supposed he wrote this Poem:

If ought can teach vs ought, *Afflictions* lookes,
(Making vs looke into our selves so neare)
Teach vs to *know our selves*, beyond all bookes,
Or all the learned *Schooles* that euer were.

This *Mistresse* lately pluckt me by the Eare,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my *Senses* quicke, and Reason cleare,
Reform'd my Will, and rectifide my Thought;

So do the *Winds* and *Thunders* cleanse the Aire,
So working Seas settle and purge the wine;
So lopt and pruned Trees do flourish faire;
So doth the fire the drossie Gold refine.

Neither *Minerua*, nor the learned *Muse*,
Nor Rules of *Art*, nor *Precepts* of the wise,
Could in my braine those beames of skill enfuse
As but the glaunce of this *Dames* angrie eyes.

She within *Listes* my raunging minde hath brought,
That now beyond my selfe I list not go;
My selfe am *Center* of my circling thought,
Onely *my selfe* I studie, learne, and know.

I know my Bodi's of so fraile a kinde,
As force without, feauers within can kill;
I know the heauenly nature of my Minde:
But 'tis corrupted both in *wit* and *will*:

I know my *Soule* hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I am one of *Natures* little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a paine, and but a span,
I know my *Sense* is mockt with euery thing;
And to conclude, I know my selfe a *Man*,
Which is a *proud* and yet a *wretched* thing.

The Poem has been so frequently reprinted; and is so well known, that it will be sufficient to extract a few verses from it, as a specimen of the writer's style of versification, and of his power and mode of reasoning. The passage we select, describes the union of the soul and body, and how the former exercises her faculties:

The soule a *substance*, and a *Spirit* is,
Which *God* himselfe doth in the Bodie make;
Which makes the *Man*; — for euery man from this
The *nature* of a Man, and *name* doth take.

And though this Spirit be to the Bodie knit,
As an apt meane her powers to exercise,
Which are, *life, motion, sense,* and *will,* and *wit,*
Yet she suruiues, although the Bodie *dies.*

* * * * *

As then the *Soule* a substance hath alone,
Besides the body, in which she is confin'd;
So hath she not a *bodie* of her owne,
But is a *spirit,* aud *immateriall mind.*

Since *bodie* and *soule* haue such diuersities,
Well might we muse how first their match began;
But that we learne, that *he* that spread the skies,
And fixt the earth, first form'd the *Soule* in man.

This *substance* and this *spirit* of *Gods owne making,*
Is in the bodie plac't, and planted here,
That both of God and of the world partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image beare.

* * * * *

But how shall we this *union* well expresse?
Nought tyes the *Soule,* her subtiltie is such;
She moues the body, which she doth possesse,
Yet no part toucheth, but by vertues touch.

Then dwels she not therein as in a tent,
Nor as a Pilot in his Ship doth sit;
Nor as a Spider in her Web is pent;
Nor as the Waxe retaines the print in it;

Nor as a Vessell water doth containe;
Nor as one Liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heate doth in the fire remaine,
Nor as a voyce throughout the aire is spred.

But as the faire, and cheerefull morning light,
Doth here and there her siluer beames impart,
And in an instant doth her selfe vnite
To the transparent Aire, in all and part;

Still resting whole, when blowes the Aire deuide;
Abiding pure, when th' Aire is most corrupted;
Throughout the Aire her beames dispersing wide,
And when the Aire is tos't, not interrupted:

So doth the piercing Soule the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indiuisible, vncorruptible still,
Not forc't, encountred, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the *Sunne* aboue, the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the Aire below;
So from th' eternall light the *Soule* doth spring,
Though in the Body she her powers do show.

But as the worlds *Sunne* doth effects beget,
Diuerse, in diuerse places euery day:
Here *Autumnes* temperature, there *Summers* heate,
Here flowry *Spring-tide*, and their *Winter gray*;

Here *Euen* there *Morn*, here *Noon*, there *Day*, there *Night*,
Melts wax, dries clay, makes floures some quick, some dead;
Makes the *Moore* black, and th' *Europæan* white,
Th' *American* tawny, and th' *East Indian* red:

So in our little world this *Soule* of ours,
Being onely one, and to one body tyed,
Doth vse on diuerse obiects diuerse powers,
And so are her effects diuersified.

There is an account of Sir John Davies, and an excellent critique on this Poem and his other works in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. v. p. 44. See also the *Biog. Britann.*, vol. iii. p. 1616, where several extracts from his Poems are given; Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 181; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 400; Phillips's *Theatr. Poet.*, p. 271, ed. 1800; Cooper's *Muses Library*, p. 331; Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. ii. p. 369; Campbell's *Introd.*, p. 184; Headley's *Beaut. Eng. Poet.*, vol. i. p. xxxvii; Hallam's *Introd. Lit. Europe*, vol. ii. p. 314; Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 95; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 220.

This first edition of the Poem sold in Heber's sale pt. iv. No. 550, for 1*l.* 1*s.*; and in Bindley's ditto, pt. iv. No. 1928, for 2*l.* 19*s.* It was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*

Collation: Title A ii.; Sig, A to M i. in fours.

The Title in this copy is inlaid, otherwise in good state.

Bound by C. Smith. In Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

DAVISON, (FRANCIS.)— A Poetical Rapsodie. Containing: Diuerse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, Epigrams, Pastorals, Eglo-

gues, with other Poems both in Rime and measured Verse. For varietie and pleasure the like neuer yet published.

The Bee and Spider by a diuerse power
Sucke Hony and Poyson from the selfe same flower.

Newly corrected and augmented. London, Printed by William Stansby for Roger Iackson dwelling in Fleet-street neere the great Conduit. 1611. 8vo, pp. 224.

Among the various collections of our early poetical miscellanies, which have been the means of preserving and extending the knowledge of many of the beautiful compositions of our early poetical writers, and many of which, like the present, are now become exceedingly scarce, the *Poetical Rapsodie* of Davison may be considered as one of the most important; and if it is not adorned with some of the sparkling lyrical gems which glitter in *England's Helicon* from the pens of Lodge, Breton, Marlow and others, of which the present volume is believed to be an imitation, it yet may boast of such illustrious names as Spenser, Sidney, Davis, Watson, Constable, Greene, Sylvester and Sir Walter Raleigh, besides those of the two brothers, Francis and Walter Davison. The first edition was published in 1602, and was so popular that it was successively reprinted with additions in 1608, 1611 and 1621. Of this first edition only one copy is known, which is in Malone's collection in the Bodleian, and has been reprinted by Mr. Collier in his valuable series of our Early Poetical Miscellanies. Besides this by Mr. Collier, it was reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges, at his private press at Lee Priory in 1814, 8vo, 100 copies, under the care of Mr. Haslewood: and again, also, at London in 1826, in two volumes, 8vo, with a memoir, and other additions by Sir H. Nicolas.

The principal contributor and editor of this miscellany was Francis Davison, son of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, whose favour he had lost by hastening the death of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots in 1587, and who died in 1608. Francis Davison, being himself a poet, was better able to form a judgment of the relative merits of his contemporaries, and to discriminate in the selection he made from their poetical contributions. And this adds to the value and interest of the present work as compared with others of our poetical miscellanies. It is preceded by a short preface "To the Reader" given at length in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i.

p. 165, which contains an interesting notice of his brother, Walter Davison, and a few words relating to himself, which we here extract. He says that the poems of his brother were taken without his consent, he being then in the Low-country wars: "These poems in particular, under the name of Anonymous, were written (as appeareth by divers things, to Sir Philip Sidney living, and of him, dead) almost twenty years since, when poetry was farre from that perfection to which it hath now attained: that my brother is by profession a souldier, and was not eighteen years old when he writ these toys: that my owne were made most of them sixe or seven yeares since, at idle times as I journeyed up and downe during my travails."

The present edition contains an alphabetical list of the contents, and a dedicatory sonnet by the editor "To the most noble, honorable, and worthy Lord, William Earle of Pembroke, Lord Herbert of Cardiffe, Marmison, and St. Quintin." We have already mentioned the names of some of the illustrious authors, whose pieces adorn the *Poetical Rapsodie*, among which may be noticed: Two Pastorals on Sir Edward Dyer and M. Fulke Grevill, afterwards Lord Brooke, by Sir Philip Sidney: a Dialogue in praise of Astrea, *i.e.* Queen Elizabeth, by Mary Countess of Pembroke: several Sonnets from Watson's *Hecatompathia*: an Eglogue upon the Death of Sir Philip Sidney, by A. W., supposed to be Arthur Warren or Andrew Willet, but probably by neither: a tribute of praise to Samuel Daniel, Prince of English Poets: one or two versions of Anacreon's little well known poem on Cupid: and other poetical effusions, all of which having already been reprinted, we content ourselves by quoting the following as being two of the shortest we can find:

Madrigal.— To Cupid.

Love, if a God thou art
Then ever more thou must
Be mercifull and iust;
If thou be iust, O wherefore doth thy Dart
Wound mine alone, and not my Ladies Hart?

If mercifull; — then why
Am I to paine reseru'd,
Who haue thee truely seru'd;
While she that by thy power sets not a flie
Laughes thee to scorne, and liues at libertie?

Then, if a God thou wil't accounted be,
Heale me like her, or else wound her like me.

That time hath no power to end or diminish his love.

Time wasteth yeares, and months, and daies, and houres,
Time doth consume fame, riches, wit and strength
Time kills the greenest herbes, and sweetest flowers,
Time weares out youth, and Beauties pride at length,
Time maketh every tree to die and rot,
Time turneth oft our pleasures into paine,
Time causeth warres and wrongs to be forgot,
Time cleares the skie that first hung full of raine,
Time brings to nought the mightiest Princes state,
Time brings a floud from new resolued snow.
Time calmes the Sea where tempests roared late,
Time eates whatso'ere the Moone doth see below:
Yet shall no time vpon my heart preuaile
Nor any time shall make my loue to faile.

This is believed to be the third impression, and also the last which was issued in the life time of the editor who is supposed to have died in 1619. But little is known of the events of his life beyond the fact of his publishing various pieces of his own composition, besides being the chief collector and editor of those of others, and living on friendly terms with many of the most eminent writers and poets of his day. For further information respecting this interesting miscellany, we may refer our readers to *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 164; Collier's *Bibliog. Catal.*, vol. i. p. 187; and to the reprints we have already named.

It sold at Perry's sale for 3*l.* 19*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1767, 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; Heber's ditto, pt. viii. No. 628, 7*l.* 10*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 209, 12*l.* 12*s.*

Fine copy — In the original Vellum binding.

DAVISON'S POEMS, or a Poetical Rapsodie. Diuided into sixe Bookes. The fourth Impression. Newly corrected and augmented. London, Printed by B. A. for Roger Iackson. 1621. 8vo, pp. 288.

In this the last of the original editions of Davison's *Miscellany*, and published after his death, the contents of the volume were entirely re-arranged. At the end of the leaves containing the alphabetical table of contents are

the initials D. P.; but for whom they are intended is not known. The contents of the volume, putting aside the altered arrangement, are the same as the last edition. The work, probably from its rarity, is unnoticed by Headley and some others of our poetical critics.

A poor copy of this edition sold at Skegg's sale for *4l.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1768, *4l.* 18*s.*; Lloyds ditto, No. 379, *5l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 210, some leaves MS., *6l.* 6*s.* There is a copy in Malone's collection in the Bodleian Library.

Bound in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Daye, (Angell.) — Daphnis and Chloe. Excellently describing the weight of affection, the simplicitie of loue, the purport of honest meaning, the resolution of men, and disposition of Fate, finished in a Pastorall, and interlaced with the praises of a most peerlesse Princesse, wonderfull in Maiestie, and rare in perfection, celebrated within the same Pastorall, and therefore termed by the name of the Shepheards Holidaie. By Angell Daye.

Altior fortuna virtus.

At London Printed by Robert Waldegraue, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church-yard at the signe of the Crane. 1587. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 118.

Angell Day, the author of this rare pastoral romance, was the son of Thomas Day of London, Parish Clerk, and was bound apprentice to Thomas Duxsell, Citizen and Stationer of London, for twelve years, from Christmas Day 1563. But, like some other printers, he took to writing books instead of remaining at the press, and was the author or compiler of a popular work called *The English Secretarie, or plaine and direct Method for the inditing of all manner of Epistles or Letters, as well familiar as others &c. Compiled by Angell Day. Printed by Richard Jones,* &c., 1587, 4to, blk. lett.; a work which was in great repute and went through several editions, and still may be referred to with profit and advantage by a student of Elizabethan literature. Mr. Collier seems to think he was the father of John Day, the celebrated dramatic poet, so frequently mentioned in Henslow's *Diary*, and the

author of *The Parliament of Bees*, London, 1641, 4to; *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, London, 1659, 4to; and other plays. The present work is dedicated "To the Rightlie ennobled in all virtues, Sir William Hatton, Knight," &c., to whom, in defence of his offering, he says, "To *Virgil* there was an *Augustus*, to *Horace* a *Mecœnas*, to *Cicero* a *Cœsar*, to *Apelles* an *Alexander*. If to these? how much more then to me needeth there, to couer the deformitie of my stile, a most exquisite Patron." The Pastoral is divided into four Books, and is interspersed with songs and other pieces of poetry, and the "Shepheards Holiday," at the close of the third Book, is chiefly in verse. The scene is laid in the Isle of Mitylene, and the subject is the old story of the loves of Daphnis and Chloe, but without the licentious impurity of the French version, with some very pleasing descriptions of rural scenery and of pastoral life. Witness the following passage taken from the first Book:

The season was then of the yeare, about the beginning of the spring, when the very delicacie of *Floras* selfe was growen to her most naturall prime, and she as lady and queene of that iollie being, had by a meere earthly shew of most exquisite perfourmance, coloured her walkes and passages with blossomes of sweetest verdure and die most perfect, for the more ample beautifying and enrichment of all her seemly creatures. Hearbs then began to be in their force, trees in their pride, fields in their brauerie, floures in their sweetenes, and the earth in her delicacie. The birds had felicitie to resound their variable notes to the woods, and to acquaint the hedge rowes with their warbling tunes, the lambes and tender kids skipped upon the hillockes, the yong rammes hurtled on the bankes with their wreathed hornes, and had pleasure to pearch to the highest mountaines, the bees sweetlye murmured from under their hiues, and all that frequented the pastures had vniuersall gladnes.

The ensuing description of the first symptoms of the simple and artless affection of Daphnis and Chloe for each other, is expressed in a very natural and pleasing manner, and is worthy of quotation:

The louely shepehard thus raized vp from so depe a dongeon, and by y^e^ gentle trauaile of y^e^ Nimph freed of the great feare wherinto he was falne, casting many times his bashfull and deep percing countenance towards her, could not for the present deuise with what kinde of speaches (sufficient to so great a benefit) to salute her. And much the rather was he nowe so mazed, for that at that instant more then at any time before, it seemed there harbored in her delicate spirits, a more stronger efficacie than euer hee had ere then perceiued, in her lookes were caried an especiall eye marke of he knewe not what kynde of most sweete and pleasing delight, some one thing more then common rested as he thought in the precious content of her well applied countenance, her speeche was not as the ordinarie sound of her

accustomed deliuerance, her gestures (amiable in themselues) were fraught as now to his seeming, with a more estranged kinde of excellence: Neither knew he whence the humor hereof proceeded, albeit he felt himselfe euen then deepely touched, but embracing wyth an vnacquainted desire the conceit where-into hee was carried by the present obiect, he only framed some few speeches in acknowledgement of this first conceiued benefit, which by the watchfull regard of *Chloe* he had already receiued.

This being the first publicke place wherein loue, either by looke or gesture had made way into the secret thoughts of these two louers to be discerned, *Daphnis* as yet ignorant of his passion, and holding himselfe highly pleased, but nothing lesse than satisfied in beholding of *Chloe*, reposed his chiefest content to gaze vpon hir, and the most pretious part of his delight in kissing hir, wherin redoubling eftsoones the pleasures thereby conceiued a sweeter humor than that which the hony Bee by nature congealeth, or the Candy sugar in taste deliuerith, issued (as hee thought) from her lippes, hir lookes were as piercing arrows, and *Cupid* himselfe seemed to lodge in the very eie-browes of hir countenance. Rosie, nay far more orient was the hew, that hir hastie pace and yet panting breathing to relieue him, had setled vpon her cheekes, the delay mingled, where-upon was the very die of the white and purest marble. Hir lockes dispersed on hir shoulders in colour like the burnisht yellow of the finest gold, made hir to appeare as one of the nymphs, whom *Iupiter* erst fauored, or *Apollo* with ardent flames whilom eagerly pursued. Pleasing, and more than pleasing, was shee to be seene at that instant, and such as wherein, not *Daphnis* alone, but the pore cow-heard *Dorcon* also more than ordinarily reioiced.

As a specimen of the poetical powers of the author, we quote a short and fantastical song by Daphnis in praise of his love. We hope it will not cloy our readers with its sweets:

Sweete sweetned be the houres, the daies, the monthes and times,
Wherein with sweete conceipts my soule, thy sweetned fauor climes.
Sweete be thy lookes, thy touch, thy speach, thy gate and all
Ten thousand sweets betide thee still, whose sweetnes staines them all.
Ye floures whose motlie hues do pranke in Natures pride
Do shrowd your selues, and for my sweete, your beauties lay aside.
Ye temp'rate westerne winds, whose aire yeilds sweetned breath
Denie your sweete to be as hers, whose sweet yeelds life or death.
Ye deintie tuned fowles whose notes do decke the spring,
Confesse in hearing of her soundes, your sweets small pleasure bring.
Ye christall sacred springs, ye vales, and mountaines hie,
Whose pleasant walkes her passage decks, and spreading fauours die
Agree with me in this, my sweete (surpassing far)
Excels the sweetnes of you all, and doth your pleasures bar.

Take another short song of complaint, addressed to Pan by Daphnis, in testimony of his unchangeable love, and "reserued at one time or other in some of the trees there-abouts to be engrauen":

To loue, alas, what may I call this loue?
This vncouth loue, this passion woundrous straunge,
A mischiefe deadlie, such as for to proue
My heart would shunne, if powre I had to chaunge.

To chaunge, said I? recant againe that sound,
Recant I must, recant it shall indeed
Sith in my heart so many things abound
As yeelds desert how ere my fancies speede.

Sweete is the lure that feeds my gazing eies,
Sweete be the lookes that whet my hot desire,
Sweete is the harbour where my quiet lies,
But to vnsweete, the meanes for to aspire.

Yet must I loue? I must, and so I doe.
Suppoze it hard the thing whereat I reach
Who doubtes but pearles are for the best to wooe,
And greatest mindes to highest actions stretch.

Be witnes yet (my flockes) of all my paine
And sacred groues that knowe my iust complaint
Let aie my loue within this barke remaine
Whom harmefull force haue neuer power to taint.

At the end of the third Book occurs "The Shepheards Holiday." This part is chiefly in verse, and is an encomiastic tribute to the virtues and greatness of Queen Elizabeth:

To this feast (the Shepheards Holiday) came the good *Melibœus* and *Faustus*, the yong and gallant *Thyrsis*, *Philetas*, and *Tytirus*, with sundrie the most ancient and skilfull shepheards, descending out of the places most statelie of all that Island, they brought thither in signe of their loues, many fayre and gallant presents, which they offered for her safetie, whome they honored, to the father of the gods, to *Pan*, and to all the *Nymphes*. *Eliza* was the most excellent and braue *Princesse*, in whose fauor, memorie, regarde, and kingly worthynesse, they ioyntly thus assembled, to celebrate with perpetuall vowes, her famous and long continued happinesse. And to the intent, this festiuall, as it was the day peculiar and most principall among the shepheards, and wherein each one then indeauoured to be commended, in the greatest and highest actions, so gaue they it a name singular and proper to their owne intendments, calling it vniuersallie the *Holiday* of the *Shepeheards*, which in sort following began to be effected.

The sacrifices, sports and triumphs, having been performed, Melibæus, a grave old man, is called upon, and reverently uncovering himself, and standing up before all the company, delivers a long address or "invention" in verse, in which he shows the power and superiority of worth and virtue

over wealth, possessions, glory, pomp, and all that the world can offer; from which, inasmuch as it affords a favourable example of the author's style, we are tempted to select a considerable portion. Angel Day is evidently more of a rhetorician than a poet, but still is not deficient at times in felicity of expression and smoothness and softness of diction, and his name deserves to be placed among the pleasing versifiers, if it cannot form one in the brilliant galaxy of poets in that golden age of our national literature.

In statelie Ròmance of the worthie liues
Of mightie princes free from fortunes grieues,
And such as whilom in their kyngly raygne,
Of vertues selfe were deemed soueraigne;
From out the stocke of euery princely line,
A choyce was made of noble worthies nine.
Of these, and such as these a manie moe
Haue diuers Poets written long agoe
In skilfull verse; and to the world made knowne
The sondrie vertues in their liues that shone.
For Kingdomes well we know, and statelie rule,
Possessions large, and chaire of honours stoole,
Gold, pearle, and stones with iewels rich of price,
Large pallaces built by deintie rare deuice:
Yea, all the pompe that worlde can here afford,
Or masse of treasure laide in manie a hoorde;
Ne are each one but for the roome they beare,
A mortall shewe that earthly honors reare.
But when we come to talke of worthines,
Of Kinglie actes and Princely noblenes,
Of right renowne each where that spredeth farre,
Of honored titles both in peace and warre,
Of their decease that euer liue by fame:
'Tis vertue then that yeeldes a glorious name.
The welth of *Crœsus* quicklie was forgot,
Darius eke his rule by death did blot,
And *Philips* sonne, the *Macedonian* King,
His latest powre in shrowde of graue did bring.
King *Dauids* sonne, the tipe of sapience,
That whilom liu'd in greatest excellence,
His gloryous state in life wherein he was,
Is shiuered all like to a broken glas.
His rich attire, his pompe, and dailie charge,
His rarest buildings, chambers wide and large,

His temple huge, with pillers stately built,
Sweet smelling roofe with rafters ouer guilt
The plated walles of brightest golde vpon,
And costlie siluer fret with manie a stone.
His pallace, and the numbred square degrees,
That from his throne a deepe descent contriues
With equal numbers matcht of lions strong
Of massie golde, vpholding pillers long
Of marble white, with veines by nature wrought
In precious wise, as rich as may be thought.
His costly throne bright shining to the eie,
That in it selfe retein'd a dignitie;
His many pleasures, thousands moe than one,
In walkes, in fruits, in fountaines wrought of stone,
In musike strange, in sugred harmonie,
By sound stroke, and voices melodie;
In quicke solutions made of strange demands,
In sundrie artes wrought foorth by diuers handes;
In womens pleasures, and their sugred smiles;
In all the giftes of fortune and her wiles;
In what by nature could for sweete delight
Befit the mind, or please the outward sight;
What each conceipt imagine could or scan,
That might contenting be to any man:
All this and more, by all that may be thought
On earth to please, or liking breede in ought,
Were it in skill, in word, or power to frame,
The same in him did breede a glorious name.
Yet perisht is his rich and fine array,
So that as erst I may conclude to saye
These gifts of fortune, sounds of earthly glorie,
Are of themselues but meerely transitorie:
The greatest Prince, but while he liues in powre
Renowmed is, and after in one howre,
If vertue be not then to him more kinde,
His death him reaues full quickly out of minde.

The address then, after recounting the praises of Alcibiades, of Charlemagne, of the Edwards and Henries of our own land, turns to the fair and peerless Eliza, and proceeds to chant forth all her praises and virtues in glowing and enthusiastic terms:

THou stately *Nymph*, that in the shadie groues
The fayrest art of all whome *Dian* loues;

With quiuer deckt in glittering rayes of golde,
Thy maydens bowe full seemely dost thou holde;
Thy garments are of siluer shining white,
Thy feature rare, and fil'de with sweete delight:
Thy golden tresse like *Phœbus'* burnisht chaire,
Whom sweete *Zephyrus* puffes with pleasant ayre:
Like *Venus* selfe (or if but one, then she
Of all the *Nymphes* may more surpassing be)
Then like to hir, or hir excelling farre,
Thy seemely hue all other features barre.
Thy gestures are, on honors placed hie,
Thy lookes do beare a princely Maiestie.
Thy honoured minde with dignitie is clad,
Thy bountie rare, the like but seldom seene,
And port-like shewe beseeming such a Queene,
Thy nurse was skill, *Minerua* gaue thee sucke,
And *Iuno* prest to yeeld thee happie lucke:
Thy cradle was on *Tempe* placed hie,
Within the walkes of pleasant *Thessalie.*
Full oft within those virgine yeares of thine,
Both *Ida* woods and bankes of Muses nine,
Both *Pegase* spring, and forked mountayne top
Hast thou possest, and eucrie roote and crop
That Science yeeldes, with all the sweete delights,
Where Poets wont refresh their dulled sprights:
Thy skilfull eye by choyce hath marked eft,
And from thy thoughts they neuer were bereft.
At morning walkes when forth thou list to go,
A crue of *Nymphs* attend thee to and fro,
Like fragrant smell of sweete *Auroras* dew,
When as the twinnes in *Titan* 'gin to shew
The freshest prime of all the pleasant yeare,
When lustie greene the brauest hue doth beare,
Or like the blossomes hie on branches sweete,
That stilled liquor of the morne hath weete,
Or as the beames of *Thetis* louer true,
When from hir bed he is but risen nue
In easterne skies to cast his cheerefull raies
Fore-dulled mindes in spring from dumps to raise.
So com'st thou forth in royall vestures dight,
Fresh as the rose, of colour red and white:
The glorie great of *Brutus'* great renowne,
Distilling fauours each where drophing downe.

The rurall gods, about my chariot flocke,
That milke-white steeds of *Pegase* heauenly stocke,
With breathing nostrils sparkling fire amaine
Do trampling drawe, and fomie bits constraine.
Thy virgin sway the gastly impes admire,
And seeke by flight to shunne their deep desire,
Which wish to see, and cannot gaze their fill
Vpon hir shape, whom yet they honor still.
Of youthfull peeres eke issue foorth a route
That fiercely mounted hie thy chayre about,
Like to the traine that once *Bellona* led,
When on her altars prowde they incense shed
Triumphant on the honor and the spoile,
That fell to *Rome* by mightie *Affrickes* foile,
They stately stride, and beating earth and skies,
With neighing sound of horses loud that flies
Now here, now there, this one, and that amayne,
Doth ioy himselfe to shew in formost trayne.
With curled lockes like to the blooming spring
And colours deck't that secret sauours bring,
In costly robes of *Pallas* curious wrought,
Bedeckt with gold and pearles from *Pactole* brought.
Then *Phoebe* like, thou gladsome mornings starre
To them appear'st, or like the gleames afarre
That issue foorth before the glittering chayre,
When *Phœbus* first him busseth in the ayre,
And salued is with fauours bright and sheene
Of hir that called is the *Mornings Queene:*
Who vailing of her hue that is so white,
The darkened shadowe of the glomie night,
Distressed hartes that long the day to see,
Forthwith doth lade with euerie kinde of glee.
Such (gracious *Nimphe*) so pleasing is thy face,
Like comfort yeeldes thy hie distilling grace,
A heauens repose to seelie shepheards is
To vewe the shadoe of thy heauenly blis.
And when thy pleasures be to rest thee downe,
Or neere the fountaine spring at after noone
Amidst the shades of hiest toppes to straie
To fore the euening in a sommers daie,
Where coolest blastes of sweete *Zephyrus* straines,
His gentle breath throughout his pleasant vaines
Each chirping birde his notes wel tuned hie,
Yeeldes forth to thee their sweetest harmonie.

The fairest then of al the gallant crue
Of water *Nymphs*, that fields and fountaines sue,
And such as haunt with siluer bowe the chace,
Thy virgin steppes ful meekely do embrace
The *Satyres* and of shepheardes mightie *Pan*
Commandes the fields to thy obedience than.
Since *Ceres* first these thickie groues pursued,
And countrie soile with sacred walkes endued:
Since that *Apollo's* curled lockes of gold
For *Daphnis* loue in tresses gan to fold:
Since that *Actæon* by the water side
Transformed was in forest large and wide:
Their neuer *Nymphe* so chairie was to viewe,
That did the walkes of *Phœbe* chaste pursue
Nor of such honor blasing in each eie
Nor crowned so with statelie dignitie,
Nor to her Peeres and vassals al so deere,
Nor of such port, and euer louing cheere,
Ne middest so manie that right famous beene
In grounded Science was so throughly seene:
Nor better could with Muses al accorde,
Nor vnto whom the gods could more afforde,
Nor yet of Virtue held so hie a prize,
Nor in all knowledge deemed was so wise,
Nor kept by peace more quiet all her daies,
Ne happy stood so many diuers waies,
As faire *Eliza* thou of heauens the care.
The elder times ne may with thee compare,
For if I should thy soueraignte deseriue,
These 29. yeares for to contriue,
Thy royall state and glory passing great,
Thy wondrous acts, if here I should repeat;
Th' unspotted honor of thy princely race,
And how thou rulest now with kingly mace,
The riches that by this thy rule abound,
The happie daies that we for thee haue found,
Thy bountie shining as the christall skie,
Thy yeares replenisht with all clemencie,
The load star of thy gracious sweete conceipt,
Yea, when it was surpriz'd by deepe deceit:
It were a world to thinke vpon the same,
So honored is each where thy Princely fame.
Not English shore alone, but farther coasts
Both of thy name, and of thy honour boasts.

In vncouth seas, in soile till then vnknowne
Thy worthy Captaines haue thy praises blowne,
And pillers set, and markes of signorie,
Aduauncing there thy mightie Monarchie;
And lands subdued to fore by forraigne states,
That heare report of these thy blisful fates;
And of thy peereles name so might'ly borne,
And how thy virtues do thy seat adorne;
The glorie of thy stately swaie and power,
That springeth vp as doth the lillie flower;
They sue and seeke, and humblie make request
To yeeld them-selues vnto thy hie behest.
So sacred *Queene*, so fittes the noble name
Of this our Island stil to rule with fame;
So fits that she who others doth excell,
Be deemed from all to beare away the bell.
Eft haue the shepeheards song thy sweetest praise,
And them ychaunted on their holidaies.
Eft in their feasts they doe record thy deedes,
And regall mind whence all thine acts proceedes,
And with halfe sounding voice of shiuering dread,
As men amazed at thy seemely head,
They with whispering sound as eft thou passest by,
They praie to *Ioue* to keep thy Maiestie.

We fear that this article on Day's Pastoral has been unwittingly extended to too great a length, but we must plead in excuse, not only the intrinsic merit and interest of the work, and as adding another name to the long catalogue of poetical writers of the Elizabethan period, but also the extreme rarity of the volume, the present being the only copy known to exist, and the circumstance of its not having been previously described by any bibliographer. It is not mentioned by Lowndes, nor by his latest editor, *The English Secretarie* being the only work noticed under this writer's name. See Collier's *Extracts from the Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i. p. 80.

Collation: Title and "Epistle Dedicatorie," two leaves; then Sig. A to P 1 in fours.

Bound in Crimson Morocco.

DAY, (JAMES.) — A New Spring of Divine Poetrie.

I. Day philomusus composuit
—— inest sua gratia parvis.

Printed at London by T. C. for Humphry Blunden, at his shop neere the Castle Taverne, in Corne-hill. 1637. 4to, pp. 54.

This small poetical tract has an acrostic dedication "To Mistris Bridget Rudge," after which are ten metrical lines, inscribed "Votum Auctoris," commendatory verses by "H. G." and "T. J.," and a poetical "Preface." The subjects of the two principal Poems are "The Worldes Metamorphosis" and "Christs Birth and Passion," which are followed by some shorter miscellaneous pieces. A short extract from the first Poem, descriptive of the innocence and harmony which prevailed in paradise, will afford a fair specimen of the work:

And now the little birds doe every day,
Sit singing in the boughs, and chirpe, and play,
The Phesant and the Partridge slowly flye,
Vndaunted even before the Faulcons eye;
Now comes *Behemoth* with his lordly gate,
Gazing, as if he stood admiring at
So rich a frame, first having fixt his sight
On glorious earth, he alwayes tooke delight
In viewing that; and would not looke on high;
Nay all the glorious spangles of the skye
Could not entice him, ever from his birth
He spent his time in looking on the earth.
All other beasts their greedy eyes did fling
On lovely earth, as did their crowned King:
Yea, now the Lion with the Lambe did goe,
And knew not whether blood were sweete or no,
The little Kids to shew their wanton pride,
Came dancing by the loving Tiger's side,
The Hare being minded with the Hounds to play,
Would give a sporting touch, and so away,
And then returne, being willing to be found,
And take his turne to chace the wanton Hound.
The busie Mice sat sporting all the day,
Meane while the Cat did smile to see them play.
The Foxe stands still, to see the Geese asleepe,
The harmelesse Wolfe now grazeth with the Sheepe;
Here was no raping, but all beasts did lye
As link'd in one, O Heavenly Sympathy!
The goodly Pastures springing from the Clay,
Did wooe their mouthes to banquet, all the way

Was spread with dainty herbes, and as they found
Occasion, they would oft salute the ground;
Those uncontrouled creatures then begunne
To sport, and all lay basking in the Sunne,
No creature was their Lord, gainesaid by none,
As if that Heaven and Earth were all their owne.

Of the author of these Poems, or his circumstances, nothing appears to be known; but from the commendatory verses prefixed to them, we learn that they were composed in the morning of his days, when

The downy characters of blooming youth
Scarce wrote him man.

A copy was priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 911, at 4*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 553, 11*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1647, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. iv. No. 1098, 16*s.* 6*d.*; Sir F. Freeling's ditto, No. 1042, 15*s.*; Rice's ditto, No. 759, 17*s.*; and Skegg's ditto, No. 515, 1*l.* 2*s.*

Collation: Sig. (*) two leaves; A to G 1, in fours.

The Freeling copy. Bound by James Black. In Russia; gilt leaves.

Daye, (John.) — The Parliament of Bees, with their proper Characters. Or a beehive furnisht with twelve Hony-combes, as Pleasant as Profitable. Being an Allegoricall description of the actions of good and bad men in these our daies. By Iohn Daye. Sometimes Student of Caius Colledge, Cambridge.

Ovidius
——— mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliæ plena ministret aquæ.

London: Printed for William Loe, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard neere Paul's Chaine. 1641. 4to, pp. 54.

Opposite the title is a large rude woodcut representing the Queen Bee sitting in state in Parliament, crowned, with the mace on a table before her, and surrounded by other Bees, with four lines underneath:

The Parliament is held, Bils and Complaints
Heard and reform'd, with severall restraints
Of usurpt freedome; instituted Law
To keepe the Common-Wealth of Bees in awe.

The work is dedicated in prose "To the worthy Gentleman Mr. George Butler, professor of the Arts Liberall, and true Patron to neglected Poesie." This is followed by "The Arguments of the 12 Characters or Colloquies;" "The Author's commission to his Bees;" and "The Book to the Reader;" all in verse.

The work consists of twelve satirical Dialogues or Colloquies in rhyme, each of them separate, and without any connection, being "an allegorical description of the actions of good and bad men," written by John Day, the author of the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, the *Ile of Guls*, and some other Comedies, who lived in the time of James I., who was himself an actor, and a writer not undeserving of esteem. He is supposed to have been the son of Angel Day, whose pastoral romance of *Daphnis and Chloe* we have just noticed. We do not know the exact time of his death, but his friend John Tatham wrote an Elegy upon him in his *Fancies Theater*, 1640.

Of Day's present work, *The Parliament of Bees*, the 11th Character or Colloquy is styled "Obron or Progresse;" the Speakers are four in number, Obron, Agricola, Pastoralis and Flora; and the remarks of the latter and of Obron are pleasing, and not unworthy of quotation:

Flo. Flora, Obrons Gardener,
Huswife both of herbs and flowers,
To strew thy shrine, and trim thy bowers,
With Violets, Roses, Eglantine,
Daffadowne, and blew Columbine
Hath forth the bosome of the Spring
Pluckt this nose-gay, which I bring
From *Eleusis* mine owne shrine, *(Ita Scaliger.)*
To thee a Monarch all divine:
And as true impost of my grove,
Present it to great *Obrons* love.
Obr. Honey deawes refresh thy Meads,
Cowslips spring with golden heads,
July-flowers, and Carnations weare
Leaves double streak't with Maiden haire,
May thy Lillies taller grow,
Thy Violets fuller sweetnesse owe;
And last of all may *Phœbus* love
To kisse thee, and frequent thy grove,
As thou in service true shalt be,
Unto our Crowne and Royaltie,
Keep all your places, well we know
Your loves, and will regard 'em too.
Agric. In signe that we thy words beleeve,
As well the birth-day as the eve
We will keep holy: Our winged Swaines,
Neither for pleasure, nor for gaines,
Shall dare profane't, so lead away
To solemnize this holy day.

The 12th and last character is called "The High Bench Bar," in which

Obron in his Star-Chamber sits
Sends out Subpœnas, High Court Writs,
To th' Mr. Bee: degradeth some,
Fines others, all share legal doome.

The transgressing Bees,

these wicked three,
The Wasp, the Drone, and Humble Bee,

are then brought forth, degraded, and condemned to everlasting banishment

Underneath two hanging rocks *Gehennæ.*
(Where babbing *Eccho* sits and mocks
Poore Travellers) there lyes a grove,
With whom the Sun's so out of love,
He never smiles on't, (pale Despaire
Cals it his monarchall chaire)
Fruit halfe ripe, hang rivell'd and shrunk
On broken armes, torne from the trunk
The moorish pooles stand emptie, left
By water, stolne by cunning theft
To hollow banks, driven out by Snakes,
Adders and Newts, that own these lakes:
The mossie weeds halfe sweltered, serv'd
As beds for vermin hunger sterv'd:
The woods are Yew-trees, rent and broke
By whirle-winds, here and there an Oake
Halfe cleft with thunder, to this grove
We banish them. *All.* Some mercie, *Iove.*
Obr. You should have cry'd so in your youth,
When *Chronos* and his Daughter *Truth*
Sojourn'd amongst you, when you spent
Whole years in ryotous merriment,
Thrusting poore Bees out of their hives,
Seazing both honey, wax, and lives,
You should have call'd for mercie, when
Instead of giving poore Bees food,
You eat their flesh and drunk their blood.
All. Be this our warning. *Obr.* 'Tis too late,
Fairies, thrust them to their fate.

With this banishment, after a few more lines addressed to Prorex, the book concludes.

Charles Lamb, whose taste was never at fault, seems to have been particularly struck with this fanciful and interesting production. He twice gives extracts from it in his later specimens. We have great pleasure in referring our readers to him.

A copy was sold in Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 989, for 1*l.* 17*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. iv. No. 725, 2*l.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 554, 2*l.*; and Skegg's ditto, 2*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Sig. A (the Title) one leaf; B to H 2, in fours, twenty-seven leaves, exclusive of the woodcut.

Bound in Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

Day (The) of Doom: — Or a Description of the Great and Last Judgment. With a short Discourse about Eternity.

Eccles. 12. 14.
For God shall bring every work into Judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

London, Printed by W. G. for John Sims, at the Kings-

Head at Sweetings-Alley-end in Cornhill, next house to the Royal-Exchange. 1673. 12mo. pp. 96.

There were several Ballads on the subject of the Day of Doom, or Dooms-day is at hand, printed in the sixteenth century, the earliest we have met with being one licensed to Richard Jacson in 1566, entitled: "The Day of domme when all men shall to Jugement comme." A work also on this subject "translated out of Duche into Englysshe by John Duesbrugh" was printed by Robert Wyer, 16mo., about the same period. The present little volume was published anonymously, and is without any preface or introduction, save only a metrical "Prayer unto Christ the Judge of the World," thirty octave lines, one leaf. The Poem of the Day of Doom consists of 224 octave stanzas, the alternate lines in each being in double rhymes. It is written, notwithstanding this bondage, with considerable ease and fluency, as the Reader may observe from our quotation of a few of the opening stanzas:

I.

Still was the night, serene and bright,
when all men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season and carnal reason
thought so 'twould last for ay.
Soul take thine ease, let sorrow cease,
much good thou hast in store;
This was their song their cups among,
the evening before.

II.

Wallowing in all kind of Sin,
vile Wretches lay secure;
The best of men had scarcely then
their Lamps kept in good ure.
Virgins unwise, who through disguise
amongst the best were number'd,
Had clos'd their eyes;—yea, and the wise
through sloth and frailty slumber'd.

III.

Like as of old, when men grew bold
Gods threatnings to contemn,
Who stopt their ear, and would not hear
when mercy warned them:
But took their course, without remorse
till God began to pour
Destruction the World upon,
in a tempestuous shower.)

IV.

They put away the evil day,
and drown'd their cares
Till drown'd were they, and swept away
by vengeance unawares:
So at the last, whilst men sleep fast
in their security
Surpriz'd they are in such a snare
as commeth suddenly.

V.

For at midnight broke forth a light,
which turn'd the night to day:
And speedily an hideous cry
did all the World dismay.
Sinners awake, their hearts do ake,
trembling their loyns surprizeth;
Amaz'd with fear, by what they hear,
each one of them ariseth.

VI.

They rush from beds with giddy heads,
and to their windows run,
Viewing this light, which shines more bright
than doth the noon-day Sun.
Straightway appears (they see't with tears)
the Son of God most dread;
Who with his train comes on amain
to judge both Quick and Dead.

VII.

Before his Face the Heav'ns give place,
and Skies are rent asunder,
With mighty voice and hideous noise,
more terrible than Thunder.
His brightness damps Heav'ns glorious lamps
and makes them hide their heads:
As if afraid, and quite dismai'd,
they quit their wonted steads.

VIII.

Ye sons of men that durst contemn
the threatnings of Gods word?
How cheer ye now? your hearts (I trow)
are thrill'd as with a sword.
Now Atheist blind, whose brutish mind
A God could never see;
Dost thou perceive, dost now believe
that Christ thy Judge shall be?

At the close of the principal Poem are some lines in heroic verse, without any title, on the vanity of all human objects, four pages, followed by "A short Discourse about eternity" mentioned in the title, in the same double rhyming metre as the Day of Doom, 22 stanzas. A long "Postscript to the Reader" in rhyming verse exceeding 400 lines, and "A Song of Emptiness to fill up the Empty Pages following" conclude the volume.

We have been informed on what we consider satisfactory authority, that the Rev. Mr. Wigglesworth was the author of this little volume, and that it has been reprinted in America with his name attached. See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 239.

Collation: Sig A to E 12, in twelves, but Sig. B omitted. pp. 96.
Bound by C. Smith. In Olive Calf extra, gilt leaves.

Dekker, (Thomas.)—The Wonderfull yeare, 1603. Wherein is shewed the picture of London, lying sicke of the Plague. At the ende of all (like a mery Epilogue to a dull Play) certaine Tales are cut out in sundry fashions, of purpose to shorten the liues of long winters nights, that lye watching in the darke for us.

Et me rigidi legant Catones.

London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be solde in Saint Donstones Church-yarde in Fleet-streete. n.d. (1603.) 4to, blk. lett. pp. 48.

This work has always been assigned to Thomas Dekker; but though scarce, it is not one of the rarest of his productions. Although his name nowhere appears in the volume, he acknowledges it to be his in the Introduction to the *Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, 4to, 1606, in which, speaking

of what happened "in that *Wonderfull yeere*, when these miserable calamities entred in at thy Gates, slaying 30,000 and more," he adds in a side note, "A Booke so called, written by the Author, describing the horror of the Plague in 1602, when there dyed 30,578 of that disease." While it professes to be printed by Thomas Creede, it has the woodcut device of Nicholas Ling the printer on the title-page, of the ling and honeysuckle intertwined, with his initials N. L. It is dedicated "To his wel-respected good friend, M. Cutbert Thuresby, Water-Bayliffe of London." This is followed by an address "To the Reader," to which is added a second short one of ten lines to the same, in which he apologizes for the insertion of certain stories at the end, relating to parties who might object to their appearance in print. The first part of the work, which is in prose, relates the death of Queen Elizabeth, which took place on the 24th of March, 1603, and is interspersed with some pieces of poetry referring to this event.

Never [says the author] did the English Nation behold so much black worne as there was at her Funerall. It was then but put on, to try if it were fit, for the great day of mourning was set downe (in the booke of heauen) to be held afterwards: that was but the dumb shew, the Tragical Act hath bin playing euer since. Her Herse (as it was borne) seemed to be an Iland swimming in water, for round about it, there rayned showers of teares, — about her death-bed none: — for her departure was so sudden and so strange, that men knew not how to weepe, because they had neuer bin taught to shed teares of that making. They that durst not speake their sorrowes, whisper'd them: they that durst not whisper, sent them foorth in sighes. Oh! what an Earth-quake is the alteration of a State! Looke from the Chamber of Presence to the Farmers cottage, and you shall finde nothing but distraction: the whole Kingdome seemes a wilderness, and the people in it are transformed to wild men. — — — Such was the fashion of this Land, when the great Landlady thereof left it: Shee came in with the fall of the leafe, and went away in the Spring: her life (which was dedicated to Virginitie) both beginning and closing up a miraculous Mayden circle: for she was borne upon a Lady Eue, and died upon a Lady Eue: her Natiuitie and death being memorable by this wonder: the first and last yeares of her Raigne by this, that a *Lee* was Lorde Maior when she came to the Crowne, and a *Lee* Lorde Maior when she departed from it. Three places are made famous by her for three things, *Greenewich* for her birth, *Richmount* for her death, *White-Hall* for her funerall: upon her remouing from whence (to lend our tiring prose a breathing time) stay, and looke upon these Epigrams, being composed:

1. *Vpon the Queenes last Remoue being dead.*

The Queene's remou'de in solemne sort,
Yet this was strange, and seldome seene,
The Queene us'de to remoue the Court,
But now the Court remou'de the Queene.

2. *Vpon her bringing by water to White Hall.*

The Queene was brought by water to White Hall,
At euery stroake the owers teares let fall.
More clung about the Barge: Fish vnder water
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swom blind after.
I thinke the Barge-men might with easier thyes
Haue row'de her thither in her peoples eyes.
For howsoe're, thus much my thoughts haue skan'd,
S'had come by water, had she come by land.

3. *Vpon her lying dead at White Hall.*

The Queene lies now at White Hall dead,
And now at White Hall liuing,
To make this rough obiection euen,
Dead at White Hall at Westminster,
But liuing at White Hall in Heauen.

The volume next describes the Proclamation of James I., and then gives an account of the dreadful Plague which happened in that year. The latter part of the work is filled up with "a certaine mingled troope of strange Discourses fashioned into Tales." These are short stories and anecdotes of events which happened to different persons during the Plague, particularly an affecting one of a bride being seized while at the altar of this dreadful complaint. This part is powerfully and graphically written in Dekker's peculiar style, and contains also many allusions to the habits and customs of that age. Amongst other things he notices the people going about during the plague, "most bitterly miching, and muffled up and downe with Rue and Wormewood stuft into their eares and nostrils, looking like so many Bores heads stuck with branches of Rosemary, to be serued in for Brawne at Christmas; and mentions that "the price of flowers, hearbes and garlands rose wonderfully, in so much that Rosemary which had wont to be sold for 12 pence an armefull, went now for six shillings a handfull." At the end on the last page he alludes to Derick the hangman, and to the celebrated collection of stories known as *Shakespeares Jest Book*, mentioned by him in "Much Ado about Nothing," act ii. sc. i., now become so rare that only an imperfect copy is known, the "Hundred Merry Tales." "I could fill a large volume," says he, "and call it the second part of the *hundred mery tales*."

The volume is printed in blk. lett., and, like all Dekker's works, is extremely curious and entertaining. It is reprinted in Morgan's *Phœnix Bri-*

tannicus, 8vo, 1732, vol. i. p. 27. See also *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 235, where it is priced at 10*l.* 10*s.*; Nassau's copy, pt. i. No. 1085, sold for 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 771, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1014, 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1684, 2*l.* 16*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2646, 6*l.* A copy is in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Collation: Title A 1, Sig. A to F 4, in fours.
In Speckled Calf, red edges.

Dekker, (Thomas.)—The Batchelers Banqvet: or, A Banqvet for Batchelers. Wherein is prepared sundry dainty Dishes to furnish their Tables, curiously drest, and seriously serued in. Pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of Women, their quicknesse of Wits, and vnsearchable Deceits.

View them well, but taste not,
Regard them well, but waste not.

London, Printed for Robert Bird, and are to be sold at his Shop in Cheapside, at the Signe of the Bible. 1630. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 80.

Although Dekker's name does not appear in any part of this tract, it has been usually attributed to him, and from internal evidence may be safely pronounced to proceed from his pen. Mr. Heber indeed, whose judgment was generally correct in such matters, felt rather doubtful on this point, simply from his popular name not appearing on the title-page. But this omission will hardly be thought a sufficient reason for refusing our assent to the claim of Dekker as its author. The volume commences at once after the title, without any dedication or prefatory address. The object of the work seems to be, to endeavour to reconcile Bachelors to their lonely condition by describing the capricious humours of married women towards their husbands, and the various whims, fancies, and extravagances they commit, whereby their husbands are tormented and disgusted; that all Bachelors may thus be warned to avoid entering into the matrimonial state, or, as the author humorously expresses it, of "getting into Lobs pound," *i.e.* of marrying wives who will bring them into poverty and trouble, and prove their plague and torment. It is divided into Chapters, fifteen in all,

each headed with some particular humour in which the ladies do not appear at all to advantage, but the stories are all in favour of the husbands. The tales are entirely in prose, and are written in a coarse but humorous style, occasionally bordering upon indelicacy. The work will not admit of quotation, but each Chapter ends with a moral resembling the following: "Thus the supposed blessednes which he expected by plunging himselfe in Lobs-Pound, is turned into sorrow, trouble, danger, and continuall discontent while life doth last." The first edition of this tract was published in 1603. It was several times reprinted, in 1630, 1660, 1677, 1679, and must have been highly popular.

See Collier's *Bridg. Cat.*, p. 104, and *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 558, where a copy of the edition of 1603 sold for 2*l.* 8*s.*; Steevens', No. 829, 1*l.* 16*s.*; Roxburghe, No. 6678, 2*l.* 15*s.*; Bright's, No. 1683, 3*l.* 12*s.*; White Knights, No. 357, 3*l.* 6*s.*; Nassau, pt. i. No. 1086, 4*l.* 16*s.*; Edit. 1630, Freeling, No. 1053, 2*l.*; North, pt. iii. No. 680, 3*l.* 1*s.*; Edit. 1677, Sir Mark M. Sykes, pt. i. No. 868, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Hibbert, No. 2644, 2*l.*; Utterson's, No. 673, 5*l.* 18*s.* A copy is in the Grenville collection.

Collation: Sig. A to K 3 in fours.

The Freeling copy. In Venetian Morocco, gilt leaves.

Dekker, (Thomas.) — The Batchelers Banquet, or, a Banquet for Batchelers. Wherein is prepared sundry dainty Dishes to furnish their Tables, curiously drest, and seriously serued in. Pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of Women, their quicknesse of Wits, and vnsearchable Deceits.

View them well, but taste not,
Regard them well, but waste not.

London, Printed by H. Bell, and are to be sold by Andrew Kembe, at his shop at Margarets-hill in Southwark, 1660. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 68.

This edition varies from the preceding one in having a woodcut on the title, representing Cupid seated at a desk with a book before him, "discoursing on the variable humours of women, their quicknesse of Wits, and unsearchable Deceits" to two or three couples who are standing around him. On the back of the title are these three stanzas:

You Batchellors that with us mean to feast,
Come all and welcome to our homely fare;
If at our Banquet you will be a Guest,
Here at our furnisht Table take a share:
Our Ordinary is but six pence price,
Variety of dishes, be not nice.

We must confess our board it is not spread
As is the married man's, with Carp and Lout;
We do not use to feed upon Cods-head,
Crabs, Ill-pies, Gudgeon, nor the dogget Pout:
For Flesh, we taste no Souse, no Lamb, no Quaile,
No Woodcock, Wigeon, Bittern, Goose nor Raile.

For our last service, we feed not on Chuse;
Small-reasons, Bitter-almonds, nor choak-pears;
We eat the best, and do the worst refuse,
Have good content, and sing away sad cares:
Good diet, English beer, and Spanish sherry,
Come Batchellors then let us all be merry.

From these lines it appears that the price of admittance to the Banquet to which the Batchelors were invited was sixpence. The contents of the volume are in all other respects similar to the edition of 1630. A copy of this impression sold in Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 1026, for 2*l.* 2*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii. No. 708, 3*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to I 2 in fours.

Half-bound in Blue Morocco, uncut.

Dekker, (Thomas.)—The Magnificent Entertainment: Giuen to King Iames, Queene Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, vpon the day of his Maiesties Tryumphant Passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable Citie (and Chamber) of London, being the 15. of March, 1603. As well by the English as by the Strangers: With the Speeches and Songes, deliuered in the seuerall Pageants.

Mart. Templa Deis, mores populis dedit, otia ferre,
Astra suis, Cælo sydera, serta Ioui.

Tho: Dekker.

Imprinted at London by T. C: (*i.e.* Thomas Creede) for Tho. Man the yonger. 1604. 4to, pp. 70.

The proclamation of James VI. as King of England having been announced on the death of Queen Elizabeth on the 24th March 1603, he immediately proceeded to take possession of his new inheritance. After taking leave of his own countrymen in the Scottish metropolis, he set forward amidst the rejoicings and festivities of his new subjects to the seat of the British capital, distributing by the way a profusion of titles and distinctions, and conferring the honour of knighthood upon more than two hundred persons. The entertainments and hospitalities he received on his progress from his English subjects were so numerous and gratifying, that several weeks elapsed before he reached London. On his arrival there he was welcomed with great joy and acclamations, and among other pageants prepared for his diversion was the "Magnificent Entertainment," the account of which by Dekker we are about to notice. This, owing to the dreadful plague which then had prevailed in London, and to James's hunting and feasting in the country, had been much delayed, so that nearly twelve months had elapsed from the period of his accession to his public entry from the Tower, and was much curtailed in the representation as well as in its passage through the city. It commences with "A Device (projecting downe, but till now not publisht) that should haue serued at his Maiesties first accesse to the Citie," in which the genius of the place first salutes the King in some verses, and the Seven Arches of Triumph erected on the occasion are noticed. The approach of the royal monarch, for whose entertainment these preparations were made, is thus described: "Behold, a farre off they spie him, richly mounted on a white Iennet, vnder a rich Canopy, sustained by eight Barons of the Cinque-ports; the Tower serving that morning but for his with-drawing Chamber, wherein hee made him ready: and from thence stept presently into his Citie of London, which for the time might worthily borrow the name of his Court Royall: His passage along that Court, offering it selfe (for more State) through seuen Gates, of which the first was erected at Fanchurch.*

* The Seven Triumphal Arches were: 1. In Fanchurch-street. 2. In Gracechurch street, by the *Italians*. 3. Near the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, by the *Dutch*. 4. Above the great Conduit in Cheapside. 5. Close to the little Conduit in Cheapside. 6. Above the Conduit in Fleet-street. 7. At Temple Bar, representing the temple of Janus.

A description of this then ensues, and is succeeded by accounts of "The Italian Pageant," and "The Pageant of the Dutch-men by the Royall-Exchange," with all the inscriptions and speeches made, "The Device at Soper-lane end," with representations of the five Senses, the three Graces, and other subjects, a speech in verse by "a Boy, one of the Choristers belonging to Paules," and the following song sung "by two Boyes (Choristers of Paules) deliuered in sweete and rauishing voyces:"

Cant.

Troynouant is now no more a Citie:
O great pittie! is't not pittie?
And yet her Towers on tiptoe stand,
Like Pageants built on Fairie land,
And her marble armes,
Like to magicke charmes,
binde thousands fast vnto her,
That for her wealth and beauty daily wooe her,
Yet for all this, is't not pittie?
Troynouant is now no more a Citie.

2.

Troynouant is now a Sommer Arbour,
or the nest wherein doth harbour,
The Eagle, of all birds that flie,
The Soueraigne, for his piercing eie,
If you wisely marke,
'Tis besides a Parke,
Where runnes (being newly borne)
With the fierce Lyon, the faire Vnicorne,
Or else it is a wedding Hall,
Where foure great Kingdomes holde a Festiuall.

3.

Troynouant is now a Bridall Chamber,
whose roofe is gold, floore is of Amber,
By vertue of that holy light,
That burnes in *Hymens* band, more bright,
Than the siluer Moone,
Or the Torch of Noone,
Harke, what the Ecchoes say!
Brittaine till now ne're kept a Holiday:
for *Ioue* dwels heere: And 'tis no pittie,
If *Troynouant* be now no more a Cittie.

The King having passed under the third Triumphal Arch, "receives a gratulatorie Oration from the mouth of Sir Henry Montague,* Recorder of the Citie," which is given. "At the end of the Oration three Cups of gold were given (in the name of the Lord Maior, and the whole Body of the Citie) to his Maiestie, the young Prince, and the Queene." And then Sylvanus "drest vp in greene Iuie, a Cornet in his hand," makes another speech. We have next a description of the garden and bower or arbour called *Hortus Euporiæ* (Plenties Bower), with figures of *Eirene* (Peace), *Euporie* (Plenty), *Chrusos* (Gold), *Argurion* (Silver), *Pomona*, *Ceres*, the nine Muses, the 7 liberall Artes, &c., and another song in nine verses. Coming next to "the Cathedrâll Temple of Saint Paule, an Anthem was sung by the Quiristers of the Church to the musicke of loud instruments: which being finisht, a latine Oration was *viva voce* deliuered to the King by one of Maister Mulcasters Schollers, at the dore of the free-schole fownded by the Mercers." Dr. Richard Mulcaster, master of St. Paul's school, was a native of Carlisle, educated at Eton, and elected scholar of King's college, Cambridge in 1548; was afterwards a student at Christ Church, Oxford, and eminent for his skill in Greek. He was master of Merchant Taylor's school from 1561 to 1586. In 1596 he succeeded as master to St. Paul's school, and had the living of Stamford-Rivers in Essex, given him by Queen Elizabeth, where he died on the 15th April 1611, and was buried in the chancel of the church there. This oration is given at length; after which the King proceeded to the next Arch of Triumph erected over the Conduit in Fleet-street, which, like the others, is fully described with figures of Astræa (Justice), Arete (Vertue), Fortuna, Envy, the foure Cardinall Vertues, the foure Kingdomes, the foure Elements, &c., and a long speech in verse by Zeale, "whose personage was put on by W. Bourne, one of the seruants to the young Prince."

At the end of this Dekker remarks, "If there be any glorie to be won by writing these lynes, I do freelie bestow it (as his due) on Tho. Middleton, in whose braine they were begotten, though they were deliuered here: *Quæ nos non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*" This was Thomas Middleton the dramatic writer, who, besides the numerous plays which he either wrote entirely or assisted others in composing, was himself the author of

* Sir Henry Montague was afterwards, in 1616, created Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in 1627 Lord Privy Seal and Earl of Manchester. He died November 7th, 1642.

several Pageants devised for the city. He died at Newington Butts, near London, where he had resided for some years, and was buried at the Parish church there on the 4th July 1627, as is proved by the Parish Register. These verses are included in the edition of Middleton's works published by Mr. Dyce in 1840, vol. v. p. 293.

After reciting another song, the remainder of the volume is taken up with an account of the seventh Arch at Temple-bar, formed like a temple and dedicated to Ianus, and of "The Personages that were in this Temple." He notices also "The Pageant in the Strond," erected by the Citie of Westminster and Dutchy of Lancaster, "the Inuention of which was a Rayne-bow, the Moone, the Sunne, and the seaven Starres, called the *Pleiades*, being aduanced betweene two *Pyramides*: *Electra*, (one of those seauen hanging in the aire, in figure of a Comet) being the speaker." He concludes with a list "Artificum Operariumque in hoc tam celebri apparatu, summa," from which it appears that "Stephen Harrison Ioyner was appoynted chiefe; who was the sole Inuenter of the Architecture," and that there were besides "a Clarke of the Workes, two Master Carpenters, of Painters 7, Carvers 24, Ioyners 80, Carpenters 60, Turners 6, Labourers to them 6, Sawyers 12, Labourers during all the time and for the day of the Triumph 70, besides Plommers, Smythes, Molders, &c." At the end of the Book is this short notice "To the Reader," and a short list of Errata: "Reader, you must vnderstand, that a regard being had that his Maiestie should not be wearied with tedious speeches: a great part of those which are in this Booke set downe, were left vnspoken: So that thou dost here receiue them as they should haue bene deliuered, not as they were."

This work is very scarce. It was reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of King James I.*, vol. i. p. 337, and in the Somers *Collection of Tracts*, vol. iii. p. 1. It sold in Strettell's sale, No. 812, for 2*l.* 10*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1015, 3*l.* 16*s*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2636, 4*l.* 13*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 867, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6d.; Dent's ditto, pt. i. No. 1142, 5*l.* 10*s.*, and pt. ii. No. 1379, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 523, 2*l.* 13*s.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 216, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 757, 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; Reed's ditto, No. 1985, 7*l.* 7*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* ditto, No. 234, 8*l.* 8*s.* A copy in Rhodes's sale, No. 922, brought 16*l.* See Moule's *Biblioth. Heraldica*, p. 61, who gives the title of this tract from a second edition of it in the same year, "Imprinted at London by E. Allde for T. Man the yonger." A copy of the first edition is in the British Museum, in the Ma-

lone and Douce collections, in the Bodleian Library, and in the Public Library at Cambridge.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to I 4 in fours.

Dekker, (Thomas.) — The Magnificent Entertainment: Giuen to King Iames, Queene Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, vppon the day of his Maiesties Tryumphant passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable Citie (and Chamber) of London, being the 15. of March, 1603. As well by the English as by the Strangers: With the Speeches and Songes, deliuered in the seuerall Pageants.

Mart. Templa Deis, mores populis dedit, otia ferre,
Astra suis, Cælo sydera, serta Ioui.

Tho: Dekker.

Edinburgh, Printed by Thomas Finlason and are to be sauld at Niddries wynde heide. Anno. Dom. 1604. with Licence. 4to, pp. 56.

It was thought no doubt that his former subjects would feel an interest in the progress of their Monarch on his first public entry into the British Metropolis, and would delight to hear of his success among his new people, and also probably that a publication like this in Edinburgh might prove a profitable speculation in a pecuniary point of view. But whatever might be the motive, certain it is that this Edinburgh Edition of this Pageant is of excessive rarity. It is not mentioned by Lowndes or Watt, nor by any of our bibliographers; and we are not aware of the existence of any other copy than the present, which was formerly in the collection of Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq. The contents, with some few slight variations, are similar to the one preceding; it is not however the same Impression with merely a change of title, but a distinct new edition. It ends with the enumeration of the artificers employed, but has not the short apology to the Reader as in the other, nor the list of Errata, although these are not corrected.

Collation: A to G 4 in fours.

Fine copy from the Utterson collection. In Sage Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

DEKKER, (THOMAS.) — The Seuen deadly Sinnes of London: Drawne in seuerall Coaches through the seuen seuerall Gates of the Citie bringing the Plague with them.

Opus septem Dierum.

Tho: Dekker.

At London Printed by E. A. for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be solde at his shop neere Saint Austens gate. 1606. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 62.

The title of this very curious tract, one of the rarest of Dekker's numerous publications, is printed in red and black ink. It is dedicated "To the Worshipfull and very worthy Gentleman Henry Fermor Esquire, Clarke of the Peace for the Countie of Middlesex," after which is a short address to the Reader, and "The names of the Actors in this old Enterlude of Iniquitie. 1. Politike Bankeruptisme. 2. Lying. 3. Candle-light. 4. Sloth. 5. Apishnesse. 6. Shauing. 7. Cruelty. Seuen may easily play this, but not without a Diuell." Then follows "The Induction to the Booke." The opening of this Induction is such as to fill our minds with regret that Dekker did not more frequently employ his pen on such subjects, rather than on the ribaldry and jesting with which his writings everywhere abound.

I finde it written [says he] in that Booke where no vntruthes can be read: in that Booke whose leaues shall out-last sheetes of brasse, and whose lynes lead to eternity: yea, euen in that Booke that was pen'd by the best Author of the best wisedome, allowed by a Deity, licensed by the Omnipotent, and published (in all languages to all Nations) by the greatest, truest and onely Diuine — thus I find it written, that for Sinne, Angels were throwne out of heauen; for Sinne, the first man that euer was made, was made an Outcast: he was driuen out of his liuing that was left vnto him by his Creator: It was a goodlier liuing, than the Inheritance of Princes: he lost Paradise by it (he lost his house of pleasure:) he lost *Æden* by it, a Garden, where Winter could never haue nipt him with cold, nor Summer have scorcht him with heate. He had there all fruits growing to delight his taste, all flowers flourishing to allure his eye, all Birds singing to content his eare; he had more than he could desire: yet because he desired more than was fit for him, he lost all. For Sinne, all those buildings, which that great Worke-master of the world had in sixe dayes raysed, were swallowed at the first by waters, and shall at last be consumed in fire. How many families hath this *Leuiathan* deuoured? how many Cities: how many Kingdomes? Let vs awhile leaue Kingdomes, and enter into Cities. *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* were burnt to the ground with brimstone that dropt in flakes from heauen: a hot and dreadfull vengeance. *Ierusalem* hath not a stone left vpon one another of

her first glorious foundation: a heauy and fearefull downefall. *Ierusalem*, that was Gods owne dwelling-house; the Schoole where those Hebrew Leetures, which he himselfe read, were taught; the very Nursery where the Prince of Heauen was brought vp; that *Ierusalem*, whose Rulers were Princes, and whose Citizens were like the sonnes of Kings; whose Temples were paued with gold, and whose houses stood like rowes of tall Cedars; that *Ierusalem* is now a desert: It is vnhallowed, and vntrodden: no Monvment is left to shew it was a City, but only the memoriall of the Iewes hard-hartednes, in making away their Sauiour: It is now a place for barbarous Turkes, and poore despised Grecians: it is rather now (for the abominations committed in it) no place at all.

He next goes on to speak of Antwerp and other places abroad, with the Thirty Years War; and then breaks out into an apostrophe to London, in which the death of Queen Elizabeth and her love to that city is thus noticed:

O *London*, thou art great in glory, and enuied for thy greatnes: thy Towers, thy Temples, and thy Pinnacles stand vpon thy head like borders of fine gold, thy waters like frindges of siluer hang at the hemmes of thy garments. Thou art the goodliest of thy neighbors, but the prowdest; the welthiest, but the most wanton. Thou hast all things in thee to make thee fairest, and all things in thee to make thee foulest: for thou art attir'd like a Bride, drawing all that looke vpon thee, to be in loue with thee, but there is much harlot in thine eyes. Thou sit'st in thy Gates heated with Wines, and in thy Chambers with lust. What miseries haue of late ouertaken thee! yet (like a foole that laughs when hee is putting on fetters) thou hast bin merry in height of thy misfortunes. She (that for almost halfe a hundred of yeeres) of thy Nurse became thy Mother, and layd thee in her bosome, whose head was full of cares for thee, whilst thine slept vpon softer pillowes than downe. She that wore thee alwayes on her brest as the richest Iewell in her kingdome, who had continually her eye vpon thee, and her heart with thee: whose chaste hand clothed thy Rulers in Scarlet, and thy Inhabitants in robes of peace: euen she was taken from thee, when thou wert most in feare to lose her.

He then, after noticing the Coronation of King James, alludes to the "Wonderful Yeare of the Plague," and to his tract so called, and mentions the visit of Christierne, King of Denmark, who came to England in 1603. The tract is curious from the frequent references that occur in it to the evil habits and manners of the time in the great city, whose vices and sins are drawn with a powerful and unsparing hand. It contains also many allusions to theatrical matters and amusements. The following passage taken from the first deadly Sin descriptive of "Politick Bankruptisme," may serve as a specimen of Dekker's style in this tract, which is entirely in prose:

Thou Politick Bankrupt, poore rich man, thou ill-painted foole, when thou art to

lye in thy last Inne (thy loathsome graue) how heauy a loade will thy wealth bee to thy weake corrupted Conscience! Those heapes of Siluer, in telling of which thou hast worne out thy fingers ends, will be a passing bell, tolling in thine eare, and calling thee to a fearefull audit. Thou canst not dispose of thy riches, but the name of euery parcell will strike to thy heart, worse then the pangs of thy departure: thy last will, at the last day, will be an Inditement to cast thee: for thou art guilty of offending those two lawes (enacted in the upper House of heauen) which directly forbid thee to steale, or to couet thy neighbors goods.

But this is not all neither: for thou lyest on thy bed of death, and art not cared for; thou goest out of the world, and art not lamented: thou art put into the last linnen y^t^ euer thou shalt weare (thy winding-sheete) with reproch, and art sent into thy Graue with curses: he that makes thy Funerall Sermon, dares not speake well of thee, because he is asham'd to belye the dead: and upon so hatefull a fyle doest thou hang the records of thy life, that euen when the wormes haue pickt thee to the bare bones, those that goe ouer thee, will set upon thee no Epitaph but this, Here lyes a knaue.

Be wise therefore, you graue and wealthy Cittizens; play with these Whales of the Sea, till you eseape them that are deuourers of your Merchants; hunt these English Wolues to death, and rid the land of them: for these are the Rats that eate up the prouision of the people: these are the Grashoppers of Egypt, that spoyle the Corne-fields of the Husbandman and the rich mans Vineyards: they will haue poore Naboths piece of ground from him, though they eate a piece of his heart for it. These are indeede (and none but these) the *Forreners* that liue without the freedome of your City, better than you within it: they liue without the freedome of honesty, of conscienee, and of christianitie. Ten dieing-houses cheate not yong Gentlemen of so much mony in a yeare, as these do you in a moneth. The theefe that dyes at *Tyburne* for a robbery, is not halfe so dangerous a weede in a Common-wealth, as the *Politick Bankrupt*. I would there were a *Derick* to hang vp him too.

The *Russians* haue an excellent custome: they beate them on the shinnes, that haue mony, and will not pay their debts; if that law were well cudgel'd from thence into *England*, Barber-Surgeons might in a few yeeres build vp a Hall for their Company, larger then Powles, only with the cure of *Bankrupt broken-shinnes*.

Dekker is fond of alluding in some of his works to the Play of the Spanish Tragedy by Kyd, and the character of Jeronimo, which was first acted in 1588 and was at this time highly popular. A line in this play was made the subject of great ridicule. It is that where Jeronimo hearing Belimperia's cries for help on the murder of his son Horatio, suddenly exclaims:

> What outcries pluck me from my naked bed? &c.
> Who calls Hieronimo? speak—here I am.

So Dekker in his chapter on Candle-light remarks:

O *Candle-light, Candle-light!* to howe manie costly Sacke-possets and rare Ban-

quets hast thou beene inuited by Prentices and Kitchen-maidens! When the *Bellman* for anger to spie (such a Purloyner of Cittizens goods) so many, hath bounced at the doore like a madde man, at which (as if *Robin Good-fellow* had beene coniur'd vp amongst them) the Wenches haue falne into the handes of the Greene-sicknesse, and the yong fellowes into colde Agues, with verie feare least their Maister (like olde *Ieronimo* and *Isabella* his wife after him) starting out of his naked bed should come downe (with a Weapon in his hande) and this in his mouth: *What outcryes pull vs from our naked bedde? Who calles?* &c. as the Players can tell you.

Again at p. 40:

I would that euerie miserable debter that so dyes, might be buried at his Creditors doore, that when hee strides ouer him he might think he still rises vp (like the Ghost in *Ieronimo*) crying Revenge.

And again in the *Wonderfull yeare*, he says (sig. E 4):

Liue within the compas of thy wit: lift not vp thy collar; be not horne mad: thanke heauen that the murther is reueald: study thou *Baltazars* parte in *Ieronimo*, for thou hast more cause (though lesse reason) than he to be glad and sad.

At the end of each chapter or division is a description of the Coach in which each of the Sins is drawn through the city. Some of these are pictured with considerable humour, as an example of which we quote the one of Lying, which commences with an allusion to the whetstone as an emblem of the liar:

The Chariot that Lying is drawne in, is made al of whetstones: Wantonnes and euil customs are his Horses! A Foole is the Coachman that driues them: a couple of swearing Fencers sometimes leade the Horses by the reynes, and sometimes flourish before them to make roome. Worshipfully is this Lord of *Limbo* attended, for Knights themselues follow close at his heeles: Marry they are not *Post* and *Poyre*-Knightes, but one of the *Post*. Amongst whose traine is shuffled in a company of scambling ignorant *Petti-foggars*, leane Knaues and hungrie, for they liue upon nothing but the scraps of the Law, and heere and there (like a prune in White-broth,) is stucke a spruice, but a meere prating unpractised Lawyers Clarke all in blacke. At the tayle of all, (when this goodly Pageant is passed by) follow a crowde of euerie trade some, amongst whome least we be smothered, and bee taken to bee of the same list, let us strike downe my way. *Namq: odi profanum Vulgus.*

Among the theatrical notices we learn in the fourth "Dayes Tryumph," that twopence was the common price of admission to the gallery at that time (sig. E 2):

'Tis giuen out that Sloth himselfe will come, and sit in the two-pennie galleries amongst the Gentlemen, and see their Knaueries and their pastimes.

The particular acts of cruelty noticed in the last day's Triumph, are "forced Marriages—severe and cruel Creditors—unconscionable Masters—and more especially the great want of places for Buriall in the extremity of sicknes such as the Plague, and the want of prouision for those that dye in the fields."

Dekker may possibly have taken the title of this tract from a sort of extemporal Play by the celebrated comedian Richard Tarleton, called the "Seven Deadly Sins," and acted about 1588, the plot of which is still preserved among Allen's papers at Dulwich College.

This work of Dekker's is exceedingly scarce, and is unnoticed by Watt in his account of this author's productions in his *Biblioth. Brit.* It was not in Mr. Heber's collection nor in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* A copy sold in Reed's sale, No. 1968, for 2*l.* 3*s.*; Gilchrist's ditto, No. 363, 2*l.*; Midgley's ditto, (Title MS.) No. 215, 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2637, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 772, 5*l.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1016, 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d*; Bright's ditto, No. 1686, 6*l.* 6*s.* Copies are in the Malone and Douce collections at Oxford, and in the Grenville collection in the British Museum. The latter appears to be a different edition from this and is without any date.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A four leaves, the first blank, then Sig. A (repeated) to G 4 in fours. Thirty-one leaves.

In Dark Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

Dekker, (Thomas.) — The Double PP. — A Papist in Armes. — Bearing ten seuerall Sheilds. — Encovntred by the Protestant. — At ten seuerall Weapons. — A Iesuite marching before them.

Cominùs et Eminùs.

London, Printed by T. C. and are to be sold by Iohn Hodgets, at his shop in Paules Church-yard. 1606. 4to, pp. 43.

Although Dekker has not publicly acknowledged this singular tract as his, a copy is in existence with his autograph on presenting the work to a friend. The dedication (which is in the form of a pillar) is in verse, and is addressed "To all the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of Great Brittaine, True Subiects to King Iames." In this he says:

O let me not seeme bolder
Than my country zeale requires,
If these weake (but hallowed) fires
Offer vp this Sacrifize,
Which vpon the Altar lyes
Of my hearts Deuotion
Since so strange Commotion.
(Now) with giddy base Alarmes
Puffes the *Romist* vp in Armes,
That he dares his Cullors vant
'Gainst th' unmedling *Protestant*;
O You, that our *Chieftaines* are,
Giue not o're this holy warre,
Fight it out. You cannot fall
God being sworne your *Generall.*
That your Triple darts may hit,
All your Nerues together knit,
And shoote them with an *English hand*;
So shall your *Heires* and *Houses* stand
(Like *Pillers*) on firme *Bases.*

The work commences with "A Riddle on the double PP."

Vpon the double PP. badder fruits grow
Than on al letters in the *Christ-Crosse-Row*:
It sets (by reason of the *Badge* it weares)
The *Christ-Crosse-Row*, together by the eares:
The reason is, this haughtie double PP.
Would clyme aboue both A.B.C. and D.
And trample on the necks of E.F.G.
H.I. (Royall K.) L.M.N.O. and Q.
Threatening the fall of R.S.T. and V.

The Resolution.

PP.=Pa Pa.=the Po Pe.
Christ-Crosse-Row, Christendome.
A.B.C.D.E. &c. the States of the land: As
Archbishops, Bishops, Councellors, Dukes, Earles, &c.
K. the King.
Q. the Queene.
R. Religion.
S. State.
T. Truth.
V. You all.

This is followed by "The Picture of a Iesuite," in twenty-one four-line verses full of bitterness and scorn, in which he is represented as of all shapes and hues:

Sometimes hee's neither beast, nor man,
Nor Bird, nor a *Leuiathan*,
But an Essentiall diuell, and varies
More cullors than the Rainbowe carries,

Hee's *Brown*, hee's *Gray*, hee's *Black*, hee's *White*,
Hee's anything.—*A Iesuite.*

At the end of these verses are some other short "pieces wrought with the same Pencill" in prose, and a list of "The Romish Army." These are ten in number "bearing ten seuerall Sheildes," and consist of two seven-line stanzas on each page descriptive of each shield, concluding with "The Encounter." We select as an example of these

A Papist passant Gardant.
or The Spie.

The *Passant Gardant Papist*, thus I lym,
Hee comes to Court, then to the Presence goes,
And (by the warrant of good cloathes) doth swim
In greatest streames, and where State matter flowes,
There layes he close his eare, yet dreading blowes
Tyes vp his tongue, and getting safe from thence,
To *Rhemes* or *Rome* sailes his Intelligence.

His guilt (at each step) back doth screw his head:
He starts to see a *Pursuivant:* and curses
The earth that bears a church which doth not spred
The *Romaine ensigne.* At his brest he nurses
A brood of *Vipers:* and sends out the forces
Of all his Wishes, 'gainst his *Prince* and *State*,
And shifts oft, hating to *Communicate.*

The single P commences on sig. D 4 like the other with

A Riddle on the single P.

The single P. makes all the letters grow
In goodly Ranks vpon the *Christ-crosse-Row;*
And (by the reuerend, holy *Badge* it weares,)
The *Christ-crosse-Row* from giddy Fraction cleares
The reason is, — this (honest single) P
Lowly submits to A.B.C. and D.
Yet fights in the defence of E.F.G.
H.I. (*Roial* K.) L.M.N.O. and Q.
* Martyrdome. And runnes through *Fire** for R.S.T. and V.

The Resolution.

Single P. = Protestantisme, &c. as before.

To this succeeds a list of "The Protestant Army." The Protestant Combatants are: 1. Dynastes, or The Nobleman. 2. Apolectos, or Councellor of Estate. 3. Antistes, or The Bishop. 4. Dycastes, or The Iudge. 5. Academicos, or The Scholler. 6. Stratiotes, or The Souldier. 7. Emperos, or The Merchant. 8. Nautes, or The Seaman. 9. Arotes, or The Plough-

man. 10. Technytes, or The Artificer. These are, as might be expected, directly opposed to the Romish Army, and on the last page of the Papist Encountred is "The Battaile, and Retrayte," as follows, in which the Protestant Cause is of course victorious.

> Confronted are both *Armies* (breathing quick
> And hostile Flames,) The One is puissant,
> But wilde, and Headles, the false *Catholick*:
> Fairely arrainged comes the *Protestant*,
> Squar'd: Military: — Few, but valiant:
> Led brauely, brauely followed, all Lion-like,
> And yet so spare of blood, *They (First)* neuer strike.
>
> For *Mercie* beares their *Guydon*, and does grieue
> At Fall of any: — Should not *Iustice* stand
> Close by her (with *The Sword Vindicatiue*,)
> The haught Inuader would o're-run the Land:
> But (now) *Battalions* gainst *Battalions* band:
> The *Aluerado* sounds, they *Fight*, and *Fly*,
> *Ours is the Feild, Gods is the Victory.*

The work, as will thus be seen, is a very violent attack on the Roman Catholics, written with great fierceness and acrimony, and is more remarkable for its extreme virulence than for the justness of its satire or poetical merits. It was probably called forth by the Popish Conspiracy, or Gunpowder Plot, discovered the year before, the effect of which on men's minds was still prevalent; and this pamphlet, notwithstanding its apparent want of wit and entertainment to us, was in full accordance with the outraged feelings of the public on the discovery of that horrible and atrocious crime. It is exceedingly rare, and was not in the Grenville or Malone collections, nor in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, and is not noticed by either Lowndes or Watt. The latter has entered Dekker's name as Derkar. A copy is in Lord Ellesmere's Library. See Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 97, who has remarked that there was another edition of this tract in the same year with some slight variations, but this we have never seen. It sold in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 1623, for 1*l.* 9*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 524, 2*l.* 14*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1685, 3*l.* 4*s.*; and Heber's ditto, 4*l.* 19*s.*

Collation: Title one leaf, then sig. A to F 2 inclusive in fours. Twenty-three leaves.

Bound by Hayday. In Purple Morocco, gilt leaves.

DEKKER, (THOMAS.)—The Dead Tearme: or, Westminsters Complaint for long Vacations and short Termes. Written in manner of a Dialogue betweene the two Cityes London and Westminster. The Contentes of this discourse is in the Page following.

By T. Dekker.

London, Printed and are to be sold by Iohn Hodgets at his house in Pauls Churchyard. 1608. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 54.

Inferior in humour and merit to the "Seuen deadly Sinnes of London," but still not without a certain degree of interest, this tract by Dekker is not one of his most lively or entertaining pieces. On the back of the title is a table of "The principall matters contayned in this discourse," followed by a short dedication "To the very Woorthy, Learned, Iudicious and Noble Gentleman Syr Iohn Harrington Knight," whose translation of Ariosto, first published in 1591, is here alluded to, and his poetical vein much praised. The work commences with "Westminsters Speech to London," in which is an encomium of the ancient Charing Crosse, built by Edward I. in 1291. After enumerating the various Sins of Westminster, he gives a list of the 21 Kings and 2 Queens who had been crowned at Westminster since the time of William the Conqueror, and of those Kings who had been buried there. These are chiefly compiled from the old Chroniclers, and are not very interesting. He then notices the four Terms, the difference in bustle and activity in Term time, and the hurt that Vacations inflict on Westminster, whose sad effects are thus prettily described:

Those throwes of sorrowe come vppon me foure times euery yeare, but at one time more (and with more paines) then at all the rest. For in the height and lustiest pride of Summer, when euery little Village hath her Bachilers and her Damosels tripping deftly about May-poles: when Medowes are full of Hay-makers: when the fieldes upon the worke daies are full of Haruestars singing, and the Town-greenes upon Holly-dayes, trodden downe by the Youthes of the Parish dancing: when thou (O thou beautifull, but bewitching Citty) by the wantonnesse of thine eye, and the musicke of thy voices allurdst people from all the corners of the Land, to throng in heapes, at thy Fayres and thy Theators: Then, (euen then), sit I like a Widdow in the middest of my mourning: then doe my buildings shew like infected lodgings, from which the Inhabitants are fledde: then are my chambers empty, and my common paths untrodden: then doe I not looke like thy next neighbour, but like a creature forlorne, and utterly forsaken.

This is followed by a long passage in praise of the Law, containing some paradoxes in favour of going to Law, from which, as a fair example of Dekker's animated and clever style of writing and of his present tract, we select a portion of the passage:

The Law is unto us, as the heauens, are ouer our heads: of their owne Nature they are cleere, gentle, and readie to doe good to man: they giue light to his eyes, comfortable ayre to his spirits, warmth to reuiue him, coolenesse to refresh him. But if they bee troubled by brablings and unruly mindes, and be put from their owne smooth and euen byas, then doe they plague the world with stormes: Then doth Thunder shake the Rich mans building, lightning burnes up the poore mans Corne, Haile-stones beat the fruites of the earth, and all Creatures that are within reach of their fury, tremble, and hide their heads at the horrour.

The very phrase of *Going to Law*, shewes the greatnes, maiesty, and state of Law: for the Law comes to no man, but he is eyther driuen, or else so busie of himselfe, that he goes to it. The Law sleepes continually, unlesse shee be wakened by the wronges of men oppressed, or by the turbulency of those that will not let her rest: for the first sort of which people, she hath a payre of *Ballance*, wherein shee weighes their Innocence, and the Iniuries of others, forcing one to make good the hurts of the other. Against the second, she drawes a sword, with which shee both strikes them that break hir peace, and defends them that are threatened to be struck wrongfully. He that *Goes* therefore to *Law*, goes before a personage, whose browes are unwrinckled, yet full of Iudgement; whose eyes are not wandring, yet turning to both sides; whose lips are seldome opened, yet what they pronounce is iust; whose countenance is austere, yet setled in uprightnesse; whose hands are open to all, yet never filled with bribes; whose heart lies hidden, yet free from corruption. And what man would not desire to bee hourly conuersant with so excellent, and so composed a creature. He that is up to the eares in Law, is up to the eares in experience: He cannot choose but bee a good Subiect, because he keepes the Statutes and ordinances of his Country: he cannot choose but proue a worthy souldier, because he is still in action: he must of necessity be both honest and pittifull, for hee measureth other mens cases by his owne. Law: why it makes a man watchfull, for he that meddles with it, is sure neuer to sleepe: It keeps him from the *Irish* mans disease *(Lazynes:)* from the *Dutchmans* weaknesse (in not *bearing* drinke:) from the *Italians* euill spirit that haunts him *(Lust)* for hees so busied with so many actions of the *Case*, that hee can haue no leysure nor stomacke to the *Case* of Actions: It preserues him from the *French* falling sicknesse, yet no *Stoues* in *Muscouy* can put a man into more violent sweates. And last of all, it keepes him out of the *English-mans* surfeites, for his wayting at his Counsels Chamber so runs in his head, that he scarcely allowes himselfe a time to dine or sup in.

After recording this commendation of the Law, Dekker turns to the praise of the Pen, in which he is equally eloquent, with which the first division

closes. Then follows, "Londons aunswere to Westminster," "Paules Steeples Complaint," and lastly, "By what Names London from time to time hath bin called, and how it came to bee diuided into Wardes." In these mention is made of various points in the history of the City and of St. Paul's Cathedral, and at the end in noticing "Londons complaint about the Plague," the story is related of a young London Draper dying of it at Sturbridge Fair, and on the last leaf, in the merrie Iest of the two London Porters, in which one of them counterfeits madness with the Plague in order to obtain the clothes of the young man who had died of that disease, is a curious reference to Hamlet and mad Tom of Bedlam, which may afford an illustration of Shakespeare; and also another allusion to Ieronimo in the Spanish Tragedy.

Their faces therefore do they turne upon *Barnwell* (neere *Cambridge*) for there was it to be acted: thither comes this counterfet mad-man running: his fellow Jugler following aloofe, crying stoppe the mad-man, take heed of the man, hee's madde with the plague. Sometimes would he ouertake him, and lay hands uppon him (like a Catch-pole) as if he had arrested him, but furious *Hamlet* woulde presently eyther breake loose like a Beare from the stake, or else so set his pawes on this dog that thus bayted him, that with tugging and tearing one anothers frockes off, they both looked like mad *Tom* of *Bedlam*. Wheresoeuer they cam, there needed no Fencers nor Whifflers to flourish before them to make way, for (as if a Bul had run up and downe) the streetes were cleared, and none sought to stop him.

At length he came to the house where the deade man had bin lodged: from the dore would not this olde *Ieronimo* be driuen, that was his Inne, there he woulde lie, that was his Bedlam, and there or no where must his mad tricks be plaid.

This tract seems to have been written on the re-appearance of the plague in London, and may be considered as a sort of sequel or second part to Dekker's "Wonderfull yeare" before noticed. It is chiefly valuable for its observations on the manners and customs of the Metropolis at that period, and contains some curious matter on these subjects. There is a copy in the Malone collection at Oxford, and another in Lord Ellesmere's, noticed by Mr. Collier in the *Bridg. Cat.*, p. 101. See also *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 560, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Bright's *Cat.*, No. 1688, 2*l.* 9*s.*; Gardner's ditto, No. 629, 3*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1018, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 1090, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. A to G 3, in fours.

Bound by Hayday. In Purple Morocco, gilt leaves.

DEKKER, (THOMAS.) — The Belman of London. Bringing to light the most notorious villanies that are now practised in the Kingdome. Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Housholds, and all sortes of seruants, to marke, and delightfull for all men to reade, Lege, Perlege, Relege.

Printed at London for Nathaniel Butter. 1608. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 70.

So popular was this work by Dekker, that no less than three Editions of it were printed in this year, of which the present is the first and original one. It is ornamented on the title-page with the curious woodcut given below of the Belman with lantern, halbert and bell, followed by his dog.

The dedicatory Epistle, from "The poore Belman of London," is addressed "To all those that either by office are sworne to punish, or in their owne loue to vertue, wish to haue the disorders of a State amended;" in which he says: "The Belman hath plaide the Owle (who is the Embleme of wisedome) for sleeping in the day, as abhorring to behold the impieties of this last and worst age of the world. In the night therefore hath he stolne forth, and with the helpe of his lanthorne and candle (by which is figured *circumspection*) hath hee brought to light, that brood of mischiefe which is ingendred in the wombe of darknesse." And he vows: "I will waste out mine eyes with my Candles, and watch from midnight till the rising vp of the Morning, my *Bell* shall euer be ringing, and that faithfull Seruant of mine (the *Dogge* that followes me) be euer biting of these wild Beasts, till they be all driuen into one heard, and so hunted into the toyles of the Law." At the end is "A Table of the principall matters contained in this Booke." It is somewhat singular that not only considerable portions of this tract, but also of Greene's *Groundworke of Conny-catching*, 4to, 1591, were both borrowed from a well-known work published a few years before, Harman's *Caveat or warneing for Common Cursitors*, 4to, 1566, and 1567. Indeed the account of the different orders of Vagabonds, and characters of the Vpright-men, Rufflers, Rogues and others are all given in the very words of the latter book, but put together with some curious additions illustrative of the manners of the times. Near the commencement is an introductory passage in praise of a country life, which is so interesting and happy an example of Dekker's prose style, and contains so many pleasing images and descriptions of Nature, that we cannot resist from presenting our readers with a portion of the passage:

O blessed life! patterne of that which our first Parents led, the state of Kings (now) being but a slauery to that of theirs. O schoole of contemplation! O thou picture of the whole world drawne in a little compasse! O thou Perspectiue glasse in whom we may behold upon earth all the frame and wonders of heauen! How happy (how thrice happie) is he that not playing with his wings in the golden flames of the Court, nor setting his foote into the busie throngs of the Citie, nor running up and downe in the intricate mazes of the law, can bee content in the winter to sit by a country fire, and in the summer to lay his head on the greene pillowes of the earth, where his sleepe shall be soft slumbers, and his wakings pleasant as golden dreams. Hast thou a desire to rule? get up to the mountaines, and thou shalt see the greatest trees stand trembling before thee, to doe thee reuerence; those maiest thou cal thy Nobles: thou shalt haue ranks of Oakes on each side of thee, which thou maiest call thy Guard: thou shalt see willowes bending at euery blast, whome thou maiest call

thy flatterers: thou shalt see vallies humbled at thy feete, whom thou maiest tearme thy slaues. Wouldst thou behold battailes? step into the fieldes, there thou shalt see excellent combats betweene the standing Corne and the Windes. Art thou a tyrant, and delightest in the fall of *Great ones?* Muster then thy haruesters together, and downe with those proud Summer Lords, when they are at the highest. Wouldst thou haue Subsidies paide thee? the Plow sends thee in Corne, the Medow giues thee her pasture, the Trees pay custome with their fruit, the Oxe bestowes upon thee his labour, the Sheepe his wooll. Dost thou call for musick? No Prince in the world keepes more skilfull Musitians: the birdes are thy consort, and the wind instruments they play upon, yeeld ten thousand tunes. Art thou addicted to studie? Heauen is thy Lybrarie, the Sun, Moone, and Stars are thy Bookes, and teach thee Astronomy: by obseruing them, thou makest Almanacks to thy selfe, that serue for all seasons. That great Volumne is thine Ephemerises out of which thou maiest calculate the predictions of times to follow: yea, in the very clouds are written lessons of Diuinitie for thee, to instruct thee in wisedome: the turning ouer the leaues, teach thee the variations of seasons, and how to dispose thy busines for al weathers. If the practise of Phisick delight thee, what *Aphorismes* can al the doctors in the world set downe more certaine? What rules for good diet can they draw out more singular? What medicines for health can they compound more restoratiue? What vertues can al their extracted Quintessenses instill into our bodies more soueraigne, than those which the earth of her owne bountie bestowes for our preseruation, and whose working powers are dayly experimented in beastes for our example? O you plants of the field, and you flowers of the *Garden* (Natures Apothecaries, and Earths Chirurgions) your stalkes are slender, yet you your selues are the chiefest pillars that upholde mans life: what clearenesse doth the sight receiue onely in beholding you? What comfort does the Sense of smelling finde onely in your Sauors? And how many that haue had halfe their bodies in their graues, haue been brought backe againe onely by your sacred Juices? Who therefore would not consume his youth in company of these creatures, that haue power in them to keepe off old age longer than it would, or when old age doth come, are able to giue it the liuelihood and vigour of youth? Who would not rather sit at the foote of a hil tending a flock of sheep, then at the helm of Authoritie, controling the stubborne and unruly multitude? Better it is in the solitarie woodes, and in the wildes, to bee a man among beastes, than in the middest of a peopled Citie, to be a beast among men. In the homely village art thou more safe than in a fortified Castle: the stings of *Enuy*, nor the bullets of *Treason*, are neuer shotte through those thin walles. Sound healthes are drunke out of the wholesome wodden dish, when the cup of golde boyles ouer with poyson. The Countrie cottage is neither battred downe by Cannon in time of warre, nor pestered with clamorous suites in time of peace. The fall of *Cedars* that tumble from the tops of Kingdomes, the ruine of great houses, that bury Families in their ouerthrowe, and the noise of *Ship-wracks*, that beget euen shrikes in the harts of Cities, neuer send their terrors thither: that place stands as safe from the shocke of such violent stormes, as the *Bay-tree* does from lightning.

As the work is exceedingly rare it is only right that the reader should be favoured with Dekker's own description of the Belman and his dog, which we annex in his words:

It was my fortune to trauell so late, that the Moone had climed up to the very top of Midnight, before I had entrance into the gates of the Citie, which made mee make the more haste to my lodging: But in my passage, I first heard (in some good distance before me) the sound of a bell, and then of a mans voyce, both whose tunes seemed at that dead houre of the night, very dolefull. On I hastened to know what noyse it should bee, and in the end found it to bee the *Belman of London*. The sound of his Voice, at the first, put me in mind of the day of *Iudgement*; Men (me thought) starting out of their sleepes at the ringing of his Bell, as then they are to rise from their graues at the eall of a Trumpet: But when I approched neere unto him, and beheld a man with a lanthorne and a candle in his hand, a long staffe on his necke, and a dog at his taile, I supposed verily, because the Moone shone somewhat dimly, that the Man in the Moone had leapt downe from heauen, and (for haste) had left his bush of thorns behind him: But these imaginations vanishing, as fast as they were begotten, I began to talke to my *Bel-man*, and to aske him, why with sueh a iangling, and balling, and beating of mens doores, hee went about to waken either poore men that were ouer-wearied with labour, or sieke men that had most neede of rest? He made answere unto me, that the *Ringing* of his *Bell*, was not (like an Allarum in a towne of Garrison) to fright the inhabitants, but rather it was musiek to charme them faster with sleepe: the Beating at their doores assured those within, that no thieues were entred, nor that false seruants had wilfully or negligently suffered the doores to stand open, to haue their masters robd; and that his crying out so loude, was but like the shrill *Good morrow* of a *Cocke*, to put men (that had wealth enough) in minde of the time how it slideth away, and to bide those that are full of businesse to bee watehfull for their due houres when they were to rise. He eal'd himselfe therefore the Centinell of the Citie, the watehman for euery ward, the honest Spy that discouered the prentizes of the night, and that as a lanthorne in the poope of a Ship, was a guide or comfort to seamen in most pitehy darknesse, so was his walking up and downe in the night time, a preuention to the Citie oftentimes of mueh and many dangerous fires.

At the end of the book, under the title of "Operis Peroratio," is "A short Discourse of Canting, which is the Language spoken by all the Ragged Regiment that serue vnder the colours of the *Belman*." In this the author informs his readers that "his purpose was not to bestow upon them so liberall and full a discourse, as the matter required, but onely at this time, to giue them a taste of that which in a second part of this booke shall (God willing) be more amply discouered. In which second part, our *Belman of London* shall bring to light a number of more notable enormities (dayly hatched in this Realme) then euer haue yet beene published to the open

eye of the world." He promises that "a larger net shall then be spread, and other matters of more worthy note shall be handled by our *Belman* at his second walking up and downe the Citie."

Although not equal in interest to the *Guls Horne-booke* by the same author, this is an amusing production, full of curious allusions to the manners and habits of the period; and the passing notices of the loose and fleeting fashions of his age are very entertaining and attractive. Dekker had mixed much in the society of the metropolis, and had been a partaker, in company with other wits and characters of the day, in all its follies and vices. With his lively genius and great quickness and talent of observation, he was well qualified to describe the various scenes and haunts of vice, and to paint the manners and follies of the time. And no where do we find such vivid descriptions of the knaveries of the metropolis, and such entertaining illustrations of the habits of its middle classes as in some of his writings. It is on this account that his pieces are valuable, and are constantly quoted by modern writers. Though often coarse and free, he is generally humorous and entertaining, and is full of information. The present pamphlet is one of the earliest of that class of works professing to disclose the canting language of thieves and vagabonds. It is entirely in prose, and was frequently reprinted. The reader may consult futher concerning it the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv. p. 293; Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 99; Drake's *Life and Times of Shakesp.*, vol. i. p. 486; and the Preface to Dr. Nott's Edition of the *Guls Horne-booke*, 4to, 1812.

Copies of this first Edition of the *Belman* sold at Hanrott's sale, pt. i. No. 1868, for 2*l.* 11*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2639, 4*l.* 6*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 1088, 4*l.* 11*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1019, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; Stanley's ditto, No. 673, 8*l.*

Dr. Nott in his Preface to the *Guls Horne-booke*, p. viii., seems to have doubted the existence of this early impression; and the first Edition of the *Belman* mentioned by Watt, in his *Biblioth. Brit.*, is the fifth in 1640.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig A to I 3 in fours.

Bound by Hayday. In Purple Morocco, gilt leaves.

Dekker, (Thomas.) — The Belman of London. Bringing to light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdome. Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants,

Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Housholds, and all sortes of seruants, to marke, and delightfull for all men to reade. Lege, Perlege, Relege. The second impression.

Printed at London for Nathaniel Butter. 1608. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 68.

With the exception of a few very trifling verbal alterations, this Edition corresponds with the former in all the main points, only that it ends with the "Fiue Iumpes at Leap-frog," and has not the "Operis Peroratio," or short Discourse in the Canting Language, with which the former one concludes. It has the square woodcut of the Belman and his dog on the Title as before.

A copy of this Edition sold in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 561, for 2*l.* 3*s.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A. to I 2 in fours.

Half bound in Green Morocco.

Dekker, (Thomas.) — The Belman of London. Bringing to light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdome. Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Housholds, and all sortes of seruants, to marke, and delightfull for all men to reade. Lege, Perlege, Relege. The third impression, with new additions.

Printed at London for Nathaniel Butter. 1608. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 72.

In this impression the "Table of the principall matters contained in this Booke" is on the backe of the Title, which has the same woodcut as before, and then the address of "the poore Belman of London" one leaf. The work opens with six additional pages of introductory matter not in the former Editions, containing a description of the four Ages of the world. The remainder of the tract is similiar to the first impression, and having the "Operis Peroratio" at the end.

Collation: Title A 1, Sig. A to I 4 in fours.

The present fine copy is a duplicate from the Bridgewater Library, and is bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

DEKKER, (THOMAS.) — The Belman of London. Bringing to light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdome. Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Housholds, and all sortes of seruants, to marke, and delightfull for all men to reade. Lege, Perlege, Relege. The Fourth impression, with new additions.

Printed at London for Nathaniel Butter. 1616. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 72.

The contents of the present Edition are exactly similar to the last, with the same woodcut on the title as in the three former impressions. It is evident that the work must have been highly popular to have called forth so many Editions in so short a period. In exposing and bringing to light not only the popular foibles of the metropolis, but also the knavish arts and canting language of thieves, few persons could be better qualified for this purpose than Dekker, who had himself been an inmate of a jail for at least three years, if not more; for we find that he was confined in the King's Bench prison from 1613 to 1616. He was, therefore, well versed from his contact with such characters, in all their slang and canting terms. His chief object in laying open these wounds of the metropolis and describing its vices, was, as he himself informs us, for the purpose of curing them. It will be needless to quote any of the characters here enumerated, as some of them are described *totidem verbis*, in our account of the original work by Harman. Bindley's sale, pt. iv. No. 525, 1*l.* 9*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii. No. 706, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Utterson's ditto, No. 675, title reprinted, 2*l.* 6*s.*; Forster's ditto, No. 131, 3*l.* 1*s.*

A copy of this Edition is in the Malone collection at Oxford.

Collation: Title A 1, A to I 4 in fours.

The Heber copy. Bound by Herring. In Russia, red edges.

DEKKER, (THOMAS.) — The Belman of London. Bringing to light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdome. Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Housholds, and all sortes of seruants, to marke, and delightfull for all men to reade.

Lege, Perlege, Relege. The fift impression, with new additions.

Printed at London by Miles Flesher. 1640. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 72.

Similar in its contents to the last impression, the only alteration in the present volume is in the title-page, which has a smaller woodcut of the Belman and his dog reversed, without any back ground or other accompaniment. In this he is represented in a leathern cap, with a long loose garment, carrying a staff with a pike at one end, and the other appearing as broken.

This was the last of the Editions, previous to the appearance of the second part, in which Dekker owned to the authorship of the Belman of London. For a notice of this Edition see Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. ii. p. 146. Jolly's sale, pt. ii. No. 1020, *3l. 1s.*

Collation: Title A 1, A to I 4 in fours.

In Russia, red edges.

Dekker, (Thomas.) — Villanies Discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight, and the helpe of a new Cryer called O per se O. Being an addition to the Bel-mans second night-walke: and laying open to the world of those abuses, which the Bel-man (because he went i' th' darke) could not see. With Canting Songs, and other new conceits neuer before Printed. Newly corrected and enlarged by the Author.

London, Printed by Aug. Mathewes dwelling in St. Brides lane in Fleet-streete in the Parsonage house. 1620. 4to, blk. lett.

Dekker's *Bel-man of London* had been so favourably received by the public, that he was induced to fulfil the promise made at its close, and to write a second part under the title of *Lanthorne and Candle-light, or, The Bell-mans Second Nights walke*, &c., of which two Editions were published in 1609, 4to. It was again reprinted with some variations in 1612, 4to, with the title of *O per se O, or a new cryer of Lanthorne and Candle-light. Being an Addition, or Lengthening of the Bell-mans Second Night-walke*, &c., which was repeated with the same title in 1620. In

1616 it appeared with some further additions under the present title, which was renewed, as we see above, by another impression in 1620, said to be "newly corrected and enlarged by the Author," but in reality an exact reprint of that of 1616. And it may here be remarked, that between the years 1609, when this second part first came out, and 1648, this work went through not less than nine Editions, all more or less differing from each other.

On the title is a woodcut of the Belman and his Dog, slightly varying from the one last noticed, in having a double border round it, and a formidable bill-hook at the head of the pike, instead of the broken end. At the back is a different woodcut of the same with sixteen lines underneath, entitled *The Bel-mans Cry.* These are followed by a prose address "To the Reader," and "A Table of all the matters that are contained in this Booke." In the address Dekker says that "the Bel-man doth in a *fourth* set Battaile once againe brauely aduance forward in maine Battalia;" meaning, as we conclude, thereby, his *Bel-man of London*, 1608, *Candle-light and Lanthorne*, 1609, *O per se O*, 1612, and *Villanies Discovered*, 1616. The work is divided into seventeen chapters, in which are humorously described the various sorts of rogues and swindlers which then prevailed. Among these in the fourth chapter—"Of Hawking. Falconers. Of a new kinde of Hawking, teaching how to catch Birds by Bookes"—the author gives a curious account of the mode in which the rich were cozened out of their money by pretended dedications from needy writers, who carried about with them an alphabet of letters, with which they printed anyone's name to insert before the dedication, and made a living by this sort of Hawking. Of some examples of this kind of trickery, we have afforded instances in other parts of the Catalogue, under the names of Anderson, Bold, Jordan, &c., but the whole of the chapter having been quoted by Mr. Haslewood in his account of this volume in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi. p. 184, we shall content ourselves with selecting only a few lines of verse with which it concludes, which gives

The true Picture of these Falconers.

* * * There be Fellowes
Of course and common blood; Mechanicke knaues,
Whose wits lye deeper buried then in graues:
And indeede smell more earthy, whose creation
Was but to giue a Boot or Shooe good fashion.
Yet these (sowing by the Apron and the Awle)

Being drunke with their owne wit, cast vp their gall
Onely of Inke: and in patch'd, beggerly Rimes,
(As full of fowle corruption, as the times)
From towne to towne they strowle, in soule as poore
As th' are in clothes: yet these at euery doore
Their labours Dedicate. But as at Faires
Like Pedlers, they shew still one sort of wares
Vnto all commers (with some fil'de oration)
And thus to giue Bookes now's an occupation.
One booke hath seuen-score patrons: thus desart
Is cheated of her due: this noble art
Giues Ignorance (that common strumpet) place:
Thus the true schollers name growes cheap and base.

At the end of the book is the essay on Canting, with the Canters' Dictionary to teach their language, and three new Canting Songs, which "for the satisfaction of the Reader are Englished." This part also contains the "Discourse of *O per se O*, vnder which name, the Author disguises and shadows himself." The portion commencing with Chap. xi., "Of a Prison," occupying six Chapters, was not in the previous Edition of 1612, entitled: "*O per se O.*" But concerning the variations in the different Editions the reader may consult further the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. pp. 80, 81; Collier's *Bridgw. Catal.*, p. 102; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi. p. 184; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. ii. p. 153; and Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Manual*, p. 557. The Edition of 1616 sold in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 563, for 3*l.* 13*s.*; and the present one, No. 564, for 1*l.* 8*s.*; Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 1028, 3*l.* 5*s.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 777, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig A two leaves, B to P 4 in fours.

The present copy is perfect but much stained.

Bound in Speckled Calf, red edges.

Dekker, (Thomas.) — Villanies Discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight, and the helpe of a new Cryer called O per se O. Being an addition to the Bel-mans second night-walke: and laying open to the world of those abuses, which the Bel-man (because he went i' th' darke) could not see. With Canting Songs, and other new conceits neuer before Printed. Newly corrected and enlarged by the Author.

London, Printed by Aug. Mathewes dwelling in St. Brides lane in Fleet-streete in the Parsonage house. 1620. 4to, blk. lett.

Another copy of the same work in clean and good condition, from the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii. No. 709, where it sold for 1*l.* 17*s.*

Dekker (Thomas.) — The Ravens Almanacke. Foretelling of a Plague, Famine, and Ciuill Warre. That shall happen this present yeare 1609, not only within this Kingdome of great Britaine, but also in France, Germany, Spaine, and other parts of Christendome. With certaine Remedies, Rules, and Receipts, how to prevent, or at least to abate the edge of these universal Calamities.

London Printed by E. A. for Thomas Archer, and are to be solde at his Shop in the Popes-head-Pallace nere the Royall Exchange. 1609. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 64.

A long Epistle Dedicatorie is addressed "To the Lyons of the Wood (the young Courtiers) to the wilde Buckes of the Forrest (the Gallants and younger Brothers) to the Harts of the field, and to all the whole Countrey that are brought vp wisely, yet prooue Guls: and are borne rich, yet die beggers," &c. It is dated the "1. Ides of the first month of this first great Platonicall and terrible yeare 1609," and subscribed "T. Deckers." This is not the usual way of Dekker signing his name, and was most probably added by the Publisher. The tract, which is in blk. lett., is entirely in prose, with the single exception of a "song sung by an olde woman in a Meddowe." It commences with a woodcut representing "The Dominion of the Moone in Mans body," the customary beginning of the almanacks of that period, and is a humorous sort of parody or mock resemblance of the pretended predictions of the almanack makers, written in a comic and forcible style, with fanciful prognostications of what was to happen during the year, the object of the work being to ridicule the absurd fortune-telling and pretended prophesying of the almanack framers. It is divided into chapters or sections, predicting events to happen in each quarter of the year 1609, and is interspersed with stories or tales of some humour and interest, but one of them of a very gross description.

We annex the song to which we have already alluded:

A song sung by an olde woman in a Meddowe.

Of all the plagues which make poore wights
vnhappy and accurst:
I thinke a wicked husband is
(next to the deuill) the worst.
But will young women come to me,
I'le shew them how they shall
With prettie sleights and priuy trickes
Straight rid them from such thrall.

The husband frownes, and then his fist
lights on her tender cheeke,
And if she do reply a worde:
a staffe is not to seeke.
But will, &c.

A iealous eye the husband beares
then is he out of quiet,
And she must fit her humors then,
to steede his braine-sicke dyet.
But will, &c.

Else round about the house she goes,
the hollie wand must walke,
And though his words be reason lesse,
yet must she brooke his talke.
But will, &c.

Thus men do triumph like to Kings,
and poore wiues must obaie:
And though he be a very foole,
yet must he beare the swaie.
But will young women come to me,
I'le showe them how they shall
With prettie sleights and priuy tricks,
straight rid them of such thrall.

See Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 102. Bright's sale, No. 1691, 2*l.* 5*s.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 774, 7*l.* 7*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to H 4 in fours, 32 leaves.

In Red Cloth binding, lettered.

Dekker (Thomas.) — The Guls Hornebooke. — Stultorum plena sunt omnia. — Al savio meza parola basta. By T. Decker. Imprinted at London for R. S. 1609. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 48.

One of the most amusing of Dekker's witty productions, written entirely in prose. The dedication, "To all Gulls in general," (one leaf) is followed by a short address "To the Reader," in which he hints (what may be doubted) that it was not his ambition to appear often in print, and says that his tract had a touch of Grobianism in it, referring to a well-known work by Fred. Dedekindus, *Grobianus et Grobiana de Morum Simplicitate Libri tres* 1584, frequently reprinted, which under the title of *The Schoole of Slovenrie*, had been translated into English Verse by R. F. Gent, in 1605, 4to, and a later version by R. Bull was published in 1739, 8vo. The present work is divided into eight chapters, the subjects of which are enumerated, and is

preceded by a Proæmium. It is full of humour, and contains frequent allusions to many of the characters, and well-known habits and amusements of the time. It is valuable also for the information which it gives us respecting both the actors and frequenters, and the seats and charges paid by those attending the theatres and other places of amusement at that period, from which numerous quotations have been made by Mr. Collier in his *Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii. *passim*. In fact the *Guls Hornebooke* brings before us the "form and pressure" of London at the commencement of the seventeenth century with a vividness and comic power which leaves nothing to be wished for. Compare it with Ned Ward's *London Spy* of the next century, and how great the difference! The following passage is taken from the Chapter "How a Gallant should behave himselfe in Powles walkes," and may serve as an illustration of the author's humour. Among other things, there are allusions in it to the supposed tomb of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the customary resort of the hungry and dinnerless; to Banks's celebrated horse Morocco, and his wonderful journey to the top of St. Pauls; to the tomb of Sir Christopher Hatton, Knt., the Lord Chancellor; and to Sir Francis Walsingham's Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney. In reference to the two last, on the margin of this copy is written in an old contemporaneous hand the following lame couplet:

Sir Phillip Sir Francis have no Tombe
For great Christopher takes all the Roome.

Now for your venturing into the Walke, be circumspect and wary what piller you come in at, and take heede in any case (as you loue the reputation of your honour) that you auoide the *Seruingmans Logg*, and approch not within fiue fadom of that Piller, but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the Church may appeare to be yours, where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloake from the one shoulder, and then you must (as twere in anger) suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside (if it be taffata at the least) and so by y^{t} meanes your costly lining is betrayd, or else by the pretty aduantage of Complement. But one note by the way do I especially leade you to, the neglect of which, makes many of our Gallants cheape and ordinary, that by no meanes you be seene aboue foure turnes, but in the fift make your selfe away, either in some of the Sempsters shops, the new Tobacco-office, or amongst the Booke-sellers, where, if you cannot reade, exercise your smoake, and inquire who has writ against this diuine weede &c. For this withdrawing your selfe a little, will much benefite your suit, which else by too long walking would be stale to the whole spectators: but howsoeuer, if *Powles Jacks* bee once up wth their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleuen, as soone as euer the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Dukes gallery conteyne you any

longer, but passe away apace in open view. In which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloofe off throw your inquisitiue eye upon any Knight or Squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so, but call him *Ned* or *Jack* &c. This will set off your estimation with great men: and if (tho there be a dozen companies betweene you, tis the better) he call alowd to you (for thats most gentile) to know where he shall find you at two o clock, tell him at such an Ordinary or such, and bee sure to name those that are deerest, and whither none but Gallants resort. After dinner you may appeare againe hauing translated your selfe out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey-grogram, (if you haue that happinesse of shifting) and then be seene (for a turne or two) to correct your teeth with some quill, or siluer instrument, and to cleanse your gummes with a wrought handkercher: It skilles not whether you dinde or no (thats best knowne to your stomach) or in what place you dinde, though it were with cheese (of your owne mothers making) in your chamber or study.

Now if you chance to bee a Gallant not much crost amongst Citizens, that is a Gallant in the Mercers bookes, exalted for Sattens and veluets if you be not so much blest to bee crost (as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world to bee great in no mans bookes) your Powles walke is your only refuge: — the Dukes Tomb is a Sanctuary, and will keepe you aliue from wormes and land-rattes that long to be feeding on your carkas — there you may spend your days in winter a whole afternoone: — conuerse, plot, laugh, and talke anything, iest at your creditor, euen to his face, and in the euening, euen by lamp-light steale out and so cozen a whole couy of abhominable catch-pols.

Neuer be seene to mount the steppes into the quire, but upon a high Festiuall day, to preferre the fashion of your doublet, and especially if the singing boyes seeme to take note of you: — for they are able to buzze your praises aboue their *Anthems*, if their voyces haue not lost their maidenheads: — but be sure your siluer spurres dogge your heeles, and then the Boyes will swarme about you like so many white butter-flyes, when you in the open Quire shall drawe forth a perfumd embrodred purse, (the glorious sight of which will entice many country-men from their deuotion to wondring) and quoyt siluer into the Boyes handes, that it may be heard aboue the first lesson, although it be reade in a voyce as big as one of the great Organs.

This noble and notable act being performed, you are to vanish presently out of the Quire, and to appeare againe in the Walke — But in any wise be not obserued to tread there long alone, for feare you be suspected to be a Gallant, casheered from the society of *Captens* and *Fighters*. * * * * * * *

But if fortune fauour you so much as to make you no more then a meere country gentleman, or but some 3 degrees removed frō him: (for which I should be very sorrie; because your London experience wil cost you deere before you shal haue y^e^ wit to know what you are) then take this lesson along with you: — The first time that you venture into *Powles*, passe through the body of the Church like a Porter, yet presume not to fetch so much as one whole turne in the middle Ile, no nor to cast an eye to *Si quis doore* (pasted and plaistred up with *Seruingmens supplications*) be-

fore you haue paid tribute to the top of *Powles steeple* with a single pennie: — And when you are mounted there, take heede howe you looke downe into the yard: — for the railes are as rotten as your great Grand-father: — and thereupon it will not be amisse if you enquire how *Kit Woodroffe* durst vault ouer, and what reason he had fort, to put his necke in hazard of reparatione. — From hence you may descend to talke about the horse that went up, and striue if you can to know his keeper, take the day of the moneth, and the number of the steppes, — and suffer your selfe to beleeue verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likeness of one. — Which wonders you may publish when you returne into the country to the great amazement of all Farmers daughters that will almost swound at the report, and neuer recouer till their banes be asked twice in the Church.

But I haue not left you yet: — Before you come downe againe, I would desire you to draw your knife, and graue your name, (or for want of a name, the marke which you clap on your sheep) in great caracters upon the leades, by a number of your brethren (both Citizens and Country Gentlemen) and so you shall be sure to haue your name lye in a coffin of lead when your selfe shall be wrapt in a winding-sheete: — and indeed the top of *Powles* contains more names then *Stowes Chronicle*. — These lofty tricks being plaid, and you (thanks to your feete) being safely ariud at the staires foote againe, your next worthy worke is, to repaire to my Lord *Chancellors Tomb* (and if you can but reasonably spel) bestow some time upon y^e^ reading of Sir *Phillip Sydneys* briefe Epitaph in the compasse of an houre you may make shift to stumble it out. — The great Dyall is your last monument, there bestow some halfe of the threescore minutes, to obserue the sawcinesse of the Jackes, that are aboue the man in the moone there: — the strangenesse of the motion will quit your labour. — Besides, you may heere haue fit occasion to discouer your watch by taking it forth, and setting the wheeles to the time of *Powles*, which I assure you goes truer by fiue notes than S. *Sepulchers* Chimes. — The benefit that wil arise from hence is this, y^t^ you publish your Change in maintaining a gilded clocke, and withall the world shall know that you are a time-pleaser. — By this I imagine you haue walkt your belly ful, and thereupon being weary, or (which rather I beleeue) being most Gentleman-like hungry, it is fit that as I brought you into the Duke, so (because he followes the fashion of great men, in keeping no house, and that therefore you must go seeke your dinner) suffer me to take you by the hand, and lead you into an Ordinary.

We might have added more from the subsequent chapters, especially from the one relating to the Gallant's behaviour in a Theatre, but we have quoted sufficient to show the amusing nature of the work, and the reader who is desirous to know more may consult further Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 101, and his *Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii. It was elegantly but not correctly reprinted by Dr. Nott, in 4to, at Bristol in 1812, and again by Mr. Halliwell in 1862, 8vo. There is a copy of the original work in the *Brit. Museum*, in the Malone Collection at Oxford, and in the Ellesmere Collec-

tion, in which it has been noticed by Mr. Collier, who thinks that, "exclusive of his plays, it is perhaps the best of Dekker's numerous works in verse and prose." He also remarks, "it is full of lively descriptions of the manners of the beginning of the reign of James I., including accounts of, or allusions to, most of the popular and fashionable amusements."

We do not find any copy of this tract in the Heber, Sykes, Freeling, Bright or Bliss Catalogues, nor do we know of any perfect copy having been sold. The present one came from Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 1021. It is unfortunately imperfect, wanting the whole of Sig. A which is supplied by manuscript from Dr. Nott's reprint.

Collation: Sig A to F 4, in fours.

Unbound.

Dekker (Thomas.)—A Strange Horse-Race, at the end of which, comes in The Catch-pols Masque. And after that The Bankrouts Banquet: Which done, the Diuell, falling sicke, makes his last will and Testament, this present yeare, 1613.

Aliquid latet, quod non patet.

Written by Thomas Dekker.

London, Printed for Ioseph Hunt, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Bedlem, neere Moore-field Gate. 1613. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 52.

Another very scarce production by Dekker, written in prose, and printed in blk. lett. It is dedicated "To the very worthy iuditious and vnderstanding Gentleman Thomas Walthall Esquire," after which is the following singular preface addressed "Not to the Readers; but to the Vnderstanders:"

He that writes had need to haue the art of a skilful cooke, for there must be those *condimenta* (seasonings) in his pen, which the other caries on his tongue: a thousand palats must bee pleased with a thousand sawces: and one hundred lines must content fiue hundred dispositions. A hard taske: one sayes, it is too harsh: another, too supple: another, too triuiall: another, too serious. The first reades, and mewes: the second reades, and railes: the third reades, and rackes me: the fourth reades, and rends me. He is tyed to a stake like a beare to bee baited that comes into Paule's Church-yard to bee read. So that bare readers (I meane not threed-bare) are not *Lectores*, but *Lictores*, they whip bookes, as Dionysius did boyes, whereas to *vnderstanders*, our *libri*, which we bring forth, are our *Liberi* (the children of our

braine) and at such hands are as gently intreated as at their parents: at the others, not. The titles of bookes are like painted chimnies in great country-houses, make a shew a far off and catch trauellers eyes; but comming nere them, neither cast they smoke, nor hath the house the heart to make you drinke. The title of this booke is like a jesters face, set (howsoeuer he drawes it) to beget mirth: but his ends are hid to himselfe, and those are to get money. Within is more then without; you shall not finde the kernell, vnlesse you both cracke and open the shell. *Aliquid latet, quod non patet.* Digge vnder the right tree, and it is ten to one but you take vp gold: for in this (as in all other my former *Nocturnis lucubrationibus*) I have stroue to feed the mind, as well as the body: If one leafe makes you laugh, the next settles your countenance. Tart meates goe easily downe, being strewed with sugar: as musicke in tauerns makes that wine go downe merily till it confound vs, which (if the fidlers were not there) would hardly be tasted. So for the sake of the sawce which I haue tempered for this dish, you may (perhaps) eate the meat which otherwise you would not touch. The maine of my building is a *moral labyrinth;* a weake thred guides you in and out: I will shew you how to enter and how to passe through, and open all the roomes, and all the priuate walke, that when you come to them you may know where you are: and these they be. Yet I will not; I know it is more pleasure to finde out the conceitfull deceits of a paire of tarriers, then to haue them discouered. That pleasure be yours, the tarriers are mine. Farewell.

A table of "The Contents of this Booke," thus concludes the introductory portion:

A strange Horse-race. Chariot-races. Foot-races. The Sunnes Race. The Moones Race. Races of winds and waters. Races of the Elements. Races of Vertues and Vices. A Masque of Catch-pols. The Diuels falling sicke. His Will and Legacies. His Recouery. His Dam brought to bed with two Children. Their Nursing. A Banquet of Bankrouts. The Comfit-makers inuectiue against Bankrouts.

The work commences with a rambling desultory account of the ancient Chariot Races of Greece and Rome, of the races between the Sun and Moon, and the various Elements, and afterwards of those between the Virtues and Vices, which are described with considerable humour:

The first that runs, is *Blasphemous Insolence*, a Turke, (for you must understand, that of all Nations, some are at this Race) he will be first, because he will be first: his looks are full of Darings, his voyce thunders out Braues: hee laies downe Threates insteed of Wagers, hee scornes to wage any thing vpon an euen Lay, for if terror or tyranny can win it, he will haue All. By his side comes his Surgeon (called Infidelity) the horse he rides on is swift Vengeance, his two Pages are Fyre and Sword.

A Christian Lady runs against him, her name *Innocent Humility*, if she get to the Race-end, she is promised a paire of Wings, besides the prize, her looks are modest, her words few, to her-selfe (as shee sets forth) shee praies, she has onely one maid waites upon her, called *Sufferance;* they both run on foote. See, see, the *Turke* flies

like a winged Dragon, the Christian flies too, like a Doue, yet with nobler speed, shee has now gotten the better way of him, and is gone beyond him, and see! Rage and Hast to disgrace her, in her speed, haue cast him from his Horse, his owne Horse kickes and tramples on the maister. The Christian Lady runs in pitty to saue him: but he cursing her, and calling onely upon his owne Surgeon (Infidelity) shee (for want of skill) poisons his wound insteed of curing it: He's dead: his Surgeon rips his body, to search what was perished within him (upon so slight a fall, as she tearmes it) and see! his heart is turned into a Flint, blacke and hardened as marble, and lying drown'd in the bloud of a thousand poore *Hungarians*, yet all that could not soften it. The Wager they ranne for was a Garland of Palme-trees held up by a Lady at the Goales end (whose name is Eternity) and by her giuen to the Christian Conqueror, with the Wings besides, which were promised her, if shee fainted not in the Race.

The second that ran, and made the brauest show, was a young Gallant, his name, *Prodigallity* loued of many Ladies for his good gifts, and followed by many rich Citizens sons, who were prefer'd vnto him by their fathers mony. He sat in a Chariot, open on euery side, foure Horses drew him (*Rashnesse, Luxury, Folly, and Hanger-on*); at the backe of the Chariot, two leaped vp, and were drawne after him, viz. *Beggery and a Foole*, whose gesture of making mouthes and anticke faces was excellent sport to the spectators: he ran a swift and thundring pace; after him and close by him rid many Merchants, Mercers, and Silke-men, who had laid great Wagers on his head, but he gaue them all the slip, and was beforehand with them still.

The Defendant whom he challenged, was a polliticke Belgicke, his name, *Hansthrift* (a Dutchman) vigilant in his course, suttle in laying his wager, prouident in not venturing too much, honest to pay his losses, industrious to get more (twenty sundry waies) if hee should happen to bee cheated of all; his Horse was not so swift as sure, his attire not curious, but rich and neate: they set out both together, but before *Prodigallity* came halfe way of his iourney, *Thrift* got the start of him, out-went, out-wearied, out-spent him, tother lost all, this won what the other lost.

In this curious and allegorical manner other races are described between a Vsurer called Niggardlinesse and Hospitality, "who had the honour of the day, and went away crowned with poore mens Benedictions;" between an English Knight and a Spanish Don; a singular one between a Lawyer and his own conscience; "a Vicar, who ran horribly fast after foure Benefices all at one time, and wonne what he ran for;" and between "a terse, spruise, neatified capricious Taylor and Pride."

This concludes the first portion, after which comes "the preparation of the Masque ensuing, and the cause thereof," and then "The Diuells last Will and Testament." A rare tract had been printed near the close of the sixteenth century called "The Wyll of the Deuyll," small 8vo, n.d., which has been attributed to George Gascoigne, and which Dekker might probably

have seen, but it has no resemblance in any way with the present work. A few of the bequests in this will, which are rather humorous, may be here enumerated:

I further will and bequeath to my louing and dearest friends, the Usurers of this Citty, all such moneis as are now, or shall hereafter bee taken aboue the rate of 10 ith' hundred.

Item. I giue my inuisible cloakes to all Bankrouts because they made them, but to one Poet onely (called *Poet Comedy*) I giue my best inuisible Cloake, because it onely fits his shoulders better then mine own, but chiefly for that he will trim it vp well, and line it with *Come not neere me*, or *stand off:* And because he is a slip of mine owne grafting, I likewise bequeath to him my best Slippers, to walke and play with his Keepers noses.

Item. I giue to all Jailors and Keepers of prisons, to euery one of them, the soule of a Beare (to bee rauenous) the body of a Woolfe (to be cruell) the speech of a Dog (to be churlish) the Tallons of a Vulture (to bee griping) and my countenance to beare them out in their office, that they may looke like diuels upon poore prisoners.

Lastly, I make and ordaine (by this my *last Will and Testament*) a common Barretour to bee my Executor; and two Knights, who are my sworne seruants and are of the Post; (their names and seruice being nail'd vpon Pillers in *Westminster* Pallace) I make them (albeit they are pur-blind) my Ouerseers, and for their paines therein, I will bequeath to each of them a great round Pearle, to be worne in their eyes, because I may be still in their sight, when I am gone from them.

And to testify that this is my last and onely *Will* which shall stand, I subscribe my name unto it; thereby Renouncing, Retracting, Reuocating, Disannulling, and quite Cancelling, all former Wills whatsoeuer by mee at any time or times made; In witnesse whereof all the States *Infernall*, *Auernall*, *Acherontickе*, *Stygian*, *Phlegetontickе*, and *Peryphlegitontickе*, haue likewise subscribed, in the yeare of our Ranging in the World, 5574.

This portion closes with "The Catch-pols Masque," which is followed by "The Bankrouts Banquet," in which there is a curious allusion made to "the Iland of the *Bermudes*, haunted as all men know with Hogs and Hobgoblins," and which in the margin is "called the Iland of Diuels, by reason of the grunting of Swine, heard from thence to the Sea." The volume concludes with the following severe and energetic passage against the Bankrupt, whose "sin and villany cannot be expressed:"

If a Rogue cut a purse, hee is hanged: if hee pilfer, hee is burnt in the hand: You are worse then rogues; for you cut many purses: nay, you cut many mens throats, you steal from the husband, his wealth; from the wife, her dowry; from the children, their portions. So that ouer your heads hang the curses of families: how then can you hope to prosper? For to play the *Bankrout*, is to bid men to a Citty-rifling, where euery one puts in his money, none wins but one, and that is the Bankrout.

If all the water in the Thames were inke, and all the fethers upon Swans backes were pens, and all the smoky sailes of westerne barges, were white paper, and all the Scriueners, all the Clarkes, all the Schoole-maisters, and all the Scholers in the kingdome were set a writing, and all the yeares of the world yet to come, were to be imploied only in that businesse: that inke would be spent, those pens grub'd close to the stumps, that paper scribled all ouer, those writers wearied, and that time worne out, before the shifts, legerdemaines, conueiances, reaches, fetches, ambushes, traines and close vnder-minings of a *Bankrout* could to the life be set downe. This was the last winter-plum the sad Comfit-maker threw at their heads; and so left them, and so I leaue them.

My Muse that art so merry,
When wilt thou say th'art weary?
Neuer (I know it) neuer,
This flight thou could'st keepe euer:
Thy shapes which so do vary,
Beyond thy bownds thee cary.
Now plume thy ruffled wings,
Hee's hoarse who alwayes sings.

Contigimus portum, quó mihi cursus erat.
Finis.

Few of Dekker's pieces are rarer and more curious than this. It is noticed in Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. ii. p. 154, and also in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv. p. 340. Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 1089, 3*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 567, 2*l.* 15*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2640, 4*l.* 11*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1024, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* There is a copy in the Malone Collection at Oxford, in the Douce ditto, and in the British Museum.

Collation: Sig. A to G 2 in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Purple Morocco, gilt leaves.

Dekker (Thomas.) — We much regret that we are unable to notice more fully and bibliographically, two or three other works by this witty and entertaining writer, of great rarity and considerable interest. Among these are "The Foure Birds of Noah's Arke, viz: 1. The Dove. 2. The Eagle. 3. The Pellican. 4. The Phœnix. Vigilate et Orate. London, Printed by H. B. for Nathaniel Butter and are to be sold at his shop neere S. Austins gate. 1609. 12mo." This little work is in prose. Each of the four parts has a separate title, and the whole is dedicated to Sir Tho. Smith, Knight. It is written in a more serious strain, and

is somewhat different to Dekker's usual style. The copy which we possessed of this rare little work, the only one we ever saw, was unfortunately imperfect, and we are quite unable to refer our readers to any other.

Another entertaining work frequently ascribed to Dekker, but which, although never directly owned by him, and by others doubted as to its authorship, may yet safely be attributed to him, is "The Owles Almanacke, Prognosticating many strange accidents which shall happen to this Kingdome of Great Britaine this year 1618. Calculated as well for the Meridian of London as any other parte of Great Britaine. Found in an Ivy-bush written in old Characters, and now published in English by the painefull labours of Mr. Jocundary Merrie-braines. London, Printed by E. G. for Lawrence Lisle, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the Tygres head. 1618. 4to, pp. 64." There were two editions of it printed in this year 1618. The title is evidently an imitation of the Ravens' Almanacke published in 1609. It contains a woodcut on the title of an owl in a chair reading, and is preceded by an introduction styled "The Owles Epistle to the Raven," and a table of "The Contents of this Worke." The work commences with a humorous account of the four Law Terms, Hilary, Easter, Trinity, and Michaelmas, and exhibits an amusing picture of wit and drollery, probably written in ridicule of the Almanack makers and pretended prophesiers of the time, and is well worthy of a perusal. It has been noticed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliogr. Cat.*, vol i. p. 207, and again more fully in vol. ii. p. 80.

A still rarer piece by this writer, if not one of the rarest of all, was: "Dekker his Dreame. In which being rapt with a Poeticall Enthusiasme, the great Volumes of Heaven and Hell to him were opened, in which he read many Wonderfull Things. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, 1620. 4to, pp. 46." This tract, which is in verse, contains a curious woodcut on the title, representing the author in his bed in his Dream, supposed by Mr. Heber to be a strong likeness of Dekker. The tract itself is a singular rambling performance, and is dedicated to Endymion Porter. There is a copy in the British Museum, and in the Bodleian Library. It sold in Perry's sale, pt. i., for 10*l.*, and in Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1029, for 12*l.* It has been reprinted entire by Mr. Halliwell. Through the kindness of a friend, we are here enabled to present our readers with a facsimile of the woodcut on the title of the author in his bed:

Another curious tract by Dekker is his "Warres, Warres, Warres. *Arma virumque cano.*

Into the Field I bring
Souldiers and Battailes:
Boeth their Fames I sing.

Imprinted at London by I. G. 1628. 12mo, pp. 16." Of which only a single copy appears to be known. It is dedicated by Dekker to Hugh Hammersley, Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs, and is described by Mr. Collier at length in his *Bibliogr. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 210. There was a copy in Sir Mark M. Sykes's Cat., pt. iii. No. 1074, which was bought by Mr. Heber for 17*l.* 17*s.*, and at the sale of the latter, pt. iv. No. 496, was resold for 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Dekker was a voluminous and very miscellaneous author, having written or assisted in writing seven or eight and twenty plays, some of them now lost, several of them possessing considerable merit, but with which we are not here concerned. Besides these he wrote some five and twenty tracts, which abound with wit and raillery, and prove him to have been a full par-

ticipator in all the follies and leading vices of his time. He was generally needy, often in prison, and writing from hand to mouth as his necessities prompted him. He began as an author soon after 1594, and is supposed to have died in 1639, or soon after, his last work having been published the year before; and it is known that he also wrote the Lord Mayor's Pageant in that year.

DELAUNE (HENRY.) — *ΠΑΤΡΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.* Or, A Legacy to his Sons. Being a Miscellany of Precepts; Theological, Moral, Political, Oeconomical, Digested into Seven Centuries of Quadrins. By Henry Delaune.

The Second Edition, Corrected, and much Enlarged by the Author.

Baudius.

Non Temporum tenore, Sed Laudum modo,
Determinanda est Vita. Sat vixit diu,
Quam non pudet vixisse, nec piget Mori.

London, Printed by A. M. for Henry Seile, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet street. 1657. Sm. 8vo, pp. 184.

Opposite to the above title are eight metrical lines addressed "To the Printer," then a short dedication of six lines, which is followed by poetical addresses "To the Reader," "To the Judicious Reader," "To the Censorious Reader;" and by commendatory verses "To my Friend the Author" by Cha: Gibbes. The work is divided into seven Centuries of 100 Quatrains each; and consists of a collection of useful, moral and religious precepts from a father to his children, written in rather a quaint and formal style, but worthy of being adopted by all who read them. The following stanzas form a portion of the Third Century, beginning at the 72nd stanza:

72.

The World's a Farm: The Landlord God: and We
Tenants therein; The Greatest, but at Will:
What folly then, (as if, in simple Fee,
The Soyl were ours;) So to Build, Fence, & Till?

73.

Bend all the Sinews of your Mind and Brain;
To make a Purchase, of a lasting Date:
Celestial Mansions; Where you may remain
For ever fixt; in spite of Time and Fate.

74.

The World's a Piccadilly;* Time, a Guest;
Love, Man, and Death; where they, *Consorted,* play;
Time saies, I pass; *Love* vies; *Man* sets his Rest;
Death sees it; Wins, and sweepeth all away.

75.

The World's a Stage; and We the Actors are;
Our Door of Entrance, is, our Mother's Wombs;
We play our Parts, in sundry *Scenes* of Care;
And make our *Exit,* All, into our Tombs.

76.

The World's a Tennis-Court; The Gamester, Fate;
The Racket, Time; Men are the Tennis-Bals;
Fortune, the Line; The Markers, Envy, Hate;
The Hazard Death; and Care, and Toyl, the Wals.

77.

The World's a Garden, hedg'd with thorns of Care:
Pluck May discreetly; Time, is best for you.
Hearts-Ease, herein, you will find thinne, and spare;
Of *St. John's*-Worth, not much: but store of Rue.

78.

The World's a Sea, that ever Ebbs, and Flows:
Where nothing's fixt, but all Things move to Change.
Lay hold still on the Present: For who knows
What next Day's light may bring, of new and strange.

The present copy formerly belonged to Mr. Park, whose description of the work we transcribe from his manuscript notes written on the fly leaves. "This book was first printed in 1651, and entitled, *A Father's Legacy to his Sons.* The whole was comprised in 253 stanzas, and a short Poem was subjoined, which bore the title of *The Penitent Christian his Metamorphosis,* by H. Delaune. London, Printed for Henry Seile. Of this sensible

* Piccadilly means here a celebrated ordinary near to St. James's, built by one Higgins, a tailor, who had made his fortune by piccadillos, a sort of stiff collar or band then in fashion, from whence the street so called took its name.

author, I have not yet obtained any biographical information; but it is probable that he may have been a Hibernian, as a copy of verses signed H. Delaune (forsan Delauny) was prefixed to Belling's sixth book to the *Arcadia*, printed at Dublin in 1624. The preceptive monitions in this volume are morally estimable, and the versification is in general correct. Many passages strongly resemble the *Night Thoughts* of Young, in pithiness of style and force of expression."

This is the copy from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 206, for which Mr. Heber in 1815 gave 4*l.* 4*s.* Mr. Bindley's copy sold for 4*l.*; see Cat. pt. i. No. 1766.

In Calf — extra.

Deloney (Thomas.) — The Garland of Good-Will. Divided into Three Parts. Containing many pleasant Songs and pretty Poems to sundry notes. — With a Table to find the Names of all the Songs. — Written by T. D.

London, Printed for G. Conyers at the Golden Ring in Little Britain. sm. 8vo. *n. d.* (circa 1700.)

It would be unpardonable in a work of this kind were we to omit all notice of the songs and poems of the "ballading silk weaver" of London, Thomas Deloney, who, along with Elderton, Martin Parker, and other well-known authors, were the great ballad framers of the seventeenth century. Deloney was the composer of several works, both in prose and verse, some of which, especially his songs, were so popular, that although they are reported to have gone through some thirty or more editions, the wear and tear occasioned by their popularity has rendered the early impressions well-nigh unattainable in the present day. Deloney appears to have commenced writing about the year 1583 or 1584, and continued his literary labours till his death in 1600. Like many others of his class, he was generally struggling with poverty, and wrote for his daily support. Some of his songs, such as "Fair Rosamond," the "Spanish Lady," and others, are above the average in merit, &c., whilst occasional passages of genuine poetical talent, superior to many of his contemporaries, prove him to be possessed of considerable natural fancy.

The present volume, which is what is termed a chap book, is a collection of local and historical tales in verse, and went through numerous editions. It is supposed to have been first printed about 1596, but no copy of so early

a date is known to exist. The earliest known is one printed by E. A. for E. White, in 1604, 8vo, but neither of this is any copy existing. The oldest edition now known is that printed in 1631, 8vo, blk. lett., of which there is a copy wanting one sheet in the Bodleian Library. It was again printed in 1659, 1678, 1685, 1688 and 1696, all of them of the greatest rarity. Then comes the present more common and inferior one, printed for G. Conyers, *circa* 1700, 8vo, which having been collated with that of 1678, was reprinted by the Percy Society in 1851, edited by James Henry Dixon, Esq. On the title-page there is a small woodcut, which has been copied in this reprint. It opens with the song of "The Death of the fair Lady Rosamond," which contains some verses of true poetry, as witness the following:

Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour and her face,
A sweeter creature in this world
Did never prince embrace.

Her crispèd locks like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's sight;
Her comely eyes like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blush within her crystal cheeks,
Did such a colour drive,
As if the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

We present our readers with one more specimen of Deloney's verse, called "The Widow's Solace, or Comfort in Distress:"

To the tune of "Robinson's Almain."

Mourn no more, fair widdow,
Thy tears are all in vain,
'Tis neither grief nor sorrow,
Can call the dead again.
Man's well enough compared
Unto the summer's flower,
Which now is fair and pleasant,
Yet withereth in an hour:
And mourn no more in vain,
As one whose faith is small;
Be patient in affliction,
And give God thanks for all.

All men are born to die,
The scripture telleth plain:
Of earth we were created.
To earth we must again;
'Twas not Crœsus' treasure,
Nor Alexander's fame,
Nor Solomon by wisdom,
That could death's fury tame:
No physick might preserve them
When nature did decay:
What man can hold for ever
The thing that will away?
Then mourn no more, &c.

Though you have lost your husband
Your comfort in distress;
Consider God regardeth
The widdows heaviness;
And hath strictly charged
Such as his children be
The fatherless and widdow
To shield from injury.
Then mourn no more, &c.

If he were true and faithful,
And loving unto thee,
Doubt not but there's in England
Enough as good as he;
But if that such affection
Within his heart was none
Then give God praise and glory
That he is dead and gone.
And mourn no more, &c.

Receive such suitors friendly,
As do resort to thee;
Respect not th'outward person,
But the inward gravity;
And with advisèd judgment
Chuse him above the rest,
Whom thou by proof hast tried,
And found to be the best.
Then mourn no more, &c.

Then shalt thou live a life
Exempt from all annoy;
And whensoever it chanceth,
I pray God give thee joy.
And thus I make an end,
With true humility,
In hope my simple solace
May well accepted be.
Then mourn no more, &c.

The interesting ballad of "The Spanish Lady's Love," in this collection, is well known. It is printed in blk. lett. in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 246 (ed. 1794), and the reader may see an account of the various claimants to be considered as the hero of the tale in that work; in Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations* to the same, p. 72; Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 187; the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1846, and the *Quarterly Review* for October 1846. The story is supposed to be the invention of Deloney himself. The beautiful tune composed to this ballad may be found in the Percy Society's reprint of *The Garland*, p. 150, and in Chappell's work, vol. i. p. 86.

For further particulars respecting this amusing little work by Deloney, consult also the "Percy Folio Manuscript" (1868, 8vo), vol. iii. p. 393; and Collier's *Bibliog. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 212. Heber's *Cat.*, ed. 1685, pt. iv. No. 504, 1*l.* 15*s.*; ditto, pt. viii. No. 646, 18*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 207, 2*l.* 2*s.*

There is a copy of the edition of 1688 in Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Bound in Purple Calf, extra.

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*Deloney (Thomas.) — Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonets, of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lordes, Ladyes, Knights, and Gen-

tlemen. — Very pleasant either to be read or songe, and a most excellent warning for all estates.

Imprinted at London for W. Barley, and are to be sold at his Shop in Gratious streete against St. Peters Church. 1607. 8vo, **bl. lett.** pp. 80.

Another work, believed to have been written for the most part by Deloney, and which in this edition is so rare that only two copies of it are known. The volume contains chiefly a collection of his historical songs and ballads, including the one of "Fair Rosamond," but differing from those in the *Garland of Good Will*, and it is probable there may have been a still earlier edition than this of 1607. On the back of the title is "The Table," which however includes only twelve of the ballads, and it is supposed that the printer, not finding the volume sufficiently large, may have been induced to add the others, taken indiscriminately from anonymous writers, to make up the volume. The following song, which is among the additions, is perhaps one of the best, and will bear quotation in part. It is called "A new dittie in prayse of Money."

To a new tune called "The King's Jigge."

Money's a lady; — nay, she's a princesse,
Nay more, a goddesse adorned on earth.
Without this Money, who can be merry,
Though he be never so noble by byrth?
Her presence breeds joy, her absence annoy;
Where Money lacketh, there wanteth no dearth.

Vertue is nothing if Money be wanting,
vertue is nothing esteemed or set by.
Wisdom is folly, and so accounted,
if it be joyned with base povertie.
Learning's contemned, wit is condemned,
both are derided of rich miserie.

He that is wealthy is greatly regarded,
though he be never so simple a sot;
He that is needy, he is despised,
tho' he have wisedome which th'other hath not.
Though he have wisedome (which many wanteth)
yet is his credit not worth a grot.

When thou hast Money then friendes thou hast many;
when it is wasted their friendship is cold;

Goe by Jeronimo,* no man then will thee know,
knowing thou hast neither silver nor gold.
No man will call thee in, no man will set a pin,
for former friendship, though never so cold.

Money doth all things, both great things and small,
Money doth all things, as plainely we see;
Money doth each thing, want can do nothing,
Povertie parteth still good companie:
When thou hast spent all, or els hast lent all,
who then is loving or kind unto thee.

Money makes soldiers to serve their prince truly,
Money hyres souldiers and serving-men too:
Money makes lawyers plead the case duly;
without this Money what can man do?
This auncient lesson I learned newly,
if Money misseth, in vaine thou dost sue.

Thus we see Money makes every place sunny;
each place is shady that wanteth her shine;
Phoebus is not so bright, nor gives such store of light
as this faire lady whose beauty's divine.
Of night she maketh day, all care she drives away,
her fame and glory nere yet did decline.

Riches bewitches the minde of a miser,
Money enchaunteth both young age and old;
Yet cannot Money purchase thee Heaven,
Heaven's not purchas'd with silver nor gold;
But to the godly, righteous, and blessed,
the joyes of heaven are given, not sold.

This volume was reprinted in 1612, 4to, and since that period has been again reprinted in 1841, with a short introduction and notes by Mr. Collier, for the Percy Society, No. 10. The work is noticed also by the same gentleman in his *Bibliogr. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 214, who has given extracts from two of the poems, and has remarked upon the rarity of this edition of 1607, of which only one other copy was known to him.

There is a copy in Lord Ellesmere's Collection at Bridgewater House.

Bound in Calf, neat.

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* This is a proverbial expression, adopted in ridicule, from Kidd's play of "The Spanish Tragedy," and was very common at that period, as we have already shewn in other instances.

*Deloney (Thomas.) — The Royal Garland of Love and Delight Containing the liues of Sundry Kings, Queens, and Princes. With other Love Songs and Sonnets full of Delight. By T. D. Whereunto is added a rare new Sonnet of the Restauration of Charles the Second 1674.

London, Printed by E. C. for W. T. and are to be sold by John Rose. 1674. 8vo, blk. lett.

This is another impression of the same work under a new and different title. Many of these ballads appeared separately as broadsides before they were collected together into a volume. The present edition is very scarce. Bound in Red Calf, gilt leaves.

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*Deloney (Thomas.) — Besides the two poetical works which we have noticed, Deloney, who seems to have been well versed in our early prose romances and chronicles, wrote *The Gentle Craft. A Discourse shewing what famous men have been Shoemakers in time past in this Land — with their worthy deeds and great hospitality.* London. Printed for Edward White. 1598. 4to. blk. lett. Of this first edition no perfect copy is known. Our own copy was printed at London for F. Coles. 4to. *n. d.* (circa 1670.) There were numerous impressions down to a late period. Deloney is also the author of *The Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, in his younger years called Jack of Newberie, the famous and worthy Clothier of England,* by T. D. Lond. 1619. 4to. It was licensed in 1590, but this edition in 1619 (the eighth) is the earliest one known. It is written in prose, interspersed with poetry; among which is inserted the well known ballad of "Flodden Field." The edition we possessed of this most popular work was "now the ninth time (more correctly the twelfth time) imprinted, corrected, and inlarged by T. D. London. Printed by Robert Young, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Wright. 1633. 4to. It went through numberless editions, and was reprinted in 1859, in 4to. Similar in kind, and nearly as popular, was another tale by the same writer, *The History of Thomas of Reading, or the sixe worthy Yeomen of the West.* Now the Sixth Time Corrected and Enlarged. By T. D. *Thou shalt labour till thou returne to dust.* London. Printed by Eliz. Allde for Robert Bird. 1632. 4to. It is in prose interspersed with songs, and appears to have been printed

before 1600. It was reprinted by Mr. Thoms from the present edition in his Prose Romances, &c. In addition to these Deloney printed several broadside ballads, among them three in particular in 1588, on the overthrow and destruction of the Spanish Armada, which were reprinted by James O. Halliwell, Esq., in 1860, in square 12mo, only thirty copies. We may assign to this writer likewise *The pleasant and sweet Historie of Patient Grissell. Shewing how she from a poor mans Daughter, came to be a great Lady in France, being a patterne for all vertuous Women.* Translated out of Italian. London, Printed by E. P. for John Wright, &c. [1640.] 8vo., blk. lett. In verse. This story, originally related by Boccacio, and in English by Chaucer, and frequently introduced as a popular ballad into our collections, was reprinted along with a blk. lett. prose tract on the same subject by the Percy Society in 1842, No. 18, with an Introduction and Notes by John P. Collier, Esq.

We regret that we are unable to supply any further particulars respecting the life and circumstances of one who contributed so largely to the amusement and enjoyment of his fellow-mortals, and whose popularity continued so great for so long a period.

But we can only state that he appears to have been a silk weaver by trade at Norwich, until he took to the precarious pursuit of writing songs and ballads, in which he acquired such renown, but we fear not accompanied by much worldly pelf. He then removed his abode to London, married, and lived with his family in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where his son, Richard, was christened on the 12th October, 1586; and other members of the family resided in the same parish. Deloney himself, it is believed, died about 1600.

D.[ENNYS] J.[OHN], Esqr. — The Secrets of Angling. Teaching the choicest Tooles, Baytes, and Seasons, for the taking of any Fish, in Pond or River: practised and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Esquire.

Augmented with many approved experiments. By W. Lauson.

Printed at London for John Leche Jackson. 8vo.

Sir Harris Nicolas in his splendid and complete edition of Walton's *Angler*, 1836, in a note on this extremely rare work, vol. ii. p. 408, is of

opinion that there are strong reasons for believing that *The Secrets of Angling* was written by John Dennys, Esq., who was Lord of the Manor of Oldbury, in the county of Gloucester, between 1572 and 1608, and a younger son of Sir Walter Dennys of Pucklechurch in that county, by Agnes, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Davers or Danvers. The river Boyd, mentioned by the poet in his work as celebrated for its trout and other fish, flows through the village of Pucklechurch, in the north aisle of which church is the ancient burial place of the family of Dennys. This opinion appears to be confirmed by the entry of the volume in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1612, to Roger Jackson, the printer, as the production of John Dennys, Esquire. It was first printed by Roger Jackson in 1613, and of this edition there is a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It was "augmented with many approved experiments by W. Lauson," and again reprinted by T. H. for John Harrison, and to be sold by Francis Coles, at his shop in the Old Bayley, in 1652. Of this edition an account will be found by Mr. Beloe from a copy then belonging to Mr. Douce and now in the Bodleian Library, in the *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. ii. p. 64. And another account of the same, from a copy in the British Museum, is given by Sir Henry Ellis, in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. x. p. 258. A limited reprint of one hundred copies was taken of this edition by Mr. Triphook, in 1811. Of the present edition, which varies from the two before mentioned, no other copy is known. It has hitherto been stated, that there were only two editions of the work printed, but the present one having been compared with both, is evidently a different edition, unknown to all bibliographers; but the imprint is unfortunately imperfect, the date having been cut away by the close cropping of the binder, so that whether this is earlier than that of 1652, as we suppose, and so may be considered as the second edition, or whether it is the third, must be left to time to decide.

On the title is a woodcut representing two men fishing; the one on the right with a sphere at the end of his rod and line, and on a label issuing from his mouth,

Hold hooke and line
then all is mine.

The other on the left with a fish hooked, and the words:

Well feare the Pleasure
That yeelds such treasure.

On the back of the title are some lines "In due Praise of his Praise-

worthy Skill and Worke," signed Jo. Daves. It is dedicated in prose by R. I. (Roger Jackson, the Printer), "To the worthy, and my respected friend, Mr. John Harborne of Tackly in the County of Oxford Esquire," after which is a short address "To the Reader," by W. Lauson, respecting his own observations added to the poem, and a list of the contents. Independently of its great rarity, this poetical treatise on Angling is well deserving of notice from the pleasing manner in which it is written, many of the stanzas possessing considerable poetical merit. The following are the opening stanzas:

Of *Angling* and the art thereof I sing,
What kind of tooles it doth behove to have;
And with what pleasing bait a man may bring
The fish to bite within the watry wave:
A work of thanks to such as in a thing
Of harmelesse pleasure have regard to save
Their dearest soules from sin, and may intend
Of precious time, some part thereon to spend.

You *Nimphs* that in the springs and waters sweet
Your dwelling have, of every hill and dale,
And oft amidst the medows greene doe meet
To sport and play, and hear the *Nightingale*,
And in the Rivers fresh do wash your feete
While *Prognes* sister tels her wofull tale:
Such aide and power unto my verses lend,
As may suffice this little work to end.

* The name of a brooke.

And thou, sweet *Boyd* * that with thy watry sway
Dost wash the cliffes of *Deington* and of *Week*;
And through their Rocks with crooked winding way
Thy mother *Auon* runnest soft to seeke:
In whose fair streames the speckled *Trout* doth play,
The *Roch*, the *Dace*, the *Gudgin*, and the *Bleik*;
Teach me the skill with slender line and hook,
To take each fish of River, Pond, and Brooke.

The succeeding still more pleasing stanzas on the Angler's love of scenery and the beauties of nature in answer to the objections urged against this pastime by the gamester, the drunkard, and the sensualist, are well deserving of quotation here, although this beautiful passage has already appeared in other works, and was the one introduced by Walton into his *Complete Angler*, with some alterations, however, not for the better, having apparently quoted from memory:

O let me rather on the pleasant Brinke
Of *Tyne* and *Trent* possesse some dwelling place;
Where I may see my Quill and Corke downe sink
With eager bit of *Barbell*, *Bleake*, or *Dace*:
And on the world and his Creatour think,
While they proud *Thais* painted sheet embrace,
And with the fume of strong *Tobacco's* smoke,
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,
And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the Fields and Meadowes greene may view,
And by the Rivers fresh may walke at will,
Among the *Dazies* and the *Violets* blew:
Red *Hyacinth*, and yellow *Daffodil*,
Purple *Narcissus*, like the morning rayes,
Pale *Ganderglas*, and azor *Culverkayes*.

I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compasse of the lofty Skie,
And in the midst thereof like burning gold
The flaming Chariot of the world's great eye;
The watry cloudes that in the aire uprolld
With sundry kindes of painted colours flye;
And faire *Aurora* lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old *Tithonus* bed.

The Hils and Mountaines raised from the Plaines,
The plaines extended levell with the ground,
The ground divided into sundry vaines,
The vaines enclos'd with running rivers round,
The rivers making way through nature's chaines,
With headlong course into the sea profound:
The surging Sea beneath the valleys low,
The valleys swect, and lakes that lovely flow.

The lofty woods, the Forrests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool brows the birds with chanting song
Do welcom with their quire the *Summer's* queen;
The meadowes faire where *Flora's* guifts among,
Are intermixt the verdant grasse betweene,
The silver skaled fish that softly swimme,
Within the brookes, and christall watry brim.

All these and many more of his creation
That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see,

And takes therein no little delectation,
To thinke how strange and wonderfull they be
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his thoughts on other fancies free;
And while he lookes on these with joyfull eie,
His minde is rapt above the starry skye.

The author gives a poetical account of "how the art of angling did begin," the colour of the clothes an angler should wear, viz., russet or gray, and other fishing requisites; and in speaking of the various baits to be used, and the different kinds of fish to be taken, he thus sportively alludes to the larger monsters of the deep:

But here, O *Neptune*, that with triple Mace
Dost rule the raging of the *Ocean* wide,
I meddle not with thy deformed race
Of monsters huge, that in those waves abide:
With that great Whale that by three whole daies space
The man of God did in his belly hide,
And cast him out upon the *Euxin* shore,
As safe and sound as he had beene before.

Nor with that *Orke* that on *Cephaan* strand
Would have devour'd *Andromeda* the faire,
Whom *Perseus* slew with strong and valiant hand
Delivering her from danger and despaire.
The *Hurlpoole* huge that higher then the land
Whole streames of water spouteth in the ayre,
The *Porpois* large that playing swims on hie,
Pretending stormes or other tempests nie.

Nor that admirer of sweet Musick's sound,
That on his back *Arion* bore away,
And brought to shore out of the Seas profound;
The *Hippotame* that like an horse doth neigh,
The *Morse*, that from the rocks inrolled round
Within his teeth himselfe doth safe convey:
The *Tortoise*, covered with his target hard,
The Tuberone attended with his guard.

Nor with that fish that beareth in his snout
A ragged sword, his foes to spoile and kill:
Nor that fierce *Thrasher*, that doth fling about
His nimble flayle, and handles him at will.
The ravenous *Shark*, that with the sweepings out
And filth of Ships doth oft his belly fill;

The *Albacore* that followeth night and day
The flying Fish, and takes them for his prey.

The *Crocodile* that weeps when he doth wrong,
The *Hollibut* that hurts the appetite,
The *Turbut* broad, the *Sceale*, the *Sturgeon* strong,
The *Cod* and *Cozze*, that greedy are to bite,
The *Haake*, the *Haddocke*, and the *Conger* long,
The yellow *Ling*, the *Milvell* faire and white,
The spreading *Ray*, the *Thornback* thin and flat,
The boysterous *Base*, the hoggish *Tunny* fat.

These kinds of fish that are so large of size,
And many more that here I leave untold,
Shall goe for me, and all the rest likewise,
That are the flocke of *Proteus* watry fold:
For well I think my Hooks would not suffice,
Nor slender Lines the least of these to hold.
I leave them therefore to the surging Seas,
In that huge depth, to wander at their ease.

And speake of such as in the fresh are found,
The little *Roach*, the *Menise* biting fast,
The slymie *Tench*, the slender *Smelt* and round,
The *Vmber* sweet, the *Graveling* good of taste,
The wholesome *Ruffe*, the *Barbell* not so sound,
The *Pearch* and *Pike*, that all the rest doe waste,
The *Breame*, the *Carpe*, the *Chub*, and *Chavandar*,
And many more that in fresh waters are.

Sit then *Thalia*, on some pleasant banke,
Among so many as faire *Avon* hath,
And marke the *Anglers* how they march in rank,
Some out of *Bristoll*, some from healthfull *Bath*;
How all the rivers sides along they flanke,
And through the meadowes make their wonted path:
See how their wit and cunning they apply,
To catch the fish that in the waters lye.

The third Book of the Poem is occupied with an enumeration of the virtues and qualities that an Angler should possess — which are twelve in number — the proper times and seasons to angle, and the peculiar haunts of fishes. The contrast in the two following scenes of Winter and a Spring morning will afford a concluding example favourable of the Author's poetical powers of description:

Or when cold *Boreas* with his frosty beard
Lookes out from vnderneath the lesser Beare,
And makes the weary travailer afeard,
To see the valleys covered every where
With Ice and Snow, that late so greene appear'd;
The waters stand as if of steele they were:
And hoary frosts doe hang on every bough,
Where freshest leaves of summer late did grow.

* * * * * *

When faire *Aurora* rising early shewes
Her blushing face beyond the Easterne hils,
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple vewes,
That far abroad the world with brightnesse fills,
The medowes greene are hoare with silver dewes,
That on the earth the sable night distills,
And chanting birds with merry notes bewray
The neere approching of the chearfull day.

At the end of the third Book are these lines:

Would'st thou catch Fish?
Then here's thy wish;
Take this receipt,
To anoynt thy Baite.
Thou that desir'st to fish with line and hook,
Be it in poole, in River or in Brooke,
To blesse thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Loe here's a meanes, if thou can'st hit it right.
Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soak
In oyle well drawne from that which kils the oak,
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill,
When twenty faile, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Probatum.

It's perfect and good,
If well understood:
Else not to be told
For Silver or Gold.

R. R.

This excellent receipt you may buy ready and truely made, at the signe of the Flying-Horse, an Apothecaries in Carter Lane.

Another leaf is added, containing "Certaine observations forgotten," and the Volume is closed with a pious direction to "Pray to God with your heart to blesse your lawfull exercise."

"That which kills the oak" in the above receipt is conjectured to be the Ivy. And the initials R. R. at the end of it are supposed by Sir John Hawkins to mean the R. Roe mentioned by Walton.

This poetical work was known to Gervase Markham, who appears to have turned it into prose in an early edition of his work called *Country Contentments* under the following title: "The whole Art of Angling; as it was written in a small Treatise in Rime, and now for the better understanding of the Reader put into prose, and adorned and inlarged." 4to, 1631. There is little doubt also that Walton had this work of Dennys in his mind, when he speaks of the inward qualities which a clever angler should possess: "He that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an enquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself." And also in noticing the antiquity of angling, "Some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood." Walton might also have seen Markham's Treatise mentioned above, who, in describing the different qualities required, has augmented the list of these virtues from twelve to a still greater number, including Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Astronomy, Arithmetic and Music; qualifications which may seem to the reader hardly necessary for perfection in the art of catching fish.

The Author was dead at the time this Volume was printed, as is mentioned by Roger Jackson in his dedicatory Epistle. Walton ascribed the Poem to John Davors, and by others it has been attributed, but without sufficient authority, to Davies and to Dr. Donne. It was unknown to Ritson or to Herbert, but is noticed by Mr. Beloe in his *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. ii. p. 64, who speaks of its great rarity, and that Sir John Hawkins was unable to procure a sight of it; by Dr. Drake in his *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 291; in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. x. p. 258; by Sir Henry Ellis; and in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii. p. 354. See also Sir John Hawkins's Edition of Walton's *Angler*, ed. 1797, p. viii and p. 19; and Sir Harris Nicolas's Edition of the same p. 79 and p. 408.

Bound in Drab Morocco, with leather joints inside; blank tooled; gilt leaves.

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*Denny (Sir William, Bart.)—Pelecanicidium:—or The Christian Adviser against Self-Murder. Together with a Guide, and the Pilgrims Passe to the Land of the Living. In Three Books.

Soles occidere et redire possunt. Senec.

London, Printed for Thomas Hucklescott, and are to be sold at the Signe of the George in Little Brittan. 1653. 8vo, pp. 338.

This is a curious volume worthy of notice, by an author but little known, written in prose and verse, and ornamented with an engraved Title and three other plates by F. Barlow, the engraver of several of the cuts in Benlowes' *Theophila.* The work entitled *Pelecanicidium* is an octavo of 318 pages exclusive of the Title, the Proem, and the Table of Contents prefixed to the first Book (seven leaves); the Title to the second Book (one leaf); and the Title and Introduction (called the Encouragement) to the third Book (two leaves). With these exceptions the three Books are paged continuously throughout from p. 1 to p. 318.

Prefixed to and facing the first Title is an excellent engraving by Barlow, filling the entire page. The subject is, heraldically speaking, a *pelican in piety.* The figure of the pelican occupies the centre of the page; she is in the act of vulning herself, and on either side are two of her young; upon her breast are the words *Pelecanicidium*, and between her legs *Sic nec aliter.* She stands upon a kind of rushy ground. In the background are shrubs and two trees; the one on the left is leafless, and has a hissing serpent coiled round it; the one on the right is in full leaf, and has a dove perched upon the lowest branch. In the centre, below the grass, is a circular shield set in an ornamental framework, bearing a coat of arms, viz: a saltire between twelve crosses pateè, on a canton a sinister hand, in fess point, a crescent for a difference. To the left of the shield is a bundle of dry twigs, between which and the shield are the words *Hic mea*; to the right of the shield is a dexter hand holding five ears of wheat erect, between which and the shield is the word *Messis.* Below the twigs, resting upon the marginal line of the plate is a human skull facing inwards, whilst beneath the hand is the head of a rose and a lily surmounted by the usual heraldic wreath, under which are the words By S^{r} William Denny.

Then follows the Title as given above, succeeded by a poem of seventy-seven lines, commencing:

Since all the World is folly, well may one
Be th' Hieroglyphick, not alone.

Then follows on Sig. A 4, beginning thus:

The Proœme.

Since Adam's Fall his Posterity became Partakers, not onely of his Sin, but his Sorrow.

This Proem occupies the chief portions of five pages, after which is a short poem of forty lines commencing at the middle of the fifth page, thus:

To the Discontented.
As in a Glasse you may behold
Your face, your Figure in this Mold.

At the end of this poem is another of thirty-four lines, thus:

As not, to the Desperate.
Who speaks to Thee, that scorn'st Thy Self and All?
That look'st not for a Place to stand, but fall. &c.

Then occurs "The Table of the first Book." Although the page is thus headed, the Tables of the Second and Third Books follow and fill altogether three pages not numbered.

Next comes page 1 of the First Book, thus:

The Christian Adviser against Self-Homicide or Self-Murder.
Book I. Sect. 1. *Accoast.*
Stay, Desperate Souls! Let's have a word or two!
Examine well, what you but Once can do! &c.

Book I. consists of 32 pages, and of 40 poems, or, as they are called, Sections. They vary considerably in length, the shortest (Sect. x., "The Bloody Murtherer") having four lines only; the longest (Sect. xxiii. "Reason against Self-Murder") having one-hundred-and-twelve lines, the metre being chiefly the hexameter.

Book II. has the following Title: "The Second Book. A Guide to the Land of the Living. For the Discontented that are in the Dangerous Path to Self-Murder. A comfort to All in Distresse, By way of Divine Poem, Perspective, Moral, Prospect, Consolatory Essay.

Sen. Lib. 4. Controversiar. in Proœmio.
Multiplicatur ex industria, quo condiscimus,
ut levetur, quo discernimus."

The text, which is a mixture of prose and verse but chiefly prose, is divided into six cantos. Each Canto consists of the Essay, the Perspective, the Moral, the Prospect, and the Consolatory Essay. The Essays are in verse, as are also the Sections called Prospect; the remainder are in prose.

Book III. has the following Title: "The Third Book. The Pilgrim's Passe to the Land of the Living.

Sil. Ital.
Explorant adversa viros, perq; aspera duro
Nititur ad laudem Virtus interrita clivo.

Crosses the boldest courages assail;
Let what can come, stout Virtue must prevail.
or,
Affliction tries the man; But 's Vertue strains
Through all opposals, till the Top he gains."

The next leaf is not numbered, but has an address in prose, headed "The Encouragement."

From hence the pagination is continued to p. 318, where the work ends with the words:

"Praise the Lord.
For his Mercie endureth for ever.
Finis."

The Contents of this Third Book and their order are the same as the preceding one. The Cantos are continued from 7 on to 12. The running headings are — Book I.: "The Christian Adviser Against Self-Murder." Book II: "A Guide to the Land of the Living." Book III: "The Pilgrims Passe to the Land of the Living." It should further be remarked that there are several errors in the pagination, and that the whole number extends to 318 pages.

The names of the Poems in Book I. are: 1. Accost; 2. Induction; 3. Lovers; 4. Great Spirits; 5. Melancholick; 6. Jealous; 7. The frighted Childe; 8. The debaucht Prentice; 9. The Unfortunate Merchant; 10. The bloudie Murtherer; 11. The curious Zelot; 12. The Tender Consciond't Despairer; 13. A horrid, yet true storie of one that hang'd himselfe upon his knees, with a Bible on a stool open before hym, and a paper to signifie that he had repented; 14. One that will not plead to save his Goods; 15. A desperate Malefactor; 16. A Wench with childe; 17. A despairing Client; 18. From the Frame of Nature; 19. From Mans Creation, and Redemption; 20. Self Preservation from Instinct; 21. Examples of Self-preservation; 22. Self-Homicide against Nature; 23. Reasons against Self-Murder;* 24. Arguments from Reli-

* (1) From Iustice, (2) From comparative value, (3) From Courage, (4) From the Immortalitie of the Soul, (5) From Experiment, (6) From the Offices of the Senses, (7) From Shame of the Fact, (8) From Injustice, (9) From the manner of the Duell, (10) From particular Interest (of Parents, Husbands and Wives, Children, Friends, &c.), (11) From publick Interest (of Countrey, Supream Magistrate, the Church, &c.), (12) From the Law of Nature.

gion; 25. The Cause of desperate Actions; 26. Lamentations for the Church; 27. Expostulation with the Atheist; 28. With the Universarian; 29. Invitation to the Direction; 30. The Direction; 31. An Orthodox Divine the best Instructor; 32. Persuasion by Assumption and Religious Reason; 33. Comparatives in Law and Gospel; 34. Supposition of satisfaction; 35. Consolation; 36. Satans Craft and Policie; 37. Incouragement against Temptation; 38. Advance of Resolution; 39. Prevention; 40. Summary Fortification.

Names of the Subjects in Book II.: Manuduction; Canto 1: The Den of Idleness; Canto 2.: The Grotto of Repentance; Canto 3: The Wildernesse of Tribulation; Canto 4: The fruitfull Vale of Tears; Canto 5: The Call of Humility; Canto 6: The House of Prayer.

Book III.: The Encouragement; Canto 7: The Mount of Faith; Canto 8: The Camp of Resolution; Canto 9: The Lodge of Patience; Canto 10: The Ruines of Mortification; Canto 11: The Form of Self-Resignation; Canto 12: The holy Hill of Contemplation.

Our account of the contents of this curious and hitherto undescribed Volume has proved so copious that we have left space only for a short extract or two as specimens of the verse of the author.

Book. I. Sect. 1. *Accoast.*

Stay, Desperate Souls! Let's have a word or two!
Examine well, what you but Once can do!
Can any Fiend allure with such a call,
That you must post, and run into the Fall?
Or is your Conscience cozen'd with false Hope,
That Heaven is t'ane by Water, Knives, or Rope?
For no man sure seeks Hell, nor sets his Will
On Purpose to bring forth the Fruits of Ill.
Man was, and is betray'd with specious Show;
And meets with Lesse in seeking more to know.

Section 2. *Induction.*

Smooth-handed Pleasure beckons most away,
And has a Wanton Witchcraft in the Eye.
Unwieldy Wealth (that's stiff and pursie grown)
A Hoard 's that He, that has, yet does not own;
Or Others vainer Breath, wherewith some build
Castles in Air, their Names with it to gild.
These are Hell's usual Cordage (Traps and Gins)
Wherewith Men twist the Cables of their Sins;
With which they to destruction tye so fast,
As if unto th' Abysse th'ad Anchor cast.

Concerning the writer of this rare volume we are able to furnish only a few particulars, for which we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Hunter's MS. Collections in the British Museum. He is believed to have been a native of Gillingham in Norfolk, and was created a Baronet at the commencement of the Civil Wars on the 3rd of June 1642. He was the only Baronet of his line, dying without issue, and, according to Mr. Courthope, in extreme poverty. In 1631 there was printed *Rhoden and Iris*, a Pastoral, which was presented at the Florist's Feast in Norwich, May 3, 1631, with verses by P. Port, *W. Dennye*, J. Mingay and others. The author of this Pastoral appears to have been —— Stuart. See Jolley's Cat., pt. iii. No. 916. In 1636 Denny has verses on the pleasures of Coursing in the *Annales Dubrensia*, and in 1652 others before Benlowes' *Theophila*, where he is styled Baronet. In 1653 he printed the present work, of which a copy in Bindley's sale, pt. i. No. 1769, produced 13*l.* Nothing is said there about a portrait; but in Thorpe's Cat. for 1835, No. 730, a copy is inserted which is said to have a portrait of the author not named by Granger. "There is a spice of poetry in the very name of his book, *Pelecanicidium*, and on the whole he is a person of whom we could feel desirous to know more than we do." A copy of this work sold in Brand's sale for 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 504, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Boucher's ditto, 3*l.* 10*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 533, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

The copy in the British Museum wants two out of the three plates.

Consult further concerning this rare volume Hunter's Collections, British Museum, Additional MSS., 24, 490, fol. 277, and Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*. In this latter work there are several references in the index to persons of this name. There was a William Denny, Esq., Steward of Norwich in the time of James I., and another (or the same) Mayor of that city 21 James I. Sir William Denny, *Knt.*, gave 10*l.* to the poor of Norwich at Lady Denny's funeral, vol. iii. p. 377. In his monumental inscription he is styled Knt. Recorder of Norwich, and Counsellor-at-law to Charles I., vol. iv. p. 13. Sir W. Denny, *Bart.*, held the Manor of Felmingham in 1645, and, in conjunction with Catherine his wife, conveyed it to Sir Richard Berney, Bart., 12 October 1649, vol. xi. p. 34. It would appear as if there were two Sir Williams, as in one place he is styled Baronet, and in another Knight. The owner of Felmingham was the Baronet. In Additional MSS., 19, 126 (one of the volumes of Davy's Collections for Suffolk) there are several pages of matter relating to the Dennys of that County and of Norfolk. But the only

reference to Sir W. Denny *the Poet* is a copy of the passage in Comthope's *Baronetage.*

Collation: Sig. A 1 to X 8 in eights.

Bound by C. Smith. In Olive Morocco extra, tooled in the Grolier style, gilt leaves.

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*Denny (Sir William, Bart.) — The Shepheards Holiday. A Poem. Autograph Manuscript. 1651. Folio, pp. 46.

This is an unpublished Manuscript of a Pastoral Comedy in Verse by Sir William Denny, entirely prepared for the press, with a Dedication to "The Lady Kemp and Mrs. Thornton," dated June 1st, 1651, containing a "Key or Clavis, which might heretofore have passt for a Masque had it not bene for Vizards." This production by the author of *Pelecanicidium* has escaped the notice of all our earlier bibliographers, but a quotation from it occurs in the second edition of Nares's *Glossary*, published in 1859, in v. Heyne. The present MS. copy, no printed edition, contemporary with the writer, having been discovered, was communicated for insertion in a volume entitled *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies*, 1870, of which only fifty copies were privately printed for presents by Henry Huth, Esq.

The *Shepheards Holiday* is dedicated to the two ladies in an Epistle signed by Denny, dated June 1, 1651, in which he explains (what might otherwise have been obscure) the character and signification of the performance. In a dramatic point of view the piece now noticed may be regarded as of small worth, and it partakes of the faults incidental to this school of art, affectation, insipidity and obscurity. But considered as a poem, which in fact it is, rather than a masque or play, it is by no means contemptible, and offers some well-written passages and some good lines. The whole composition may be seen and read in the work mentioned above; but we may perhaps be permitted to transcribe the beginning of the interlocution between Dalon and Beta:

Dalon. The glorious day puts on his golden dress.
Beta. The more to shew the world our happiness.
Dalon. My lovely Beta, thou like it dost shine.
Beta. I have no splendour, but what first was thine.

There is an abundance of pretty passages throughout the production; but we have only room for a second short specimen from

Lipsona's Song.

Beauty late did seem to stray,
Love o'ertook, and bade good day.
Leads not this
(Does Beauty say)
Unto bliss
I pray?
Not so, sweet lass; thou'st lost thy way.

This is too strait. Go through that grove,
Thy steps then winding move
To the left, then the right,
Until thou meet a wight:
Listen to him, and him obey;
He'll teach thee where that bliss thou seek'st does lay.
She after that does mend her pace,
And finds the man in Lovers' Maze.

Vida. Ha, ha, ha! This was a merry note.
Vota. At last you're found by fortune and your song.
Vida. Her heart is light, and dwells upon her tongue.
Lipsona. You raise my blushes for a harmless air.
Vida. Let's home. Such blushes make you look more fair.

We have here a Palmer who discharges the same function as is performed by the chorus in the old Greek tragedy. The poem is interspersed with several songs of average merit. It concludes with a speech by Pega, one of the characters, who adjudges Lipsona to Tomkin, and places the marriage garland on the maiden's head.

Of Sir William Denny's family we have already signified that some account may be found in the second and third volumes of Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*. There can be little doubt that the MS. which we have been describing is the original autograph of the author.

A Pastoral Tragi-Comedy with the same title was published by Joseph Rutter in 1635.

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*Dialogues.—The Dialoges of Creatures Moralysed. Applyably and edificatyfly, to euery mery and iocounde mater, of late trāslated out of latyn into our Englysshe tonge right profitable to the gouernaunce of man. And they be to sell, upō

Powlys churche yarde. 4to, blk. lett. No date, printer's name, or place. pp. 328.

The Fables of Æsop were doubtless the origin and foundation of this singular work, and of others of a similar class; and although it appeared only once in the English language, which has now become one of the rarest of books, it was printed abroad in Latin or Dutch no less than twelve or fourteen times during the fifteenth century. It appears to have been first printed at Gouda at the Press of Gerard Leeu in 1480, folio, with numerous cuts, and was repeated again from the same press in the following year, and also at Cologne in that year; and was succeeded by others printed at Antwerp, Paris, &c., chiefly in folio and ornamented with cuts. Independently of the great rarity of the English edition, the work is so full of interest and amusement, and is so curious and remarkable, that, although not coming strictly within the object and purpose of this publication, we are led to believe our readers will thank us for calling their attention to it and for including in our series, "*The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized.*"

The work is printed in small quarto, in black letter, in a sort of cursive or italic character, resembling some of the early divinity tracts by Wyer and others, having catch words on the left hand page only, and signatures running in fours. It is remarkable also for some very singular ornamented capitals, several of which have been copied in Mr. Haslewood's reprint of the work. Although printed in English, it is generally supposed to have proceeded from a foreign press, the type much resembling some of the early religious tracts printed at the Reformation. And, while it is said "they be to sell upō Powlys Churche yarde," it must be remembered that this was the usual mart for all books sold in London, and therefore likely to be named by the foreign printer.

The woodcuts are, throughout, of the rudest and simplest kind, with separate border pieces at the sides, and occasionally at the top and bottom, the patterns of which are frequently repeated. We do not find these cuts used in any other works of English production. They are each accompanied by a short dialogue in prose of great simplicity in illustration of the cut, ending with two lines of verse as the moral, followed by short tales or reflections containing maxims or sayings of ancient writers, or quotations from the Proverbs and other parts of Scripture.

Below the title is a woodcut of a male and female centaur or satyr shaking hands, repeated before Dialogue xc. enclosed within borders of two

different patterns, and at the back of the title are two other half-length woodcuts at the top, of an old and a young man talking, and at the bottom, of an old man and a young prince holding a sceptre. Then follows the prologue, one page, and "the Table, shewyng the natures and effectys of all Creatures by the maner of persuasyon," five pages, at the end of which is another cut, also repeated before Dialogue xcviii. The work then commences, the first Dialogue being "*Of the Sonne and the Mone.*" As examples of these and of the curious woodcuts, we give the one "*Of a Luce and a Tenche,*" Dialogue xliiii. And "*Of the Wolf and the Asse,*" Dialogue cvii. This latter cut is repeated on the recto of the last leaf of T T iv., occupying the whole page.

Of a Luce and a Tenche.
Dialoge xliiii.

Vppon a tyme ther was a Fissher that fisshed and hydde his hook in sotellye, and shewid unto the fissh the delycyous bayte. A Luce and a Tenche beholdynge the plesaunte bayte desyrid it greatlye. But the Luce was wytty, and sayd to the Tenche, This mete seemyth very good and delicate, but neuerthelesse I trowe that it be putte here to deceyue Fisshes. Therfor let us forsake it, that we be not loste by the fowle apetyte of glotonye. Tenche then spoke and sayde, It is but folye to forsake soe goode a morsell and so delycyous, for a lytle vayne dred. For rather I myself shal attaste of it first, and dyne with it with great plesure and swettenesse. And tarye thou and behold my chaunce. And whyle that she swalowyd in the mete, she felte the hookys that were hydde. And she wolde fayne haue returnyd bakwarde. But the Fissher pluckyd her up to him, and the Luce fledde swyftelye bye, and sayd thus,

Of other mennys sorowe corected mote we be
Saye that fro parell we nowe escape free.

So we owe to be ware by correccyon and hurte of other men, as sayth Caton, The hurte of thy neyboure moste chastise thee: and Seneca saith, Goode it is to espye what is to be lefte by th' punyshment of others: and also he sayth, A wyseman amendeth his own fawt by consyderaceyon of another manys fawte: and also the same clerke saith, He is wyse that can disspose well his besynes, and beware of harm to himself by example of other men, as Isop reherseth in his Fablis. That a Lyon was syke and faynte, and laye in his cave. To whome there came dyuers beastes to vysyte hym in his infirmyte. And when he sawe auauntage and they were nere hym, he caught Them and ete them. At laste came the Foxe unto him for cause of vysita-

cyon, and stode all withoute, before the mouth of the caue, and wolde not entyr in to the caue for he dredde to come nere the Lyon. To whome the Lyon sayde, Come hyder my dere sustre that we may frendely and louyngly talke togeder. The Foxe answerde and sayde thus to the Lyon, Certaynly I espye well the fotynge of dyuers bestis goynge inwarde. But I see noon comynge outwarde; and therefore pardone me for I will come no nere.

Of the Wolf and the Asse.
Dialogo cvii.

The wolf on a tyme sawyd with the asse, but y^{e} asse labowrid full truly aboue. the wolf was malycyous, and drewe the sawe vndernethe, sekynge an Occasyon to

deuowre the asse. wherfore he made quarell agayne him and sayde. Why doyste thow throwe the duste into myn Ien, the asse answerde and sayde, I doo not so to the, but I gouern the sawe perfightly aftyr my wytte and connynge. If thow wilt sawe aboue I am pleasyd, and I shal labowre beneth trulye. To whom the wolf sayde I can not. But and yf thow throwe any more duste in to myn Ien, I shal put owte both thyn Ien. and they thus sawynge the wolf blewe with all his power wyllynge y^t^ the duste shulde flye in to the Ien of his felowe, but y^e^ tymber stoppid it, and cawsid the dust to fall in to the Ien of the wolf, and he was greuously paynid and sware that he wolde ouirthrowe the portars and berars. But the tymber fell sodeynly by the rightfull jugement of God and oppressed the wolf and kylled hym. The asse lept and sauyd himself and sayde.

Many one that thinkith his Neybowre to kyll
Is slayne with that same swerde sore agayn his wil.

Thus doo malycyows people that laye nettis to deceyue ther neybowris, and to take them. But as it is wrytten Eccle. xxvii. He that ordeynith a pitte for his Neybowre shal fall in to it him self, as Isope inducith a fable and shewith y^t^ he y^t^ labowrith to disceyue other folkes, god shall suffir him to be begilyd and dampnyd, and forth he bringeth an example and saith That on a tyme a mous came to a grete waterside, and durste not swym ouir, and a frogge espied him, and thoughte to deceyue him, and sayde. Thou art welcome brodir and frende. It is sayde that frendeship is prouyd in necessite. Wherfor come with me, for I can swym right wele. The mous trustid wel and suffirde him self to be fast bownde to the foote of y^e^ Frogge, and as they swam the frogge descendyd in to the watir and drownyd the mous and kylled her. and at the laste ther came a kyte fleynge ouir and espied the mows and caught her and the Frogge also and ete them both. and therfore saith Isope. So mote they perissh y^t^ wil speke fayre and deceyue, for it is worthy that punysshment retourne to him that causith it.

It will thus be seen from the quotations we have made, and the specimens of the cuts here given, that the Volume is highly curious and full of interest; and we cannot but feel surprised that it has not been described at length by any of our bibliographers, except by Mr. Haslewood in his elegant reprint of the work noticed in our next article. It is remarkable also that a work of so much interest, and so frequently reprinted abroad, should have been confined to this one solitary English impression. So that it can scarcely be wondered at that it should have become so rare. It is believed to have been translated by John Rastall, and may perhaps be considered as one of the earliest volumes of Fables that was published in this country.

It is seldom that a copy of this rare and curious work occurs for sale by auction. A copy damaged by worms sold in Heber's Cat., pt. viii. No. 718, for 7*l.* 10*s.*; Inglis's ditto, 12*l.* 5*s.*; White Knights ditto, pt. i. No. 1351,

15*l.*; and Gardner's ditto, No. 638, 30*l.* There are copies in the British Museum, and in the Bodleian Library.

Collation: Sig. A to X four leaves each, then A A to T T4 in fours. The Colophon is on the reverse of T T3 as given at the commencement. The last leaf on the recto is a repetition of the woodcut to the Dialogue of the Wolf and the Asse; on the reverse, those of "the Ape that wrote bookes, and of a beaste callyd Bubalus that was a shomaker."

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Fawn coloured Morocco, gilt leaves.

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*Dialogues (The) of Creatures Moralised. Applicable and edifying to every merry and jocund matter, and right profitable to the governance of men. Edited by Joseph Haslewood. London, Printed by Bensley and Son, for Robert Triphook, 37, St. James's Street. 1816. 4to, pp. 296.

Owing to circumstances of an unfortunate kind this very handsome reprint by Mr. Haslewood of the *Dialogues of Creatures Moralised* is now become almost as rare as the original work. Of the ninety-eight copies which were printed by Bensley all save forty-two were destroyed in the calamitous fire which took place on their premises, and proved so destructive. This elegant reprint contains a Dedication to James Bindley, Esq., and a copious Introduction by the Editor, giving an account of the original English edition and a list of some of those other numerous foreign editions, including a few other particulars, to which we have been ourselves indebted, shewing the popular nature of the subject. The reprint is profusely adorned with woodcuts of the fables belonging to the work, besides the representations of some of the curious ornamental capital letters given as head and tail pieces which add so much to the interest of the reprint.

It is to be regretted however that the cuts belonging to the Dialogues are not taken from the English edition, so as to make it an exact fac-simile of the original, but are adopted from a folio Latin edition printed at Gouda by Gerard Leeu in 1481.

Bindley's copy of the reprint sold at his sale, pt. ii. No. 557, for 2*l.* 9*s.*; Strettell's ditto, No. 810, 3*l.* 3*s.*

There were two copies taken off on Large Paper.

Collation: The Title, Dedication, Introduction and list of Contents 16

pages; then Sig. A to A a a a two leaves each. Sig. q q q is by mistake printed p p p.

Bound in Red Morocco elegant, gilt leaves.

Dyalogue. — A Goodly Dyalogue betwene Knowledge and Symplicitie.

Imprinted at London by Anthony Scoloker and Wylliam Seres, Dwellyng wythout Aldersgate. 12mo, blk. lett.

Cum Gratia et Priuilegio ad Imprimendum solum. n.d. pp. 16.

The dawning of the Reformation, when the popular feeling broke forth from its ancient trammels and superstitions, not only interested every mind and filled it with exultation at the liberty it had attained, but by introducing new thoughts and desires, and by disseminating abroad the discussion of theological opinions among the people, created so great an excitement, that many were the small fugitive religious pieces put forth like the present on the various controversial points of difference between the Romish and Protestant communions. The name of the Author of the present small and exceedingly rare brochure is entirely shrouded in oblivion, but his little offspring was not without its value in pushing forward the purer doctrines of the Reformation, and was of use in clearing away the errors and absurdities of the old faith, and in opposing the prejudices which then prevailed. It has no date, but we may reasonably conclude that it was printed during the reign of King Edward the Sixth about the year 1548 or 49, when Scoloker and Seres were joined together as printers. It commences on the back of the title, without any Preface, and is written in 43 stanzas of eight lines each. It consists of eight leaves only, and is without signatures. The interlocutors are Knowledge and Simplicity, the first attacking the abuses of Popery, the Mass, the Real Presence, Pilgrimages, &c.; the latter excusing and defending them. The name of each speaker is given in the margin, together with the subject of discussion in each stanza. Simplicity at the commencement is welcomed by Knowledge to the city, and thinks that London will sink through heresy and sin. The Bible is cause of controversy, old custom is blamed; and various questions and ceremonies are discussed. Simplicity pleads hard in behalf of masses and Christ's bodily presence in the Sacrament, which Knowledge inveighs severely against:

Simplicitie. The first question is of masses.

How saye you (I pray the) to the holy masse
That long hath bene used of antiquitie
And for many other thynges I let passe
As of masse of requiem and scalacely
That delyuered our frēdes soules frō purgatory
Wyth many mo masses then I can name
Of the v. woundes, and of corpus Christi
To the honour and praise of Gods holy name.

Knowledge. Yᵗ all masses satisfactorye are Idolatrye of yᵉ bishop of Romes invēting.

Such masses I say, are but Idolatrye
Which the Romysh Antichryst dyd inuent
To blynd our eyes wyth fayned ypocrysy
And all to get money was hys intent
What greater blasphemye was euer ment?
If masses shal saue us, Chrysts death is in vayn
That suffred for us hys flesh to be torment
Honour therfore no masse, but Gods holy name.

Simplicite. Whether Chrystes body be really present in the Sacrament.

How say ye then unto the Sacrament
Which all ye go about to denye
In the hoost, to be bodily present
Fyrst as he was borne of mary
And uppon the crosse as he dyd dye
If ye speake agaynst thys, ye are to blame
Thys our fathers beleued, and so do I
To the honour and prayse of Gods holy name.

Knowledge. Yᵗ Chryste is not bodely pˢent in the Sacrament.

The sacrament is an holy thyng
But the use therof was farre out of frame
And that selfe body on the crosse hangyng
And borne of Mary that blessed dame
In hys corporall presence I say playne
Is not there present, surely I thynke the same
Who teacheth contrary his doctryne is vayne
And great dyshonour to Gods holy name.

Simplicite. God is present all where and therfore his body is in the Sacrament.

Ah Jesus mercy, what do I here?
Is not he present in the sacrament?
How say you? Is not God present alwhere?
Wyll ye deny the new Testament?
And if he be alwhere, I say verament
He is in the sacrament, I abyde by the same
Your deuelysh doctryne the deuell dyd inuent
To the great dishonour of Gods holy name.

Knowledge. Yes syr, God is present in very dede
Yᵗ God is presēt alwhere and is not seen, as yᵉ soule of man is inuisible and incorruptible. As well all where, as in the Sacrament
But that understand in hys Godhead
And for example lerne this presydent
The soule and the body be thynges different
But the body destroyed, yᵉ soule doth yet remaine
And ye se not the soule, nether yet in the sacrament
Ye se Gods body, but blaspheme hys name.

Sīplicite. Mary Syr, that is abominable heresy
That the prest lifteth up Gods body ī the sacramēt. Is thys your new learnyng and doctryne?
What thyng can be sayd that is more blasphemy?
Ye shall neuer persuade me, brother myne
Doth not the priest from tyme to tyme
Lift up Gods body, and shew us the same?
In fourme of bread, yea, we se it wyth oure eyen
To the honour and prayse of Gods holye name.

Knoledg. Ye are deceaued, poore symplicitie,
Christ offred ones can not be offred agayne masse is ydolatrye and hath no groūd in Scripture. For Chryst being offred ones for all
Shall neuer be offred agayne, beleue me,
Our masses therfore are most Idolatry of all
Hauyng no grounde in Scrypture at all
If ye say, ye se Chryst lyft up in the same
You comyt most shamefull ydolatry wythall
To the great dyshonour of Gods holy name.

Knowledge of course has the best of the argument, and in the end Simplicity acknowledges the truth of his reasoning, becomes convinced, and returns thanks to Knowledge for teaching him the right way:

Sīplicitie. I pray God thanke you wᵗ all myne harte
The thankes of Sīplicyte for the good counsell of Knoledge. In these thynges my consyence is appeased
And in all other I trust sone afterwarde
My harte by you shall be well eased
The blyndenes that in me was, seased
Is almost elered, and set in frame
And you I do thanke, whome it hath pleased
To teach me to honour Gods holy name.

Knoledge. Gyue the laude to God, as most worthy is
Not to man but to God be all glory. And not unto man, but unto hys name
And praye we for the Kynges hyghnes
That Gods gospell hath so in frame

That all we maye see the truth from the vayne
That all we all errours maye worthely blame
That all we hys kyngdō at the last may attayne
In blysse all togyther to prayse hys holy name.

This little tract is noticed by Dibdin (copied from Herbert) in his *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. iv. p. 223.

A copy was sold in the Roxburghe sale, No. 3291, for 2*l.* 3*s.*; and another in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 681, for 2*l.* 17*s.*, purchased by him in a Volume of Early Printed Tracts in Towneley's sale, pt. i. No. 358, for 16*l.* 16*s.* Only one other copy is at present known to exist.

Bound by Bedford in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

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*D[IXON] R[OBERT].— Canidia, or the Witches, a Rhapsody. In Five Parts. By R. D.

London, Printed by S. Raycroft for Robert Clavell, at the Peacock in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1683. 4to, pp. 536.

It is generally supposed that this Poetical Rhapsody was written by Robert Dixon, although his initials only appear on the title; and if the Author is the same person as Robert Dixon, D.D., who was Dean of Rochester about this time, and who published several religious works, he may have been desirous of concealing his name as the writer of a work but ill-according with his clerical character, and expressed in language not always of the most decent and refined nature. It is a poetical attack on the vices and follies of mankind, who are rebuked and scourged in terms of great freedom and indelicacy of expression, but not without some raillery and humour.

Facing the title is a quotation from Ambros. ad Valent., L. 5 Ep. 39. Each of the parts has a separate title. After the title is the following dedication: "To the Reader. If I only Personate by a Prosopopeia the Genius and Humour, the Strain and Language of an unlucky Witch I cannot justly incur any Displeasure, nor the Imputation of a Crime. I make no other Apology to the Learned and Candid Reader, but have good reasonable Hope that he may reap some Benefit and Delight whensoever he shall vouchsafe to divert himself from the Fatigues of more serious studies to this Rhapsody. Especially if he be a Lover of Vertue whose Beauty is here,

for advantage, veiled by a thin Lawn; and then I shall believe my Pains well bestowed. As for those that slight these endeavours I shall reckon them no better than Bewitcht. Farewell." After this on the next page these four lines of verse:

When sound notions no Friends can make,
Try, if Burlesque and Droll wont take;
If not, Boy, a Quart of Canary at the Mitre score
I'le trust Devil, nor Witch, no more.

Then occurs the Prologue thus:

The Prologue.

I Canidia, Great General
And Governess of Witches-Hall,
Command You in mine Own and Pluto's Names,
To play with Me all Deadly Games.
Let us be counted Cruel Dames,
Though to our Everlasting Shames.

Then follow the Poems of the First Part in ten Cantos, the pages being numbered from 1 to 45. Opposite to p. 45 is the Title to the Second Part of Canidia preceded by the Prologue in verse.

The Prologue.

Fair Ladies, 'tis past time of Woing
More Work's cut out, up and be doing;
Censure severely all Male-contents,
Inflict Impartial Punishments.

Spare none that shall deserve your Ire,
Though you set all the World a Fire.
Hanging and Burning, you know the worst
To be accounted all accurst.

Bustle through all Orders, run the Rounds,
And scorn the Military Frowns:
Venture at any Thing that's Evil,
Be bold, and fear not Man nor Devil.
&c. &c. &c.

This Second Part is numbered from p. 1 to p. 78, and consists of fifteen Cantos. Facing p. 78 is the Title to the Third Part, which, like the former ones, is headed by the Prologue.

I Canidia, inspir'd with rage,
Advance my Satyr on the Stage,

In Revenge to Act my Part,
With a Bloody Hand and Heart.

Let me Interpret Nebulonum Somnia.
&c. &c. &c.

There are forty-three lines more of this Prologue filling a page-and-a-half unnumbered, the signatures running to S 2 and 3. Following these unnumbered pages is the commencement of the poems of this Third Part, in which the pages are numbered from p. 1 to p. 172, the last one being blank. But there are several errors in the pagination of this Part, although the signatures appear to be quite correct. The Third Part contains sixteen Cantos. At the end of these, opposite to the blank page 172, is the Title to the Fourth Part, preceded as usual by

The Prologue.

Welcome so far on your journey, my Maids,
Y' have met in your way with gallant Blades.
Could you busie your selves in better Trades?
Because to me you did so kindly resort,
I've took care to shew you the bravest sport.

If you'l promise me, not to be slow,
I have but two more Stages to go.
I will provide you Fresh Horses,
When this Job's done, Fair Ladies, take your Courses.

Facing the end of this Prologue is the commencement of the Poems with the usual half-title. This part consists of two Cantos, the leaves being numbered from p. 1 to p. 64. Opposite to the last page is the Title to the Fifth Part, followed by The Prologue.

Though I have hunted variety of Game
My brave Brown Mare is neither Tyr'd nor Lame.

At the end of the Prologue occurs the commencement of the Poems of Part v. which consists of sixteen Cantos occupying 162 pages. On this last page (162) the Poems in Cantos end; the next one (163) being filled with a short Poem of thirteen lines, headed "The Close." This is succeeded by a Poem of fifty-eight lines, entitled "Epilogue," occupying two pages-and-a-half. At the end of the Epilogue is a short Poem of ten lines, printed in larger type than the rest, termed

An Appendix to the Witches.

Frank Rablais solid works took not very well,
But the Fops hugg'd his Garagantua and Pantagruel,

A Bauble pleases Fools with a Bell,
The same is done with a Bubble and a shell.

At the end of this Appendix on p. 169 is a Poem:

The Witch to the Reader.

This is a half-title to a long Poem in two Cantos, extending from p. 169 to the end of the book p. 222, all numbered, and the Volume ends with this distich in Italics:

Money, my Hearts, if you have any,
Broken or whole for a parting Peny.

FINIS.

From a work of this free and burlesque character, partaking of the coarse and often gross language of that period, we find it somewhat difficult to select a passage of any length as a specimen of the light and rhapsodical style of the author, without including some indelicate observation of his. The following quotation is taken from Part iv. p. 43:

The starcht *Capricio* that keeps time
In's gate, and nere speaks but in Rhyme:
That stands stiff bent as one dead,
Keeps all his Postures to a Thred.
All things about him are in print,
No Angle but there's something in't,
With a most Artificial Grace,
No hair, but in its proper place.

And if one Lock more on one side lye,
It makes him hold his Neck awry
His Tresses must be exactly purl'd,
Starcht, frizled, crisped, steekt, and curl'd,
Mustachos, Ruler or Dagger-wise,
For too much shadowing his Eyes.
Men must be fain to go behind,
He's so perfum'd, and take the Wind.

He comes on ruffling, you may hear him,
Afar off, 'fore you can come near him.
He is some rich Curdonudgeons Heir,
That's scrapt it with a double care.
That Thred-bare went, because he would
Have him go in his Cloth of Gold.
And he performs his Father's Will,
Til he comes at last to grind in a Mill.

He cares not to adorn his Back,
Tho all his Substance go to wrack,
He'l wear y' a Lordship in a Band
And a Fee-simple on each Hand,
He'l for a Bonnet wear y' a Hall,
Or a great Castle, Tower and all.
He'l clasp y' a Mannor 'bout his Wast,
But shall do so no more in haste.

He'l keep y' a Court-lodge next his skin,
Pardon him if he do so agin.
He'l wrap (pray Heav'ns he catch no harm)
Whole Woods about him, to keep him warm.
He will consume ye, in pure Gilt
Ten thousand Crowns upon a Hilt,
And as much on a Belt and Blade,
Next will be, turn him to the Spade.

This is a mild and favourable extract from the work. We fear it would be impossible for us to give a longer example of the author's general style and diction without offending our readers. Although we have followed the usual current of opinion in assigning the authorship of this singular Volume to Robert Dixon, D.D., Dean of Rochester, we confess that, judging from the general style, subject and language of its contents, we are not without considerable doubt of his being the author, because it is so utterly at variance with his acknowledged writings. Wood in his *Athen. Oxon.* mentions several serious writings of his, but does not assign *Canidia* to him. Nor is there any more on the title-page or other portions of the book to identify him than the simple initials R. D. Mr. Hunter in his *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum* says: "It would seem as if R. D. was first interpreted to mean Robert Dixon in Hutton's *Catalogue*, No. 1553, which I do not know, and by a fly-leaf note of Farmer's ditto, in *Notes and Queries*, vol. i. p. 164."

The reader may consult further on this subject Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*; and *Fasti Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 103; *Biblioth. Topogr. Brit.*, vol. i. pp. 56–58, Lond., 4to, 1780; and Brit. Museum, Addit. *MSS.*, Nos. 24, 490, fol. 127, 137. White Knights sale, No. 1358, 3*l.* 3*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 2206, 2*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1785, 2*l.* 2*s.*; and Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1494, with the rare portrait of Dixon inserted, 3*l.* 9*s.*

Collation: See Bohn's Edit. of Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Manual*, vol. ii. p. 653, for a collation of the whole five parts.

Fine copy. Half bound in Russia.

Dod (Henry).— All the Psalmes of David. With certaine songes and Canticles of Moses, Debora, Isaiah, Hezekiah, and others, not formerly extāt for song: and manie of the said Psalmes, dayly omitted, and not song at all, because of their difficult tunes. Nowe faithfully reduced into easie meeter, fitting our common tunes.

Deut. 31. 19.

Write ye this song for you, and teach it to the children of Israell: put it in their mouthes, that this song may be a witnesse for me, against the children of Israel.

Printed 1620. 12mo. No place or printer's name. pp. 430.

Among the numerous versions of the Psalms of David and other parts of Scripture, which were so largely increased during the early times of the Reformation, especially by the Puritans, the present collection by Dod is one of the rarest, although certainly not one of the most intrinsically valuable. The author of it, Henry Dod, descended from one of the most ancient families in Cheshire, seated at Edge, was the fifth son of Piers Dod of Smiths Pentrey in Broxton, Gent., by Anne, daughter and heiress of Hugh Carrington of Over in Cheshire, son of Nicholas Carrington, Gent. The Smiths Pentrey branch of Dods, who had a grant of Arms, sprang out of the Edge family of the same name in the time of Edward III., and were distinct from the Dods of Lower Hall in Broxton, another branch of the same family. Of the same race also, but of another branch in Shocklach, which came out of Edge in the time of Edward IV., was John Dod the Decalogist, as he is termed, born in 1547, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and afterwards Rector of Fawsley in the county of Northampton, who died in 1645, and who can therefore hardly be considered as a relation of Henry Dod.

On the reverse of the title are sundry quotations from the Colossians and the Psalms on the duty of praise to God in Psalmody, followed by the dedication "To the Right Worshipfull his worthie good friend John Brewen of Stapleford, Esquier; and to his truly beloved brother and Nephewe Mr. John Dod of Tussingham, and Mr. John Dod of Broxon, Gentelmen, all in the Countie of Chester;" and by an address "To the Christian Reader," from which we learn that he had previously "translated ix. of the singing Psalmes into easie meeter fitting our common tunes for vse in his owne

famely, anno 1603," which were printed by the King's Printer, and the impression all soon spent: and King James I. having vouchsafed a reformation of all the Psalms in prose, many well disposed persons had desired to have them reformed in metre also, and that after waiting for eighteen years in the hope that some one else would have done it in a better manner, he had been persuaded by sundry godly persons to finish the remainder, and to give them to the world in their present form.

The Psalms are printed throughout in one uniform metre, in what is termed by Warton the fashionable ecclesiastical stanza, with the prose version of the same in the margin at the sides in black letter. Dod's verse is feeble and mediocre, and singularly deficient in spirit, harmony or expression. Of this the reader will judge for himself from a few short extracts:

Psalme I.

O blessed man that doth not in
the wickeds counsel walke:
Nor stand in sinners waye, nor sit
in feare of scornfull folke,
But in IEHOVAHS lawe he doth
repose his wholle delight:
And in his lawe doth meditate
with comfort daye and night.

And he shal be lyke planted tree
by water — rivers aye:
Which duly bringeth foorth his fruit,
his leafe shall not decaye.
And whatsoever he shal doe
shall surely prosper well.
Not so the wicked: but they are
lyke chaffe which wyndes dispell.

Psalme XVIII.

The second part.

And he vpon a cherub rod:
and flyeing, he did flye
Vpon the winges of swiftest windes.
Darknes created he
His owne pauilion, secret place
they rownd about him were
Darke waters, and thick clouds of skyes
at brightnes him before.

His thicke clowds passed, hailstones great,
and coles of flameing fire.
IEHOVAH in the heauens then
disperced his thunder.
Also the Highest gaue his voice
hailestons and coales of fire:
Yea, he his arrowes sent abroad
and scatterd them in ire.

Psalme XXIII.

The Lord my gracious shepeard is
so nothing want shall I,
In pastures greene he makes me rest,
by th' sweete streames leading me.
He doeth restore my wearyed soule:
he safely leadeth me
In pleasant pathes of righteousnesse,
for his name sake onely.

Yea, though I walke through vaile of death,
no euill feare I will:
Thy rod and staffe they comfort me,
for thou art with me still.
Thou doest my table well prepare
in presence of my foe:
Thou doest my head anoynt, with oyle,
my cup doeth ouer-flow.

Surely thy mercie and goodnesse
shall follow me all way;
And in IEHOVAHS howse will I
remaine and dwell for aye.

At the end of the Psalms are Moses' Psalme of thanksgiuing, Exod. 15, and Deut. 32; the Song of Deborah, Judges 5; the Song of Hannah, I. Sam. 2; David's lamentation for Saul and Jonathan, II. Sam. 1, 19; David's Psalm of Thanksgiving, II. Sam. 7, 18; the Songs of Isaiah, Chap. 5, 1, and Chap. 26, 1; the Song of Hezekiah, Chap. 38, 10; Psalm of Ionah the Prophet, 2, 2; the Psalm and Prayer of Habakuck, Chap. 3, 2; the Paraphrasis by those excellent learned men, Theodore Beza and Emmanuel Tremellius, in prose; and "Certaine Canticles, selected out of diuers Scriptures," amounting in all to 63, with the passages of Scripture in the margin, from which the different subjects are taken. This portion of the Volume closes with Tables to find the Psalms, and also to find the sundry canticles. A new title-page then occurs:

"A Discription of the principall points contained in the booke of Psalmes. Very profitable for euerie true Christiaen his serious meditation and knowledge. The same Act of Parliament of the third yeeres of King Iames for a publique thankesgiuing vpon the fift day of euerie November; for our deliuerance from the pouder treason, which is composed into easie meeter, and is a song meete for yong and old, the better to make knowne and to keepe in remembrance the said treason for ever.

Printed, Anno 1620."

After "A Table of the principall things in the Booke of Psalmes," the Act of Parliament is recited at length for the observance of the 5th of November. And the most singular part of the Volume is "The same Act in verse. Meete for song, thereby to retaine in minde our safetie from the gun-pouder treason." This extends to twentie-one stanzas, and is probably the first time in which an Act of Parliament has been turned into verse. A very short specimen of it will suffice:

Whereas Almightie God hath in
all ages shew'd his power
And mercie in miraculous
standing our sauiour:
And gracious deliuerer
of Church and children deare
Protecting safely Kings and States
who right religious are.

And where no Nation of the earth
hath binne more rearely blest
With greater benefits, then this
our realme among the rest.
Which freely now enjoy'th the true
and free profession
Of sacred Gospel vnder our
King, and Dread Soueraigne.

There is a copy of this rare work in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which had formerly belonged to Hearne, and in which he has written the following note: "February 18, 1723–4. This book I procured to-day out of Dr. Charlett's study. The Dr. had it of Mr. Bagford, who used to speak of it as a wonderful curiosity, particularly about the Act of Parliament in meter at the end of it, done on purpose to be sung in Churches, that the Conspiracy might be better remembered. Mr. Bagford and I had once a great deal of discourse — for near two hours — as we were walking in the Bodleian gallery about this book."

Dod was a silk mercer in London, and does not appear to have ever married. He was a Puritan, and his intimacy with John Bruen of Stapleford sufficiently shews his religious tendencies. We are not surprised that his version of the Psalms did not stand in very high estimation, and George Wither, who was himself a contemporary versifier of the Psalms, held a very contemptuous opinion of it, and goes so far as to assert in his *Schollars Purgatory*, Lond., 1625, 8vo, that "Dod the silkman's late ridiculous translation of the Psalms was, by authority, worthily condemned to the fire." If this assertion of Wither is at all founded on fact, it may account for its great rarity, but we are ignorant of his authority for making it. Dr. Cotton says: "the Volume has much the appearance of having been printed in Holland." He has given the 19th Psalm and the Act of Parliament in verse in full, App., p. 151, and thinks he may safely affirm that it is the only poem in the English language which begins with the word "Whereas." Prefixed to the present copy is the transcript of a letter by Dod to Mr. D. Page, containing several corrections and amendments, which on comparison will be found to correspond in some degree with the Author's autograph emendations written on the fly-leaf at the end of this copy.

See Dr. Cotton's *List of Editions of the Bible, &c.*, pp. 63 and 147; Latham's *Anthologia Davidica*, p. 28; and Holland's *Psalmists of Britain*, vol i. p. 247. Lowndes is unable to refer to the sale of a single copy. Dr. Bliss's sale, pt. ii. No. 1497, *5l. 5s.*

Besides the one in the Bodleian, there is a copy in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth.

Collation: Title * 2, Sig.* six leaves, A to S 6 in twelves.

Fine copy. Bound in Citron coloured Morocco, with the Author's MS. Errata at the end.

Dodechedron (The) of Fortune: — Or, The Exercise of a qvick Wit. A Booke so rarely and Strangely eomposed, that it giueth (after a most admirable manner) a pleasant and ingenious answer to euery demaund; the like whereof hath not heretofore beene published in our English Tongue. Being first composed in Freneh by John de Mevm, one of the most worthie and famous Poets of his time; and dedieated to the Freneh King, Charles the fift, and by him, for the worth and raritie thereof, verie mueh countenanced, used, and priuiledged: And now for the content of our Countrey-men, Englished by Sr W. B. Knight.

The use of the Booke the Preface annexed declareth.

London, Printed by Iohn Pindley, for H. H. and S. M., and are to be sold at his Shop in Paules Chureh-yard, at the Signe of the Ball. 1613. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 170.

This singular work commences with a prose address from "The French Author to the Reader," in which he states that "besides divinations and lots, the ancients had diuers playes and inuentions of Fortune for recreation and pleasure, more then for any certainty or beleefe of trueth they had in them, the which were called plaies of Hazard and Aduenture; as these: The *Tessaræ*, *Talorum*, or *Taxillorum*, *Doctohedron*, and *Dodecahedron*, the forme and fashion of the figure being sundrie according to the diuersity of the play: Not onely in the forme and squares of the dye, but likewise in the markes thereof. For in some there were prickes or points, in other numerall figures, in some letters, and in some entire words, and celestiall signes. For I haue seene the play called Dodechedron marked with the twelue Signes of the Zodiaque, in the throwing whereof they were perswaded of some truth or certaine euent to their demaund. * * * * * * For this play called *Dodechedron of Fortune* is the meere inuention of one master *Iohn de Meum*, one of the most famous French Poets of his time, the which hee dedicated and presented to King *Charles* the fift then King of *France*, as I found by an ancient Supercription in the booke, when first I found it in a librarie of a friend of mine, who as well for the antiquitie, as the raritie of the same, made great account thereof, keeping it, being a written booke, euer secret to himselfe, untill that ouercome by my request he was content to let it come abroad, and for that we wanted the knowledge and direction of the die being strange, and the Authour's direction therein;

wee were forced to seeke by the frequent communication of manie Doctors, for the use and discouerie thereof. The which by the onely industrious labour and learned Search of the worthie Master *Iohn Moreau*, Signieur of *Monliger*, both the use of the dye, and manner of the booke was found as hereafter. Then first concerning the Authour, Master *Iohn de Meum*, it is knowne that he was one of the most famous in the practise of the Mathematickes and Philosophic of his time."

The Preface, in which there are woodcut figures of the Dodechedron or form of the die, concludes with an explanation of the order of the play or game. After the Preface is a short address from "The Translator to the Reader," who says: "I haue but wound up *Ariadnes* clew or bottome, and so proceeded by the threed, to translate so neere as I could this most pleasant and ingenious worke, written first by Mr. *Iohn de Meum* a famous French Poet, wishing it had rather bin by some other then by me perfected, whose learned skill and scope of words might haue adorned the same for the more pleasant recreation to the Reader." Then ensue four short metrical appeals in six-line stanzas "To Men, Boyes, Servants, and Maides," and "The Table of the Twelve Houses."

The work is a sort of game on fortune-telling principles, consisting of a series of questions in prose, divided according to Astrological arrangement into twelve chapters, answering to the twelve houses celestial, with answers in couplet verse to each question, the lots being determined by a throw of the Dodechedron or twelve-sided die. The metrical answers occupy 144 pages, and are given in black letter. A short specimen of each will prove sufficient.

I. *Baribariatas.* The I. House.

1. Whether nature hath ordained, or no, that the child shall be of a good complexion.	Beginning of life.
2. Whether or no the childe shall bee deliuered sound of bodie. And be withall of long life.	
3. Whether or no it shall bee of a good quicke spirit, and haue a goode memorie.	Presages of young ones.
4. Whether or no it shall pronounce and speake plaine, and so proone pleasing in speech.	
5. Whether or no it shall be fit for studie or other waies to be disposed of.	Natural inclination.
6. What science he shall be aptest to learne and fittest to comprehend.	
7. If in learning at the vniuersitie, then which of the arts he may best professe.	

Allscadabra.

1. Wheresoeuer you change, it is understood,
   Your ill complexion will neuer be good.
2. He shall to his credit all things so frame,
   That none shall be able to touch his good name.
3. Thou shalt enioy thy loue at thy pleasure,
   And that veric soone, of this be thou suer.
4. By industrie and vertuous education,
   He soone shall grow to great reputation.
5. She shall be good and chast in minde and all,
   In what estate soeuer her befall.
6. Though the sicknesse be great with griefe and paine,
   Yet shall it be returnd to health againe.
7. For warre which now is likely to be,
   Good men shall endure the most penurie.
8. This unlearned asse, is no doctor at all,
   And in that art his skill is very small.

Jean de Meun, by whom the work was first composed in French, was the continuator of the celebrated *Romaunt de la Rose* about 1310. He was a native of the small town of Meun on the Loire near Orleans, and also translated Boethius's *Consolations* into verse, and some other works, and died about 1634. The name of the worthy Knight who translated it from the French appears to be unknown. There is a short article on this work by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 319. See also *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 909. A copy of *Le plaisant Jeu du Dodechedron de Fortune*, Lyons, 1581, is in the British Museum.

Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 1492, 9*s.*; Steevens's ditto, No. 960, 11*s.*; Lyte's ditto, No. 1250; Jolley's ditto, pt. iii. No. 1394, 12*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 909, 3*l.* 3*s.* The present copy cost Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. ¶ two leaves, A to X 3 in fours.
In Brown Calf, stamped, gilt leaves.

Donaldson (James).—A Pick-Tooth for Swearers, Or, A Looking-Glass for Atheists and Prophane Persons. Wherein the Greatness of the Party offended, the Solemn giving of the Law, Together with the Strickness and Purity thereof; The

Unquestionable Verity of the Holy Scriptures, and what fearfull Sentence the Wicked may expect in the Great Day, are briefly touched.

Edinburgh, Printed by John Reid, at his Printing-House in Bells-Wynd, Anno Dom. 1698. 4to, p. 24.

The author of this little poetical tract was a Scotchman, who, mindful that "every one according to their capacity and station, ought to contribute their endeavours for suppressing vice," composed these few verses as his mite "towards the prosecution of such a laudable design." The tract is dedicated "Unto the Right Honourable Sir Archibald Mure of Thorntown, Lord Provost, William Menzies, Archibald Rule, James Nairn, George Mitchel Bailies, Patrick Haliburton, Dean of Guild, Samuel M'Clellan, Treasurer, and the Remanent Council of the Ancient and Honourable City, Edinburgh." The Poem, written in long measure, is chiefly an enumeration of the punishments declared in Scripture against the contemners of God's laws, and the arraignment of the wicked for their sins. We quote a few of the opening lines as a specimen of the writer's attempt at versification:

Great Master of the Muses, mighty THOU,
Before whose Face all Knees shal trembling bow,
Thou, who commands Thy Sacred Name to be
With Reverence mention'd, and Humility;
And holds him guilty of attrocious sin,
That needlessly doth take't his lips within;
Thou who doth make the Dumb distinctly talk,
And Blind to see, and Lame with eveness walk,
And maketh Babes to give Thee perfect Praise,
Inspire my Pen and my Affections raise.
Affoord me matter, so assist my Quill,
That I may write according to Thy Will:
Then shall my joy and happiness be more,
Then those whose Cups with Wine and Oyl run o're.
The Great I AM who only IS alone,
And in the Heav'ns establish'd hath his Throne.
He who spread forth the Azure-Skies above,
And in their Spheres makes all the Planets move.
He that the Earth's Foundations strong did lay,
And made these Lights which separat Night from Day.
He who the Heav'ns doth measure at one Span,
And of the Dust created Mortal Man.

He that doth fill the Heav'ns, Earth, Sea, and Air,
Without Dimensions present every where;
Who fram'd the Crooked Serpent, bounds the Waves,
And fashon'd all the Subterrancous Caves.
He who the Starres doth number all by Name,
At whose Command all things from Nothing came.
He who doth weigh the Mountains in a Scale,
And lay'th in Balance every Hill and Dale:
In whose great Sight all Nations seem to be
As crawling Worms, yea less than Gnat or Flee.
Great HE put on a Robe of Majestie,
And on the Wing of subtile Air did flie.
Before his Face the stable Heav'ns did bow,
Then in a Cloud he visits Earth below.
In thickest Darkness wrap'd his hallowed Light,
Least Mortals had been struck dead at the Sight.
The Earths Foundations mov'd, Heav'ns Pillers shook,
All Creatures trembled while this Great He spoke.

Again:

A Wretched Athiest! dost thou think indeed
These Scriptures which thou frequently may read
Are forg'd by Art, or Subtile Mans Ingine?
And are not marked with a Stamp Divine?
The dreadfull Plagues made knowen on Egypt Land,
Redeeming Isra'l with a Mighty hand.
The Sea divided, Jordans Streams back turn'd;
And Law emitted, while the Mountain burn'd.
Are these Romances, Lies, or Forged Tales?
Were not Divine Unquestion'd useful Seals?
Fixt to the Law, commencing from the Day
These Acts were done; — Pray therefore show what Way
Could Isra'l be impos'd on, or deceiv'd
When all the Laws and Statutes they receiv'd,
Enforced were from what their Eyes had seen;
And to their Sense demonstrated had been.

At the end of the Poem is a short address to the Reader, in which the Author states that other papers composed and signed J. D. were not his, and that this was the first thing in rhyme that ever passed the Press, whereunto his name was affixed directly or indirectly. There are numerous marginal references to passages of Scripture, and a few notes subjoined in answer to any objections that may occur (10 in number) conclude the book.

A copy sold at the Roxburghe sale, No. 3417, for 10*s.*; Constable's ditto, No. 469, 9*s.* 6*d.*

Half-bound in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Donne (John).—An Anatomy of the World. Wherein by occasion of the untimely death of mistris Elizabeth Drury the frailty and the decay of this whol World is represented.

London, Printed for Samuel Macham, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the Signe of the Bulhead. An. Dom. 1611. 8vo, pp. 32.

These funeral elegies, like most of Donne's poetry, were written in the former portion of his life before he entered into holy orders, which however he did not adopt until he was more than forty years old, at the earnest solicitation of James I. These poems were composed before that period, and, with the exception of his satires and some few other pieces, were among his earlier productions. It should be remembered that in former days young unmarried ladies were always addressed by the title of Mrs. or Mistress, and the lady whose early death gave occasion to these poems was scarcely fifteen at the time the event happened. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Drury or Drewry, the eldest son of Sir William Drury of Stansted, in Suffolk, knt., who was killed in France in a duel with Sir John Burrough in 1589. Young Drury, when little more than fourteen, went in the train of the Earl of Essex to the celebrated siege of Rouen, and, young as he was, was knighted on that occasion. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Nicholas Bacon of Redgrave, in Suffolk, knt., by whom he had this only daughter, whose early death is so pathetically and greatly lamented by Donne. The latter was at this time next-door neighbour to Sir Robert Drury, having been placed by him rent-free in a handsome house next his own in Drury Lane. The young lady was to have been, had she lived, the sole heiress, as she was the sole hope and comfort of her father's house. She died in 1610. Sir Robert Drury was a rich householder, and the site of his residence is still remembered in the Drury Lane. He was a valuable and kind friend to Donne at the time when such assistance was most needed.

The earliest known edition of *The Anatomy of the World* has the date of 1611, and contains only *The First Anniversary*. The title-page is fol-

lowed by the commendatory poem to the praise of the dead, and then the Anatomie itself. It is written in the usual sarcastic style of Donne, and contains some singular and startling thoughts. We quote the opening lines of the poem as a short specimen of these elegiac verses:

When that rich soule which to her heauen is gone
Whom all doe celebrate, who know they haue one,—
For who is sure he hath a soule, vnlesse
It see, and iudge, and follow worthinesse,
And by deedes praise it; hee who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soule, but 'tis not his,—
When that queene ended here her progresse-time,
And, as t' her standing-house, to heauen did clymbe,
Where, loath to make the saints attend her long,
Shee's now a part both of the quire and song.
This world, in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of teares it bled,
Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out,
But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did loose; or gaine in this,—
Because since now no other way there is
But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeuour to bee good as shee—
This great consumption to a feuer turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And, as men thinke, that agues physicke are,
And th' ague being spent, give ouer care,
So thou, sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
Well, when alas, thou'art in a letargee.
Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
Thou mightst haue better spar'd the sunne or man;
That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery.
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory:
'T was heauy then to heare thy voice of mone,
But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne.

The first edition of *The Anatomy of the World* is of the most extreme rarity, the only other copy known to exist besides the present being the one in the collection at Bridgewater House belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. The work is unnoticed by Mr. Collier in his Catalogue of this celebrated collection, and in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*.

Collation: Sig. A and B, in eights, 16 leaves.

In the original binding.

DONNE (JOHN). — The First Anniversarie, an Anatomie of the World. Wherein by occasion of the vntimely death of Mistris Elizabeth Drvry, the frailtie and the decay of this whole World is represented.

London, Printed by M. Bradwood for S. Macham, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Bull-head. 1612. sm. 8vo, pp. 6 and 54.

The previous edition of 1611 contains only the first portion of the elegy, the present impression comprises the complete poem in two parts with separate title-pages. The first title as above is followed by some lines "To the praise of the dead," unpaged, and the poem, "A Funerall Elegie," occupying many pages; then occurs the second title thus:

"The Second Anniuersarie of the Progres of the Soule. Wherein by occasion of the Religious Death of Mistris Elizabeth Drvry, the incommodities of the Soule in this life and her exaltation in the next are contemplated.

London, Printed by M. Bradwood for S. Macham," &c., as before. After this are some lines entitled, "The Harbinger to the Progress," pp. 5, followed by the second part of the elegy.

Having given a short quotation from the first portion of the poem, we add a few more lines as a specimen of the second part of Donne's poem.

Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage
Where all sat hark'ning how her youthfull age
Would be emploid, because in all shee did
Some figure of the golden times was hid;
Who could not lacke whatere this world could giue
Because shee was the forme that made it liue;
Nor could complaine that this world was vnfit
To bee stay'd in, then, when shee was in it;
Shee, that first tried indifferent desires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires;
She, to whose person paradise adhear'd,
As Courts to princes; shee, whose eies enspheard
Star-light inough, t'haue made the South controll —
(Had shee been there) the star-full Northern Pole:
Shee, shee is gone; shee is gone; when thou knowest this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much, that thinks it nought.

Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a groome,
Which brings a taper to the outward roome,
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight;
For such approches doth heauen make in death:
Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath,
And thinke those broken and soft notes to bee
Diuision, and thy happiest harmonee;
Thinke, thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;
And thinke that but vnbinding of a packe,
To take one precious thing, thy soule, from thence.

Another edition of both parts of the poem was published in 1621, with separate titles as before. It is printed by "A. Mathewes for Tho. Dewe, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleete streete 1621," 8vo. It is in every respect identical with the former, with the same number of pages, &c., in each part. A later edition appeared, "London, Printed by W. Stansby for Tho. Dewe, and are to be sold in S. Dunstanes Churchyard, 1625," 8vo. This is the last separate edition and is likewise similar to the preceding. All these impressions are of great rarity, and bring large prices when offered for sale. There is no copy of those of 1611 and 1612 in the British Museum, the only one there being that of 1625.

We may remark that although Donne's name nowhere appears as the writer of these poems in any of the separate editions, it was well known at the time that he was the author of these elegies, and they have been included in the various editions of his works.

Collation: First Part, Title-page (as above),— To the praise of the dead, &c., pp. 6 [unpaged] and pp. 54; "A Funerall Elegie," occupying pp. 45-54, and two blank pages with head and margin lines: Second Part. Title-page (as above),— The harbinger, &c., pp. 5 (reverse blank) and pp. 49, with three pages blank and lines as in the others.

Half-bound in Morocco.

DONNE (JOHN). — Poems by J. D. With Elegies on the Author's death.

London, Printed by M. F. for Iohn Marriott, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleet-street. 1633. 4to, pp. 416.

This is the first collected Edition of Donne's Poems, which were afterwards frequently reprinted in a smaller size. Most of these Poems were written when he was young. *The Anatomy of the World* was first printed in 1611, 8vo, as we have already shewn, and had gone through four Editions at least before it appeared in this Volume. Some few of the other Poems had been printed before elsewhere; and the Satires, although first published in the present Volume were composed by Donne before he had attained his 20th year; a copy of some of them still existing in MS. in the British Museum with the date of 1593. It is probable that after he turned his mind to more serious thoughts and pursuits he neglected the further cultivation of the Muses.

Donne was a contemporary of Shakespeare, but their literary courses were bent in different directions, and there is no evidence to shew that they ever met. But he was highly esteemed by many eminent and celebrated men of his day for his learning and scholarship, and for his poetical talents, as well as for his superior eloquence as a public preacher. And he who could receive the homage and praise of such distinguished characters as Lord Chancellor Hyde, Cary Lord Falkland, Ben Jonson, Sydney Godolphin, Jasper Mayne, Morton Bishop of Durham, Endymion Porter, Arthur Wilson and Isaac Walton, must be allowed to have been no common person. Donne was at the head of a particular class or school of poetry, which had many imitators; but it has been well observed that his life is more interesting than his poetry; that his name rather than his works may be said to survive; and that he left English poetry worse than he found it. The Editor is free to confess, along with many others, that Donne as a writer of poetry is no favourite of his. When he considers the pedantry, obscurity and metaphysical conceits introduced into his lighter poetry, the rugged and discordant diction, and inharmonious versification of his Satires, and the dulness and utter want of sensibility in his Elegies and religious Poems, as compared with the beauty, the tenderness and graceful simplicity of many of the writers of his own age, he is immediately struck with the contrast they exhibit, and is filled with wonder and surprise that he should have found so many imitators in his own style.

Donne died about two years before the publication of this Volume, the first portion of which, to the end of p. 232, is filled with "The Progresse of the Soule" in fifty-two ten-line stanzas, Holy Sonnets, Epigrams, Elegies, Songs and other Miscellaneous Poems, including one or two apparently not written by Donne, such as the celebrated Epitaph upon Shakespeare, "Re-

nowned Chaucer lie a thought more nigh," &c. At p. 233 is the "Anatomie of the World," the first and second Anniversaries, and some other Hymns and Elegies, and "The Lamentations of Jeremy" in five Chapters. Then the Satires on p. 325; Prose Letters to Sir H. Goodere p. 351; and lastly, various elegies on the Author's Death, which conclude the Volume. As the Poems of Donne are accessible to every reader, and are included in Chalmers's *Collection of the Poets*, a short extract or two will suffice to shew the peculiarities of his style. And the first example, because it is one of the smoothest, although somewhat fantastical, shall be Donne's imitation of Marlowe's well-known song, "Come live with me and be my love."

Come live with mee, and bee my love,
And wee will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and christall brookes;
With silken lines, and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne
Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne;
And there the inamor'd fish will stay
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channell hath,
Will amorously to thee swimme,
Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.

If thou, to be so seene, be'est loath,
By Sunne or Moone, thou dark'nest both,
And if my selfe haue leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling rods,
And cut their legges with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset
With strangling snare, or windowie net.

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleave sicke flies
Bewitch poore fishes wand'ring eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait,
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser farre then I.

The following light and pleasing song, expressed with much playful simplicity, affords one of the most favourable examples of Donne's style:

Send home my long stray'd eyes to mee
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmelesse heart againe
Which no unworthy thought could staine;
Which if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And breake both
Word and oath
Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and see thy lyes,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

One more short piece, entitled "The Funerall," highly characteristic of Donne's peculiar and fantastic style of thought and expression, shall conclude our extracts:

The Funerall.

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
Nor question much
That subtile wreath of haire, which crowns my arme
The mystery, the signe you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soule
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone
Will leave this to controule,
And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewie thread my braine lets fall
Through every part,
Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all;
Those haires which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better braine,
Can better do't: — Except she meant that I
By this should know my pain
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.

What ere shee meant by 't, bury it by me
For since I am
Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie
If into others hands these Reliques came;
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,
So, 'tis some bravery,
That since you would have none of mee, I bury some of you.

There is a long and highly eulogistic article on Donne's poetry in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. viii. p. 31, in which the writer has laboured to bring into prominence the beauties and merits of his poetry, and to throw into

shade his numerous and important defects; but the whole article is overwrought, and we doubt whether it has done much in the half century which has since elapsed to revive a love of this Author, or to remove the neglect which has so long attended his poetical works, in spite of the zealous efforts of a few respectable remonstrants. See also Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 502; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poets*, vol. ii. p. 383; Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 615; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 197.

It has been supposed as not improbable that Isaac Walton was the Editor of this collected Edition of Donne's Poems in 1633. He certainly attended him in his last hours, and was one of his most valued and intimate friends, and also wrote an Elegy on Donne's death, besides the life of him which he afterwards published; but it is quite certain that he was not the editor of this edition.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to F f f 3 in fours, pp. 412.

The present copy has a full-length Portrait inserted of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury reclining on a couch, engraved by J. Basire from a painting in the possession of Sir J. Cullum, Bart.

From Baron Bolland's Library.

Bound in Calf, extra.

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*Donne (John.)—Poems on Several Occasions. Written by the Reverend John Donne, D.D. Late Dean of St. Paul's. With Elegies on the Author's Death. To this Edition is added some account of the Life of the Author.

London: Printed for J. Tonson, and sold by W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. 1719. 12mo, pp. 390.

There were several editions of Donne's Poems published after his death in 1631, more or less correct, upon which it will be needless for us to remark, more especially as the Rev. Mr. Grosart has announced his intention of giving us a new and more complete collection of the Poems of Donne, which will be edited with the usual critical, laborious and discriminating judgment of that gentleman. We have already noticed at some length the first edition of these Poems in 1633, comprising his Songs and Sonnets, Epigrams, Satires and Funeral Elegies, including that on the untimely death of Prince Henry, and of those on various other persons; and the only other

edition we propose to mention is the present neat and copious one published by old Jacob Tonson, to which is prefixed a short Memoir of the Author and a Table of Contents. It contains a Poem addressed "To his Mistress," p. 90, which is omitted in most of the other editions, and which, with one or two others disfigured by their grossness, it would have been better also to have omitted. Donne lived at a period when great licentiousness was tolerated, and when much more coarseness and vulgarity was allowed in speaking than at present, and in his younger days he was not free from those defects which he afterwards repudiated and abhorred. But had he lived to correct and edit his own early Poems these blemishes would certainly have been corrected.

We have already given a few notices of this eminent divine and writer, in addition to which it may be remarked further that it was in 1614 that he took orders, being then in his forty-second year. He was made Dean of St. Paul's 27th November, 1621, and died March 31st, 1631.

Isaac Walton says little about Donne's children, naming indeed his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, but omitting to inform us that before she married Harvey she was the wife of Edward Alleyn the player, founder of Dulwich College. They were married the 3rd October, 1623. Besides the singularity of this marriage, Alleyn being a player and she the daughter of a Dean of St. Paul's and very popular preacher, there was also a great difference in their ages, she being then not more than twenty and he fifty-seven. We all know what commotion was raised at Donne's runaway match with the daughter of Sir George More; but this unequal marriage, in its great disparity of years and condition of life, required still more a defence. By her marriage with Harvey she had issue, as may be seen elsewhere.

Margaret, another of Dr. Donne's daughters, married Sir William Bowes, and had a daughter Margaret, wife of Peter Scot, D.D., Canon of Windsor. See Aubrey's *Surrey*, vol. i. p. 175.

His eldest son was named John, of whom see more hereafter. George Donne was another son, and had the poetical turn of his family. He has poems before the works of Massinger and Ford, and in *Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638, and he is probably the G. D. who has Latin verses before Sir Thomas Hawkins' *Translation of the Odes of Horace*, 1631. We have thus the names of John, George, Constance and Margaret, four of the seven children which Dr. Donne's wife left surviving her. But we have not the names of his other children.

There was a good deal of punning on Donne's name among his contemporaries, serving to show how his name was pronounced. It was both spelt and sounded as Dun; and in John Davies's *Muses Sacrifice*, 1612, it is made to rhyme with *runne;* and in the same writer's *Scourge of Folly*, Epig. 97, inscribed to Mr. John *Dun*, there is a punning conceit in it on the colour called *dun*.

Donne had a grant of arms from Camden, a wolf rampant with an ermine spot on the shoulder. His motto was, "Fiat voluntas Dei." The ancient crest of his family, as he himself tells us in his Poems, was "a sheaf of arrows."

Those who are desirous of pursuing this subject further may consult Isaac Walton's *Life of Donne*, but not much assistance is got from Ant. Wood, who does not seem to have held him in very high estimation. He gives indeed a list of Donne's printed works, but there is a much more copious list in Lowndes, to which the reader may be referred. See also Collier's *Poetical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 153–9; Drake's *Life and Times of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 615; and Hunter's *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum*, vol. v. fol. 165; Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus., 24,491, to which we acknowledge ourselves very greatly indebted in these notices of Donne.

This impression by Tonson, besides its moral defects, is also incorrect, and shows the necessity for an improved edition of these Poems. The present copy is embellished with Marshall's portrait of Donne, in armour, ætatis suæ 18, with Isaac Walton's lines underneath.

Collation: Sig. A to R 4 in 12mo, pp. 390.

Half-bound in Green Morocco.

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*Donne (John, Junr.).—Donne's Satyr. Containing 1. A short Map of Mundane Vanity. 2. A Cabinet of Merry Conceits. 3. Certain Learned Propositions and Questions, with their merry Solutions and Answers. Being very Useful, Pleasant, and Delightful to all; and offensive to none. By Jo. Donne. London, Printed by R. W. for W. Wright, at the Kings Head in the Old Bailey. 1662. Sm. 8vo, pp. 142.

Opposite the title-page is an engraving of a dancing Satyr, with a label issuing from his mouth and extending above his head, containing two lines

in Latin with an English translation. After the title occurs the Epistle Dedicatory "To the Right Worshipful and his very good Friend Sir Francis Edwards Baronet, and to his truly courteous Mother, the right worshipful Lady Cicely Edwards of Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop, whom the Author entirely wishes the full accomplishment of their choicest desires both here and hereafter." This occupies ten pages, ending thus: "Your Worships most humbly hearted Servant to be commanded,

Jo. Donne, Salopiensis."

Then follows page 1,

"A Short Map of Mundane Vanity."

Vanitas Vanitatum omnia Vanitas.
Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.

This occupies thirteen pages, and ends with

Mors ultima linea rerum. Finis.

Between pages 14 and 15 there is inserted a folded page much larger than the book, containing forty-four lines of English verse, divided into two columns, the one headed *Roundhead*, the other *Cavallier*. At the bottom is a direction to place this between folios 14 and 15.

Then occurs page 15,

"A Cabinet of Merry Conceits."

This poem is continued to page 101. At page 102 commences

"Certain pleasant Questions and Answers."

These end at the upper portion of page 126. Upon the same page is "A Merry May Song for this year of our Lord 1662," twelve verses, ending page 129, and finishing the volume.

We select two short pieces from this rather uncommon little work as specimens of the younger Donne's verse:

32. *Of two stealers of Hay by night.*

A Barge-man in Hay-harvest late at night,
With weary toilsome labour spent out-right,
Creeps in a Cock of Hay quite over head,
And there fell fast asleep as in a bed.
Two Knaves who used to steal Hay thither came,
The Master and his man (whom I could name)
Went fair and softly to some Cocks of Hay,
The Man takes that wherein the Barge-man lay;

And for to binde it hard he was not slack,
But lifting of 't it almost broke his back.
Quoth he, and swore, It weighs the Dev'l and all,
I am scarce able with it for to crawl:
So much the better (fool) his master sayes;
For it has in't the more, the more it weighs.
At last to a Rail hard by, he him betakes,
And rests him on't, at which the Bargeman wakes.
Oh! quoth the Bargeman: th'other never stayes,
But (frighted) throws down all, and runs his wayes.
The Bargeman thought for some fault done that day,
The Devil by night was carrying him away.
Which was worse fear'd it's hard for to discover,
For both were sore afraid of one another.

101. *Of a Blinde and Lame man that found an Oyster on the High-way.*

A blinde man bearing a lame man abroad,
It chanc'd they found an Oyster on the road:
That one should have it, neither would agree,
Nor yet to part it, would well pleased be.
The blinde man said, 'twas found by help of 's feet,
Not so, the lame alledg'd, but by his sight.
So arguing a long time each with either,
At last they thus concluded both together;
That the next person which on that way came,
Should wholly arbitrate and end the same.
And as things oft-times strangely come to pass,
So th'next which that way came, a Lawyer was,
They ope to him the Case, and tells him, He,
To end that strife, the onely man must be.
He opes the Oyster, eats it up, and calls
Them wrangling fools, and then returns the shels.
Such subtil sleights by Lawyers oft are cast
On Clients, who have nought but shells at last.
You shall have Costs and Charges they'l pretend,
When as you'l finde but meer shells in the end.

John Donne, the author of this little work, was the eldest son of the Dean of St. Paul's. He was born in 1604, educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, and became M.A. in 16—. He took the degree of LL.D. at Padua, and at Oxford June 30, 1638. He appears to have inherited the poetical turn of his family, and besides the present

work, other poems and verses of his are scattered about in various publications of the time. Wood speaks of him in an extremely severe and sarcastic manner as an atheistical buffoon, and as a person of over free thought. He seems to have been under a cloud among his contemporaries, and the circumstances of his life are involved in a good deal of obscurity which we are unable to fathom. Wood's account of him is extremely unfavourable, but he gives us no particulars. He says: "Dr. John Donne left behind him a son of both his names, but of none of his virtues, manners, or generous qualities; and therefore by many his memory is condemn'd to utter oblivion, while that of his father flourisheth in the history of his life written by Isaac Walton." What were the son's particular delinquencies we are unable to state, but we know, from other sources, that after leaving Oxford, Donne entered into holy orders, and was preferred to the rectory of Upford, in the diocese of Peterborough; but during the latter part of his life he resided in Covent Garden, and dying there in 1662, was buried at the west end of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. Notwithstanding much pains we have been unable to make out what were the peculiar ties which connected Donne with Shropshire. Besides dedicating the present work to an old established family in that county, his friend Sir Francis Edwards, Bart., and his mother Lady Cicely Edwards, he signs himself at the close "Jo. Donne Salopiensis;" and another 4to volume of manuscript poems, which he had prepared for the press, is dedicated to Francis Lord Newport, High Ercall, and the Lady Diana his wife, two other Shropshire persons, to the former of whom he bequeathed a picture. A copy of his very curious will is printed in *Notes and Queries* for August 29, 1857, p. 171, for which and the notice at the end we have been indebted for our information. From this will, which is dated July 24, 1637, in which Jerome Earl of Portland was the executor, it does not appear that he had much to leave beyond a picture or two, and some few books, and some manuscripts of his father which he gave to Isaac Walton for the use of his son. There were remembrances also to Sir Allen Brodrick, Tom Killigrew, and to Henry King, Bishop of Chichester. In this will there is no mention made of either wife or children, but only a few simple remembrances to his friends. The great merit of John Donne the son consists in his being the means of handing down to us some of his father's works which, but for his care, might have been lost to posterity.

For further information respecting Donne consult Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 504; Hunter's *MSS.; Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 27; *Notes and Queries*,

Aug. 29, 1857, p. 175. Lowndes's *Bibliog. Manual*, edit. Bohn, confounds this work with those by Dr. Donne, senr., and Mr. Hazlitt has omitted it altogether. The book is by no means common.

Bound in Calf extra, by T. Finlay.

Douglas (Gawin).—The xiii Bukes of Eneados of the famose Poete Virgill Translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish metir, bi the Reuerend Father in God, Mayster Gawin Douglas Bishop of Dunkel, and unkil to the Erle of Angus. Euery buke hauing hys perticular Prologe.

Imprinted at Londō. 1553. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 754.

Although there is no printer's name to this rare and valuable work, the first edition of Bishop Douglas's celebrated translation of Virgil, it is usually acknowledged to be from the press of William Copland; and the reason assigned why no Colophon was given, there being only the word "Finis" at the end, is supposed to have been, as Mr. Haslewood has suggested, that another work entitled "The Palis of Honoure" by the same Author, printed at the same time by William Copland, with the Title in the same ornamented compartment as the Virgil, was intended to have been bound up with it in the same volume; and that therefore the Colophon was only once given at the end of this latter work as follows: "Imprented at London in Fletstret at the sygne of the Rose Garland by wyllyam Copland." The Title is described by Herbert as being "in a neat compartment of a garland or chaplet of flowers." At the bottom is a tablet supporting a boy at each end, holding Roman ensigns in their hands, on which is "¶ Imprinted at Londō 1553." This Title is supposed to have been printed separate from the work, as the preface, which is in verse, commences on Sig. B 1. The Book contains Ccclxxxi leaves, marked with numerals, exclusive of the Title leaf, or in all 764 pages. The Signatures are in eights, running in the third alphabet to bb. vii. The Preface in verse, which is exceedingly interesting, occupies sixteen pages. At the end of it is a list of "The contentes of euery buke." With the exception of the first, which has only "The proposition of the hole worke" before it, each book is preceded by a metrical prologue, some of them of considerable length, and also of great poetic beauty. The Prologue to the 12th Book, containing a beautiful and spirited

description of May, has been partly quoted by Warton in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii. p. 113, 8vo, and Mr. Haslewood has also quoted at length another highly poetical description of May, which forms the commencement of Bp. Douglas's Poem of "The Palis of Honour," in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii. p. 422, while Ritson has given the description of Winter from the Prologue to the seventh Book in his *Caledonian Muse*. At the end of the sixth Book are the following lines, being the only prose in the volume, with the exception of the marginal references:

Vyrgil, in ther vi forsaid beukis, followis the moist excellent greik poet homer, in his Odisse, of Ulisses, shawand Eneas lang nauigation, and gret perillis, and dangeris on the se.

Now in the syxt bukis heir fter, he followis Homer in his Iliada, discryuing, the horrybil battellis, betuix the Troianis, and the Italianis. He pantis Eneas to be a prince, Indued, with al nobyl and princly verteous, both of body and of mynd: &c.

Quharfor, lat euery nobyll Prynce, that desiris to cum to hye honour, and grete fame and name, efter this lyfe, feare God, luf vertew and iustice, heat vyce, punys euyll men, and promowe gud men, and to this end mak al his lawis, ordinances and procedingis. So schall his kyngdome and posterite be moist permanent and durabyll.

Viuit post funera virtus.

At the close of the Eneados are some lines by the Translator entitled the "Conclusion," followed by some others on "The space, tyme, and date of the translatione of this buk;" from whence it appears that it was written in eighteen months, being begun in January 1512, and finished on the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, the 22 July 1513, six weeks only before the fatal encounter on Flodden Field. An additional leaf completes the volume, containing five nine-line stanzas, called "Ane exclamacion aganis detractouris and uncurtase redaris, that bene ouer studious, but occasioun to note and spye out faltis or offensis in this volume, or any uther thrifty werkis." And the book ends with the Rebus "To knaw the name of the translator." Mr. Haslewood has given a correct transcript of the whole of the contents of this last leaf in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 52; and it appears that the copy from which Herbert took his description, and which was afterwards copied by Dibdin in his *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. iii. p. 135, was deficient in this leaf, which makes them both in error as to the number of leaves in the volume.

This is the first metrical translation of *Virgil's Æneid* into the vernacular tongue, which had hitherto only been known through the medium of Caxton's *Boke of Eneydos*, 1490, fol. blk. lett.; a prose translation from the

French, and upon which the good Bishop is exceedingly severe and indignant, and asserts has no claim to be considered as a resemblance of the original; or, to give it in his own angry words:

Thoch Wylliame Caxtoun, had no compatioun
Of Virgill in that buk, he preyt in prois
Clepand it Virgill, in Eneados
Quhilk that he sayis, of Frensche he did translait
It has nathing ado, therwith God wate,
Nor na mare like than the Deuil, and sanct Austin
Haue he na thank tharfore, bot lois his pyne
So schamefully, the storie did peruerte
I reid his werk, with harmes at my hart
That sic ane buk, but sentence or ingyne
Suld be intitulit, efter the poete diuine
His ornate goldin versis, mare than gylt
I spitte for disspite, to se thame spylt
With sic ane wicht, quhilk treuly be myne entent
Knew neuir thre wordis at all, quhat Virgill ment.

And again:

The quent and curious castis poeticall
Perfyte similitudis, and examplis all
Quharin Virgil beris the palme and lawde
Caxtoun for dreid, thay suld his lippis skaude
Durst neuer twiche this vark, for laike of knalage.
Becaus he onderstude not Virgils langage
His buk is na mare like Virgil, dar I lay
Than the nyght oule, resemblis the papingay.

Phaer's translation of the *Æneid of Virgil* was not published till 1558, five years later, and then only of the first seven Books. Douglas's version contains the whole twelve Books, together with the supplement, or thirteenth Book of *Maphœus Vegius*. It was undertaken at the request of his noble patron Henry Earl of Sinclair, and was commenced as early as 1501, and with the exception of *Boethius*, was the first metrical version of a classic which had appeared in English. The translation is remarkable for its spirit, dignity, and fidelity, and must ever be considered as an extraordinary performance for that era. We have already stated that Warton has inserted the greater portion of the Prologue to the twelfth Book, containing a description of May, in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii. p. 113, and in order to render its beautiful imagery and poetical merits better understood and appreciated

by every reader, he has translated them into plain modern English prose. We now quote a small portion of the Prologue to the seventh Book, containing a description of Winter, as a specimen of the author's style, and which show, as Warton justly remarks, "that Douglas's proper walk was original poetry," and shall also give the same writer's translation of the same into literal prose:

The wind maid waif, the rede wede on the dik
Bedowin in donkis, depe war euery sike
Ouer craggis and the frontis, of the rochys sere
Hang grete yse schokkis, lang as ony spere
The grund stude barrane, widderit, dosk and gray
Herbis, flouris, and gerssis, waylowit away
Woddis, forestis, with naket bowis blout
Stude stripit of thare wede, in euery hout
Sa bustuouslie boreas his bugill blew
The dere full derne doun, in the dalis drew
Small birdis flokand throw thik ronnys thrang
In chirmynge and with cheping, changeit thare sang
Sekand hidlis and hirnys, thame to hide
Fra ferefull thuddis, of the tempestuus tyde
The wattir lymnys routis, and euery lynd
Quhislit and brayit, of the southand wynd
Pure lauboraris, and bussy husband men
Went weet and wery, draglit in the fen
The cilly schepe, and thar litill hird gromes
Lurkis under lo of bankis, woddis and bromes
And utheris dantit, greter beistial
Within thare stabill sesit in thare stall
Sic as Mulis, Hors Oxin or Ky
Fed tuskit baris, and fat swyne in sty
Sustenit war be mannis gouernance
On herbis and Someris puruiance
Wide quhare with fors so Eolus schoutis schill
In this congelit sesoun, scharp and schill
The callour are penetratiue, and pure
Dasing the blude, in euery creature
Made seik warme stouis, and bene firis hote
In doubill garmont cled, and wylecote
With mychty drink, and metis confortiue
Aganis the sterne, wynter for to striue
Repatirrit wele, and by the chymnay bekit
At euin be tyme, doun in ane bed me strekit

Warpit my hed, kest on claithis, thrynfald
For to expell the perrellus, persand cald
I crofit me sync, bownit, for to slepe
Quhare lemand throw the glas, I did tak kepe
Laconia the lang irksum nycht
Hir subtell blenkis sched, and watry lycht
Full hie vp quhirlit, in hir regioun
Till phebus richt, in opposicioun
In to the crab, hir propir mansioun draw
Haldand the hicht, althocht the son went law
The horned byrd, quhilk we clepe the nicht oule
Within her cauerne, hard I schout and zoule
Laithely of forme, with crukit cam scho beik
Ugsum to here was hir wyld, elrische skreik
The wyld geis eik claking, by nychtis tyde
Attour the cietie, fleand hard I glyde
On slummer I slade full sone, and slepyt sound
Quhill the horisont vpwart, can rebound
Phebus crounit bird, the nichtis orlagere
Clappin hir wingis thryis, had crawin clere
Approching nere, the greking of the day
Within my bed, I walkynnyt quhare I lay
Sa fast declynys, Synthya the mone
And kayis keklys on the rufe abone
Palemeades birdis crowpand in the sky
Fleand on randoun, schapin lyk ane I
And as ane trumpit rang thare vocis soun
Quhais cryis bene, pronosticacioun
Of windy blastis, and ventositeis
Fast by my chalmer, on hie wisnit treis
The sary gled qwislis with mony ane pew
Quharby the day was dawing, wele I knew
Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht
Syne blissit me, and in my wedis dicht
Ane schot wynds onschot ane litel on char
Persauyt the mornyng, bla wen and har
Wyth cloudy gum, and rak ouerquhelmyt the are
The sulze stiche, hasard, routh and hare
Branchis brattlyng and blaiknyt schew the brayis
With hirstis harsk of waggand, wyndil strayis
The dew droppis congelit, on stibbill and rynd
And scharp hailstanys, mortfundyit of kynd

Hoppand on the thak, and on the calsay by
The schote I closit, and drew inwart in hy
Cheuerand for cald, the sesoun was sa snell. &c.

The wind made the red weed waver on the dike: from crags and the foreheads of the yellow rocks hung great icicles, in length like a spear; the soil was dusky and gray, bereft of flowers, herbs, and grass; in every holt and forest, the woods were stripped of their array. Boreas blew his bugle horn so loud, that the solitary deer withdrew to the dales; the small birds flocked to the thick briers, shunning the tempestuous blast, and changing their loud notes to chirping; the cataracts roared, and every linden-tree whistled and brayed to the sounding of the wind. The poor labourers went wet and weary, draggled in the fen. The sheep and shepherds lurked under the hanging banks, or wild broom. Warm from the chimney-side, and refreshed with generous chear, I stole to my bed, and laid down to sleep: when I saw the moon shed through the windows her twinkling glances, and watery light; I heard the horned bird, the night-owl, shrieking horribly with crooked bill from her cavern; I heard the wild-geese, with screaming cries, fly over the city through the silent night. I was soon lulled asleep; till the cock clapping his wings crowed thrice, and the day peeped. I waked and saw the moon disappear, and heard the jack-daws cackle on the roof of the house. The cranes, prognosticating tempests, in a firm phalanx, pierced the air with voices sounding like a trumpet. The kite, perched on an old tree, fast by my chamber, cried lamentably, a sign of the dawning day. I rose, and half opening my window, perceived the morning, livid, wan, and hoary; the air overwhelmed with vapour and cloud; the ground stiff, gray, and rough; the branches rattling; the sides of the hills looking black and hard with the driving blasts; the dew-drops congealed on the stubble and rind of trees; the sharp hail-stones deadly cold, hopping on the thatch, and the neighbouring causeway, &c., &c.

As a specimen of the translation from *Virgil*, we insert the opening lines of the first Book:

The battellis and the man, I will discriue
Fra Troyis boundis, first that fugitiue
By fate to Italie, come and coist lauyne
Ouer land and se, cachit with meikill pyne
Be force of goddis aboue, fra euery stede
Of cruel Juno, throw auld remembrit feid
Grete payne in batelles sufferit he also
Or he his goddis brocht in latio
And belt the ciete, fra quham of nobil fame
The latyne peopill taken has thare name
And eik the faderis, princis of Alba
Come, and the walleris, of grete rome Alsua.
O thow my muse, declare the causis quhy
Quhat maiesty offendit, schaw quham by

Or zit quharefor of goddis, the drery Quene
So feil dangeris, sic trawell maid sustene
Ane worthy man, fulfillit of pietie
Is thare sic greif, in heumlie myndes one hie

Thare was ane ancient ciete, hecht cartage
Quham hynis of Tire, held in heritage
Inemye till Italie, standing fare and plane
The mouth of lang tyber, ouer forgane
Mychty of nobillis, fule of scules sere
And maist expert, in crafty fait of were
Of quhilk ane land Juno (as it was said)
As to hir speciall aboue, all otheris maid
Hir natiue land, for it postponis sche
Callit samo in cartage, set hir se
Thar war hir armes, and here stude, eik hir chare
This goddes ettillit gif werdes, war not contrare
This realme to be, superior and maistres
To all ladis, bot cirtes netheles
The fatale sisters reuolf and schaw sche kend
Of troiane blude ane pepill schuld discend
Valze and in ware, to regne wyde quhare and syne
Cartage suld bring, unto fynale rewyne
And clene distroye the realme of Libia.

These passages, filled as they are with harsh and uncouth words to our Southern ears, require the help of Ruddiman's admirable *Glossary* to make us to understand them. And Mr. Ellis has well observed, that while during the fourteenth century the difference between the Scottish and English dialects was scarcely perceptible, so that persons familiarized with Chaucer found no difficulty in understanding that of Barbour and Wyntoun, yet that the diction of Gawen Douglas is far more obscure, more antiquated and obsolete, by nearly a century, than that of writers who preceded him. Bishop Douglas was proud of and attached to his own language, and sought to render his translation as purely Scotch as he could. He was descended from a noble Scotch family, being the third son of Archibald the brave and great Earl of Angus, and of Elizabeth, the daughter of Robert Lord Boyd, and born in the year 1475. His two elder brothers were slain in the fatal battle of Flodden. He was educated first at St. Andrew's, and afterwards at the University of Paris, and on his return to Scotland from his travels abroad entered into the Church and became provost of St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh. In 1514 he was presented by the Queen regent to the rich

abbey of Aberbrothic, and was soon after nominated to the Archbishopric of St. Andrew's; but the Pope having refused to confirm his nomination, he never obtained the appointment, but in the following year became in its stead Bishop of Dunkeld. Such, however, was the violence of party spirit, that he was some time before he obtained peaceable possession of that see, having been imprisoned for upwards of twelve months for procuring a bull from Rome in his favour, but was at length consecrated, and settled in his diocese, where he attended carefully and diligently to the duties of his profession. But unfortunately, being unable to escape from the odium under which the whole family of Douglas lay, and from which neither his character, his learning, nor his virtues were sufficient to protect him, he was compelled to retire into England for safety and protection, where he was well received by King Henry VIII., who granted him favour and a liberal pension. He never returned to his own country, but died of the plague at London in April 1522, when he was only 47 years of age, and was buried in the Savoy Church.

Bishop Douglas was distinguished not only for his learning and talents, but was remarkable also for his meekness and Christian moderation and humility; and in the discharge of his duties as a Christian bishop, he exhibited a model of virtue, purity and goodness. "By his exemplary piety and learning," says one of his biographers, "by his public and private acts of charity and munificence, he reflected distinguished honour on the illustrious family from which he descended, and on the sacred profession to which he had devoted his honourable life." In his youth he translated *Ovid's Art of Love*, but his great work was his translation of *Virgil*. He was also the writer of an original poem, noticed hereafter, entitled *The Palice of Honour*, published in the same year, and by the same printer as the present volume; and of an allegorical poem called "King Hart," first published by Mr. Pinkerton in his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, in 1786, in two volumes.

It is remarked by Irving, that besides this noble effort of Douglas, the early annals of Scottish poetry present us with no other serious attempt at translation; and that among the poets of modern Europe no class seems so little indebted to foreign aid as those of Scotland. The prologues of Douglas display a considerable degree of merit as original compositions, and abound with sentiment and lively and animated descriptions of poetical imagery and rural scenes. Those to the seventh and twelfth Books have been put into an English dress by Mr. Fawkes. Lord Surrey's translation of the second and fourth Books of *Virgil's Æneid*, which is one of the earliest specimens

of Heroic Blank Verse in our language, is supposed to have been suggested by Bishop Douglas's translation, which had appeared four years earlier. Dr. Nott, in his edition of *Surrey's Poems*, has freely acknowledged the obligations the latter was under to this version of Douglas, and has given some parallel passages. He shows that many lines were adopted by Surrey without any alteration at all, and says "it becomes a matter of certainty that Surrey must have read and studied the Scottish translation before he began his own." See his edition of *Surrey's Works*, 4to, vol. i. p. cciv. See also further Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii. p. 111; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 49; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. i. p. 289, and vol. iii. p. 135; Irving's *Lives of Scot. Poets*, vol. ii. p. 60; *Biogr. Brit.*, vol. v. p. 337; *Brit. Bibliog.*, vol. ii. p. 421; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poets*, vol. i. p. 393; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 229; and Hallam's *Introd. Lit. Hist.*, vol. i. p. 386.

Although few copies of this work have been sold by public auction, several still exist in public and private libraries in the kingdom, and the University of Cambridge seems to be particularly rich in them, having copies in the Public and Pepysian Libraries, with the *Palis of Honoure* appended to them, and of the *Æneid* in the libraries of Trinity and St. John's Colleges; the former possessing also a fine coeval MS. of it. Fine copies are in the Spencer and Grenville collections, others in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and in the libraries of the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Jersey, and Mr. Wilbraham. The copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 229, which was imperfect, wanting several leaves, is priced at 6*l.* 6*s.*; Bright's sale, No. 5852, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Dent's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1187, 7*l.* 5*s.*; Roxburghe ditto, No. 2527, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. iii. No. 831, 7*l.* 10*s.*; Sir F. Freeling's ditto, No. 2269, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 2841, 10*l.*

Collation: Title one leaf, Sig. B to Z 8 in eights, but X has nine leaves, and this alphabet ends on fol. clxxxiii. Then Sig. a to z 8 in eights, ending on fol. ccclxxiiii. Sig. aa to bb 7 in eights, ending on fol. ccclxxxi, but the numbering of the folios is not correct. The real number of leaves is 377, or pp. 754. The title appears to have been printed separately, and the work commences with the preface in verse on Sig. B 1.

The present copy, which is noticed in Dibdin's *Liter. Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 924, is the one from the Roxburghe and Freeling Libraries. It is an extraordinarily large and fine copy, and was said in the Roxburghe Cat. to be on large paper. The title is inlaid.

In Brown Morocco, blank tooled, gilt leaves.

*Douglas (Gawyn, Bishop of Dunkeld). — The Palice of Honour. By Gawyn Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. London, 1527. 4to. Bannatyne Club reprint.

We had no copy of the first edition of Bishop Douglas's original Poem of *The Palice of Honour*, which was printed by William Copland in 1553, 4to, bl. lett., and which is frequently bound up with Douglas's *Translation of the Æneid* by the same printer.

According to Warton this moral allegory was written in 1501, the object of it being to "show the instability of all worldly pomp; and to prove that a constant habit of virtue is the only way to true honour and happiness. It is illustrated by a variety of examples of illustrious personages; not only of those who by a regular perseverance in honourable deeds gained admittance into this splendid Palice of Honour, but of those who were excluded from it by debasing the dignity of their eminent stations with a vicious and unmanly behaviour. It is addressed to James the Fourth; is adorned with many pleasing incidents and adventures and abounds with genius and learning."

The present reprint of *The Palice of Honour* is taken from a very rare Scotch edition, printed at Edinburgh by John Ros for Henry Charteris, 1579, 4to, bl. lett., of which only two copies are known, collated with that printed by Copland in 1553. It was presented to the members of the Bannatyne Club by John G. Kinnear, Esq., who edited the work as his contribution to the Club. The present is one of four copies only, printed on vellum with the cancelled title and dedication added, and was a presentation copy to John Thompson, Esq., with autograph note from Mr. Kinnear, who edited it, as a gift to the Bannatyne Club. Splendidly bound by Hayday in red morocco extra, ornamented with gilt toolings on variegated leathers, gilt edges.

This copy formerly belonged to J. W. K. Eyton, Esq., for whom it was bound.

Dowriche (Anne). — The French Historie. *That is;* a lamentable Discourse of three of the chiefe, and most famous bloodie broiles that haue happened in France for the Gospell of Jesus Christ. *Namelie;* 1. The outrage called *The winning of S. James his streete* 1557. 2. The constant Martirdome of

Annas Burgœus one of the K. Councell 1559. 3. The bloodie marriage of *Margaret* Sister to *Charles* the 9. anno 1572. Published by A. D.

All that will liue godlie in Jesus Christ, shall suffer persecution.
1 Tim. 3. 2.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Man. 1589. 4to, pp. 84.

An oval woodcut on the title contains the printer's singular device, viz: a figure of Truth crowned, standing naked, with a scourge at her back, and around it the motto, "Virescit vulnere Veritas." On the reverse of the title are the arms of the Edgecombe family.

The work commences with a prose dedication "To the right worshipfull her louing Bro. Master Pearse Edgecombe, of Mount Edgecombe in Deuon, Esquier," dated from "Honiton, the 25. day of Julie 1589," and signed "Your louing Sister Anne Dowriche." This is followed by a very curious double, or rather quadruple, acrostic, *Pears Edgcomb*, in Alexandrine verse, having two lines to each letter, and introduced with this anagram:

The sharpest *Edge* will soonest *Pearse* and *Come* unto *An end*,
Yet *Dowt* not, but be *Riche* in hope, and take that I doo send.
A. D.

The Verses of this acrostic are given at length in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 91. The preliminary matter closes with a prose address "To the Reader," signed as before, and four lines "To the Reader that is frendlie to Poetrie." In the former the fair authoress states the three reasons why she has described these events in verse:

First, for mine owne exercise, being a learner in that facultie: Secondlie, to restore againe some credit if I can unto Pöetrie, hauing been defaced of late so many waies by wanton vanities: Thirdlie, for the more noveltie of the thing, and apt facilitie in disposing the matter, framed to the better liking of some men's fantasies, because the same storie in effect is alreadie translated into English prose. Many of these orations that are here fully and amplie expressed, were in the French Commentaries but onely in substance lightly touched, and the summe set downe without amplifying the circumstance, and yet heere is no more set downe, than there is signified. I haue also, for the more terror unto the wicked, diligentlie collected the great plagues and iust iudgements of God shewed against the persecutors in euery seuerall History, and haue set them downe so in order, and amplified them by the like iudgments against sinners out of the Word and other histories, that euerie proud persecutor may plainly see what punishment remaineth due unto their wicked tyrannie.

The work was written at a period of our history when from various causes and events the public feeling against the professors of the Roman Catholic religion was carried to an extreme excess. The numerous plots against the life of queen Elizabeth, the sudden rebellion in the North, the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, and other violent proceedings of the Papists, naturally increased the feelings of hatred with which they were viewed, and gave rise to many publications breathing a spirit of enmity against them, and of strong attachment to the principles of the Reformation. This was further increased by the barbarous atrocities of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, the proceedings of the Guises party in France, the persecution of the Protestants, and the murder of Admiral Coligni in the same country, which is described at length in the present poem. The author, in walking abroad, supposes that he meets with a godly French exile, driven from his country by religious persecution, with whom he enters into conversation, and who describes to him the cause of the Civil wars in France in the reign of Henry II., the persecution of the Protestants, the murder of Gaspar de Coligni, and other events.

The work is not remarkable for any particular ability or merit, but a strong vein of piety runs through the whole, and the comparisons and examples are chiefly drawn from the Scriptures, to which there are numerous references in the margins. It is written in the long or Alexandrine measure, and opens thus:

As walking on a daie, the woods and forrests nie:
In shrilling voyce, and mournfull tunes, methought I heard one crie.
Which sodaine feare so dasht my blood and senses all,
That as one in a traunce I staid to see what would befall.
A thousand thoughts opprest my fearfull wauering braine,
In musing what amid the woods that fearful voice shuld mean.
I feard least theeues had robd and cast some man aside:
Because it was the common waie where men did vse to ride.
Among the sauage beasts that in these woods remaine,
I doubted least some trauler stood in danger to be slaine.
But casting feare apart, I ranne toward the place
To see the wight that did lament, and waile his wofull case.
Alone, no perill nigh, within a bushie dale
A stranger sate: I got aside to heare his dolefull tale.
O noble France (quod he) that bor'st sometime the bell,
And for thy pleasure and thy wealth all nations didst excell!
How art thou now of late with mischiefe so possesst
That al the Realmes of Christendome thy falshoods do detest?

Where is thy vernant hiew? thy fresh and flow'ring fame?
What fell vnluckie spot is this, that so dooth stain thy name?
Where is thy mirth become? where is thy smiling cheere?
Where is thy ioiful peace, that erst did make thee shine so clear?
Where are thy youthlie troopes, the Nobles of thy Land?
Where is thy faith; without the which no realm can euer stand?
Where is the mutuall loue that Prince and people had?
Where is the noble vnion, that makes the Countrie glad?
Where is the due regard that Princes ought to have,
From all the bands of tyrannie their people for to save?
Where is thy pitie gone, where is thy mercie fled?
That Lion-like in everie place such Christian blood is shed?
But these of late to thee O France haue bid adieu,
That rigor reignes in mercies seate, alas! it is too true.
For hauing no remorse to heare thy childrens grone
Like as a widow comfortlesse thou shalt be left alone.
For they that feare the Lord, and haue for him a care,
Haue learnd too late the costlie wit thy treasons to beware.
Therefore thy children haue their natiue Coasts resignde,
With better hope in forrein Lands more mercie for to finde.

The woodcut figure of Truth is repeated on the last page, and is inscribed "Veritie purtraied by the French Pilgrime." Underneath are two stanzas descriptive of the motto, "Virescit vulnere Veritas." The volume is of great rarity, and sold in Reed's sale, No. 6741, for 5*l.* 15*s.* The copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 225, there priced at 25*l.*, was resold in Midgley's sale in 1818, No. 227, for 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, to Mr. Hibbert, and at his sale in 1829, No. 2847, it was bought for 3*l.* 15*s.* The present fine and beautiful copy belonged successively to Sir Mark M. Sykes, at whose sale in 1824, Pt. 1, No. 1005, it was purchased by Mr. Heber for 9*l.* 9*s.*, exclusive of commission, and at the sale of the latter, ten years later, Pt. 4, No. 583, was again sold for 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, to Mr. Bright, and at his sale in 1845, No. 1829, brought the large sum of 14*l.* We are not aware of any other than these two copies.

Bound in Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

DRANT (THOMAS).—A Medicinable Morall, that is, the two Bookes of Horace his Satyres, Englyshed accordyng to the prescription of saint Hierome.

Episto: ad Ruffin.
Quod malum est, muta.
Quod bonum est, prode.

The Wailyngs of the Prophet Hieremiah, done into Englyshe verse.—Also Epigrammes.—T. Drant.

Antidotis salutaris amoror.

Perused and allowed accordyng to the Quenes Maiesties Iniunctions.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Marshe. M.D.LXVI. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 192.

Thomas Drant, the author of this first English metrical translation of Horace, a native of Hagworthingham in the county of Lincoln, and son of a person of the same name, was entered as a pensioner of St. John's College, Cambridge, March 18, 1557-8, became B.A. in 1561, and was admitted a Fellow in the same year. He took his degree of M.A. in 1564, and, on the Queen's visit to Cambridge in August that year, celebrated the event in some English, Latin and Greek verses, which he presented to her majesty, and which were afterwards printed, and may be seen in Nicholls' *Progr. of Q. Eliz.*, vol. iii. p. 36. The great patron of Drant was Archbp. Grindall, who favoured him while he was a student at St. John's, and to whom he was domestic chaplain. He proceeded B.D. in 1569, and in that year was admitted a prebendary of St. Paul's by the patronage of Grindall, who also made him Divinity Reader there. Drant preached before the court at Windsor, January 8, 1569, and selected for his text, "They were both naked, Adam and Eve, and blushed not"; the chief subject of his discourse being the vain-glorious attire both of men and women. In 1569–70 he was admitted to the prebend of Firles, in the Cathedral Church of Chichester, and to the rectory of Slinfold in the county of Sussex, and was also made Archdeacon of Lewes. London not agreeing with his health, in 1570 he resigned his prebend at St. Paul's, and retired into the country for two years, but returned again at the end of that time to the metropolis, and preached at St. Mary's Spital, on Easter Tuesday, 1572, as he had done two years before in 1570. Drant's latest publication is dated in 1572. His death appears to have occurred in 1578, as the archdeaconry of Lewes was vacant at that time, but the exact date is not known. The editors of the *Ath. Cantabr.* calculate that he was only about 37 years of age. He had begun a translation of the *Iliad of Homer* into English verse, but had gone no further than the 4th Book. He was a tolerably successful Latin poet, and translated the Book of Ecclesiastes into Latin hexameters, which were

printed in London in 1572, 4to, with some other pieces in Latin verse, and dedicated to Sir Thomas Heneage. Drant published two other works of Latin poetry, his *Præsul Ejusdem Sylva*, 4to, n.d., and *Poemata varia et externa*, 4to, printed at Paris. He wrote a version also of the Greek Epigrams of Gregory Nazianzen, 8vo, Lond. 1568; a version of the Psalms in English verse, and has short complimentary poems in Latin and English prefixed to several works by other writers.

Drant was a puritanical divine, and printed five or six sermons, which are now only valuable as curiosities, two of them preached at St. Mary's Spital, or Hospital. Dr. Dibdin has given some extracts from these in his *Libr. Comp.*, vol. i. p. 75. One of these on almsgiving is dedicated to Sir Francis Knollys, Treasurer of the Household, and has verses at the beginning and end. Drant had opposed the new system introduced by Gabriel Harvey, and then become fashionable, of writing English verses in Latin hexameters, and Harvey in return in his *Pierces Supererogation*, 4to, 1593, speaks of rules for the *Dranting* of verses.

On the back of the title is a short dedicatory inscription, wanting in some copies, "To the Right Honorable my Lady Bacon, and my lady Cicell, sisters, fauourers of learnyng and vertue." The work commences with a prose address "To the Reader," in which, speaking of his author, he says:

His eloquence is somtyme to sharpe, and therfore I haue blunted it, and somtymes to dull, and therfore I haue whetted it: helpyng hym to ebbe, and helpyng hym to rise. I began this worke (a thyng of small accompt) two yeres agone, or more, and haue dispatched it by piece meale, or inche meale, with smal preiudice or none to my studie or profession. In the first and second Satire I haue taken it a note beyond the text: afterward plodded on much more precisely. At y^e^ begynning he is loftie, but afterward wonderfully calmed. I dare not warraunt the Reader to understand him in all places, no more then he did me. Howbeit I haue made him more lightsom, well nie by the tone halfe (a small accomplishement for one of my continuance) and if thou canst not nowe in all points perceiue him (thou must beare with me) in soothe the default is thyne own. This is a true assertion: who so but knewe the least part of *Horace* his satyres, as they were before, may nowe understande them all in their new Englyshe liuerey.

The address concludes with a distich of Greek verses, and is followed by a poetical definition of a Satire, one page.

Drant's version of Horace is rather a paraphrase than a translation; and he confesses to the difficulty of the task, that Horace is hard, very hard; that he would sooner translate twelve verses out of Homer than six out of Horace, and that he had translated him sometimes at random. As a speci-

men of his version, we quote a portion of the opening of the third Satire, commencing:

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos,
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
Injussi nunquam desistant.

It is a faulte, a common faulte,
that all our minstrels use;
The more you seme to craue a song,
the more they will refuse.
Requeste them not they neuer cease:
righte so woulde *Tygille* fayre,
A singer of Sardinia
thoughe Cesar sholde not spare,
For his, and for his fathers sake
sum musyke to requyre.
Yet woulde his humble suite ofte tymes
cum shorte of his desyre.
He myghte haue forsde hym therunto:
but *Tygille* if it had
Cumde in his braine, woulde of him selfe,
take on, as he were mad.
He, Bacchus ballets woulde recorde
sumtymes, the trible parte
Sumtymes, the quauerynge deskantours
sumtymes, to vaunte his arte,
A boysterouse basse he bounsed out,
and iumbled on his stringes,
No dram he had of constancy:
so fickle in his things.
Ofte tymes, he ran, as fled from foe
ofte tymes in solemne pace
He woulde proceade, as thoughe he were
in seruynge Junos grace.
Sumtymes, an hundreth wayting men,
sumtymes he kepte but ten:
Sumtymes he spoke of potentats,
and on his honour then
Was all his talke: sumtymes, let me
one dishe well dighted haue,
(Thus would he say) and one course gowne
my corps from coulde to saue.
To this good husbande, that coulde be
with pittance smale content,
If sum good frendly man, of hope
ten hundred crownes had lent,
Within fyue dayes no groate he had,
in purse, ne yet in cheste;
All night he wakde, whilste morning came,
all day he tooke his reste.
Was neuer man so little stayde.
but sum, will say to me,
And what are you, sum selye saincte?
nay, halfe as ill as he:
One *Meuius*, did frumpe and floute
at Neuie, then awaye:
A frende of his, a stander by,
what serray, what, I say?
(Quod he): doste thou not know thy selfe,
nor thincke that we the knowe?
My selfe, yes, I wincke at my selfe: Meuius. Po.
therfore, a wincking dawe.
This is, a wicked, witlesse, loue,
not to be wincked at:
Synce, thou doste know, and see thy sinne,
and use to wyncke at that:
What meaneste thou, in others faults,
so pearsantly to prye
With Egles syghte, or Epidaurs Epidaure, taken for all kynde of serpentes.
that suttle serpentes eye?
But if in case, another carpe
sum cryme, he sees in thee,
He is too rashe, and undiscreete,
and no good fellowe he.
A sheepe, a verey gestynge stocke,
he treades his shoe awrye,
His gowne sitts slacke, his head unkempte,
unciuyle, by and by.
But he is good, and godly too,
and one that wills the well;
And thoughe his bodye be not braue,
greate witte may in him dwell.

"The Wailynges of Hieremie, done into Englishe Verse," begins on Sig. I 8, with "The argument" in verse, followed by a prose address "To the Reader," each filling a page. At the end of "The Wailynges" are some Latin Epigrams on the death of Francis Duke of Suffolk; Verses presented to the Queen when at Cambridge, in English and Latin; to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, in English; to the Chancellor Cecil, in Latin; to Sir Thomas Heneage, in English and Latin; to the Dukes Graces departynge, English and Latin; his public exercise in Cambridge performed for his degree in 1565, on the subject "Corpus Christi non est ubique"; and some others, ending with the Colophon, "Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Marshe. Anno M.D.LXVI." Subjoined is a short extract from "The Wailynges," which has small pretensions to any poetical worth:

The forth Chap.

How is the gould bedimmed so?
the gold moste pure and fyne
Is chaungde. The stones and glittring perles
of holy house deuine.
Flocke meale to corners of eche streete
are scatered, and roulde:
The peares, and nobles of Ision,
compared well to goulde,
How are they now adnihilate,
accoumpted in the lande,
Lyke earthen vessels woorkemanship,
of potters mortall hande?
The dragons, (beastes of famouse feare)
and dreadefull, with their tonge,
With propper brestes, (as kynde hath taughte)
do nurse theyr cresyue yonge:
But mine, the daughters of my folke,
(wightes cruell, and unkynde)
Lyke Ostriches in desertes flye,
and leue their fruite behinde.
My sucklings tounges, cleaue to their roufe,
they were so clammie drye:
They calde for breade but none was broughte,
therfore in vaine mighte crye.
Those whiche had fed so sumptuouse,
did pyne in streetes for meate.
Babes wrapt in scarlet mantles once,
their ordure glad did eate.

My peoples crymes so manifolde,
were more innormous vyle
Then Sodom sinne, Sodom, that suncke
in such a sodein whyle.

This work was reprinted in the following year under the title of "Horace his Arte of Poetrie, Pistles, and Satyrs Englished; and to the Earl of Ormounte, by Tho. Drant addressed. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, nere to S. Dunstones Churche by Thomas Marshe. 1567." 4to, blk. lett. Of this edition there is a description in the *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 316. See also *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 205, where a copy is priced at 12*l.* 12*s.*

The reader who is desirous of additional information concerning Drant and his various works, may consult further Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 190; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 251; *Brit. Bibliog.*, vol. i. p. 23; *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 19; Collier's *Extracts Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i. pp. 142, 161; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. i. p. 75; Phillips's *Theat. Poet.*, p. 120; Strype's *Annals*, vol. ii. p. 657; Chalmers's *Biogr. Dict.*, vol. xii. p. 316; and Cooper's *Ath. Cantabr.*, vol. i. p. 384.

The following enumeration of prices at which the work has sold may be of use: Nassau, pt. i. No. 1294, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Rice, No. 761, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Jolley, pt. ii. No. 1138, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Gardner, No. 798, 2*l.* 11*s.*; Skegg, No. 557, 2*l.* 18*s.*; White Knights, No. 2115, 3*l.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 1682, 3*l.* 6*s.*; Utterson, No. 686, 3*l.* 7*s.*; Baron Bolland, No. 1365, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Bindley, pt. ii. No. 774, 4*l.* 5*s.*; Heber, pt. iv. No. 1008, 4*l.* 6*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, with the *Workes of John Heywood*, No. 329, 25*l.*

Collation: Sig. a. four leaves, then A to M 4 in eights.

The Freeling Copy. In Brown Speckled Calf.

Drant (Thomas).—A Medicinable Morall, that is, the two Bookes of Horace his Satyres, Englyshed accordyng to the prescription of saint Hierome.

&c. &c. &c.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Marshe. M.D.LXVI. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 192.

Another copy of the same work, the only difference between the two being that this latter one has not the dedication lines to Lady Bacon and

her sister on the back of the title, which was also the case in Mr. Gough's copy, and in some others. See Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. iv. p. 505, note.

The present is a remarkably fine copy of this rare work from the library of Baron Bolland, and is

Bound by Faulkner, in Russia, gilt leaves.

ERRATA.

Page 220. Donne (John). — Anatomy of the World, &c. 8vo. 1611. There is a notice of this work by Mr. Collier in the *Bridgewater Catalogue*, p. 9, from the extremely rare copy in that library. The syllable *un* was inserted in our notice of this volume by mistake.

Page 228. *For* "a sheaf of arrows," *read* "a sheaf of snakes."

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